QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER

AND

CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES.

SERGEANTS' MESS

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY

5

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER

AND

CIVIL SERVICE

RIFLES.

SERGEANTS' MESS

THE MEMOIRS OF MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR HUGH McCALMONT, K.C.B., C.V.O.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUGH McCALMONT, K.C.B.

THE MEMOIRS

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HUGH McCALMONT

K.C.B., C.V.O.

EDITED AND COMPLETED BY MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B.

With 16 *Illustrations*

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1924

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Early Years	13
II.	With the 9th Lancers	27
III.	The Red River Expedition	43
IV.	1871 to 1874. Ashanti	63
V.	1874 to 1877. China and Constantinople	81
VI.	The Armenian Campaign. First Three Months	95
VII.	The Armenian Campaign. Last Five Months	117
VIII.	Constantinople and Cyprus	141
IX.	1879–1880. South Africa	157
X.	The Marri Expedition	181
XI.	With the 7th Hussars in Natal. 1881–1882	195
XII.	The Campaign of Tel-el-Kebir	207
XIII.	The Nile Expedition	227
XIV.	With the 4th Dragoon Guards ..	255
XV.	1892 to 1898. In Parliament	269
XVI.	The Cork Command..	275
XVII.	Later Years	283
	Index	289

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, K.C.B.	*Frontispiece*
	To face page
Father (Mr. James McCalmont)	12
Mother (Mrs. James McCalmont)	22
"Spot"	36
The Abbeylands Mail Phaeton	58
Landing Marines and Bluejackets at Cape Coast Castle	78
Captain Hugh McCalmont, 7th Hussars, 1874..	82
The Town and Citadel of Bayazid from the South-East	118
Constantinople	142
The Field of Isandlwhana	162
Sekukuni's Cave	176
Lieutenant-Colonel H. McCalmont. Natal, 1881	200
Kassassin Lock	214
The Light Camel Corps	232
Jakdul Wells	244
"Sir Hugh" by "Spy."	284

SKETCH MAPS AND PLANS

	PAGE
The Theatre of War	97
Operations of June	99
Sekukuni's Stronghold	171

INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH all but the last four chapters of this volume of Memoirs appear in the autobiographical form, the matter had only been taken in hand by my cousin, Sir Hugh McCalmont, a very few months before his death, and in the days when failing health would no longer permit of his writing the story of his life himself or of his looking up the references that are necessary for the effective preparation of a work of this nature. It was a pity, for, had he embarked upon the task a year or two earlier and had he carried out the whole of it actually himself, the record would inevitably have been more complete than it is, and the result as a whole would have been more satisfactory. But it must be understood that of the first thirteen chapters—those in autobiographical form—considerable portions were virtually dictated by him, and others consist largely of paraphrases of letters written by himself and in possession of his family where they are not quoted in full in the text. Some portions have, it is true, been filled in after examination of historical works dealing with the campaigns in which he took part; but these have merely been introduced so as to make the narrative intelligible. All but the last of the thirteen chapters, moreover, were carefully gone through by him while in draft form and were discussed between us, material corrections being made by him and significant additions suggested. The thirteenth chapter, that which deals with the Nile Expedition, was only submitted to him a few days before his death; it was read over to him more than once and approved by him, subject to some quite minor reservations which were duly noted; but I had no opportunity of personally discussing it with him.

It so happens that, although they only cover the first half of his life, the thirteen chapters which he saw and approved of treat of the most interesting stages of his career. They recount his experiences on every one of the numerous occasions when he was figuring on active service in an official capacity. They depict some characteristic incidents of his very early youth. They serve to illuminate certain

quaint phases in the life of an Etonian of the 'sixties. They record the doings of a young cavalry officer at a period when existence in the Army in peace time differed appreciably from what it has come to be in a more supine age. They tell the tale of those two memorable rides of his from Newbridge to Dublin against time on his hunter Spot, as well as of certain notable triumphs achieved by him between the flags as a lancer and as a hussar, and they trace the course of the future general's early connection with what was known in the military world at the time as the "Wolseley Gang." It therefore became a question to be considered from the editorial point of view whether the volume ought not to close at the stage where "Baby McCalmont" brought the Light Camel Corps home after the abortive efforts on the part of the Nile Expeditionary Force to save General Gordon, and where he was rewarded with a full colonelcy in the army and the C.B. for his share in that remarkable campaign.

But his marriage had still to come, and certain ambitions of his that had long been entertained still remained to be satisfied. He had been looking forward keenly to obtaining command of a regiment; he had set his heart upon some day securing a seat in Parliament; it is safe to assume that, in view of the relatively high rank which he had now at the age of forty attained in the army, he felt confident of arriving in due course at the rank of a general-officer, and there can be little doubt but that with such a record as he could look back upon, he hoped some day to be entrusted with the charge of a force of all arms—if not in face of the enemy, at least in time of peace. These aspirations of his were all to be fulfilled. It has, therefore, been thought best to carry the narrative on to the end of his life, while telling the story in considerably less detail than in the chapters in which he recounts his experiences himself. That, moreover, would, I think, have been in accordance with Sir Hugh's own wishes.

C.E.C.

5th July, 1924.

CHAPTER I.

Early Years.

FATHER (Mr. JAMES McCALMONT)

Memoirs of Major-General Sir HUGH McCALMONT

K.C.B., C.V.O.

CHAPTER I.

Early Years.

A prolonged drive.—My father's death.—My grandfather, Hugh McCalmont, and his descendants.—The house of McCalmont Brothers.—My mother.—Abbeylands.—My mother's second marriage.—The governess period.—Basset as our tutor.—My brother Jimmy and I as small boys.—Start at Eton.—A new boy's troubles.—An incident in chapel.—Music lessons.—A juvenile instrumentalist performing in public.—An aquatic adventure of Jimmy's.—A certain shortness of cash.—An unexpectedly favourable report of conduct.—The tale of the roulette board.—Holidays.—A stay at Wiesbaden.—An unpleasant adventure and what came of it.—A German Dogberry.—How Herr Ritzel was scored off.—I fail to find favour as an oar and leave Eton.

MY earliest recollection goes back to a date when I was but four years old, and is that of driving one summer from Abbeylands, near Belfast, right across Ireland to Galway with my mother and father. Him I remember quite distinctly as a big, light-haired man, who drove a mail phaeton while my mother drove a pony carriage, with myself sometimes in the one conveyance and sometimes in the other. I even quite distinctly recollect my father on one occasion pulling leaves off an ash tree so as to make a protection for the horses' heads from the sun on a very hot day. A picture of that old phaeton which my father used to drive faces page 57; it is photographed from a water-colour drawing done at the time by a younger sister of my mother. But within a week or two of our reaching our destination he was attacked by some sort of internal inflammation, probably appendicitis, and he died after a few days' illness on the 18th July, 1849, leaving my mother, who had married very young, a widow little more than twenty years' old with a couple of tiny boys—my younger brother Jimmy (the late Colonel J. M. McCalmont, who was for many years M.P. for East Antrim), and myself.

My grandfather, Hugh McCalmont, who died some years

before I was born, had as a young man left Larne to seek a fortune in the West Indies. He had found it in due course, and he had returned to this country after many years' absence with a nice round sum of four hundred thousand pounds to his credit. A portion of this fortune he laid out in purchasing the property of Abbeylands, situated on the shores of Belfast Lough and about three or four miles from the city of Belfast as it then extended. He had a large family, but of his six sons two died young. Of the remaining four, the eldest, my uncle Robert, and the third, my uncle Hugh, went into business in London with the fortunes which my grandfather made over to them for capital, and they started in partnership with a Mr. Inglis ; but after his death the house came to be known as McCalmont Brothers and it gradually accumulated great wealth. My grandfather's second son, my uncle Thomas, had been for a time in the Church, but he later settled down at Highfield near Southampton and he married twice. By the first marriage he had one son Blundell, and it was Blundell's son Harry who inherited the bulk of the wealth of McCalmont Brothers on the death of my uncle Hugh in 1887 ; Harry was for some years M.P. for Cambridgeshire, and he came to be the owner of a very successful stable at Newmarket which included the famous Isinglas. By his second marriage my uncle Thomas had three sons, one of whom, Frederick, was about my own age and was a contemporary of mine at Eton, while the youngest is Colonel Barklie McCalmont, C.B. My father, who was my grandfather's youngest son, would not join my uncles Robert and Hugh in the London business, preferring to live the life of a country gentleman on his share of my grandfather's fortune.

My mother was a daughter of James Martin, of Ross near Oughterard on the fringes of Connemara, and it was to visit her old home that we had driven across Ireland just before my father's death. She then took a house in Dublin, and from there we used often to visit Abbeylands, where Mrs. McCalmont, my grandmother—always known in the family as "The Old Lady" even then although she lived for another twenty years before passing away at the ripe old age of ninety-four—reigned supreme. We also used to go down to the West of Ireland to stay at Ross, or else at Seapoint a

mile or two outside the town of Galway, where the beauty and fashion of Connaught in those days was in the habit of assembling for sea-bathing in the summer time.

It was when I was about eight years old that my mother, a very pretty woman (as shown by the copy of her miniature painted at the time of her first marriage, facing page 22), who had had many admirers during her widowhood, married Mr. Augustine Barton, a Barton of Rochestown in the County Tipperary, to whom my brother Jimmy and I were to owe much for his care of us while we were growing up. He had gone out as a young man to Australia and had undergone much roughing in the Antipodes; but, having been called to the bar, he managed somehow to secure a fairly well paid billet at the Four Courts in Dublin soon after his marriage with my mother.

Up till I was nearly eleven, Jimmy and I depended upon governesses for such education as we acquired and, whether it was the fault of these ladies or of myself, I knew uncommonly little of anything except how to play the piano at that stage of my career. We were both of us down for Eton, and it suddenly occurred to the powers that be that, although the very highest educational attainments were not expected from a boy when entering that renowned establishment, the boy did require to pass some sort of examination. So governesses ceased to be the order of the day and a tutor named Basset was called in, who came to us daily for three hours. He may not have been a great scholar, but he was a great crammer and, aided by the cane, he contrived to drive enough into my head to enable me to pass the test when in due course I presented myself a couple of years later on the banks of the Thames.

Jimmy, who was disposed to be idle, got more of the cane than I did; but he protected himself effectually against its ministrations by making a habit of wearing two pairs of trousers as a precautionary measure. It may be mentioned that, thanks to his undoubted success with us, Basset was enabled later on to set up a sort of day school in Dublin, at which numbers of small boys in after years were prepared for higher things and where those of them who were lazy or stupid had a trying time; for he was a believer in the stick and plenty of it.

We were a nice pair of pickles, Jimmy and I, in those nipper days. Those responsible for our well-being allowed us (somewhat confidingly) to have season-tickets on the Dublin-Kingstown railway, and we were always up to some trick or other during our almost daily jaunts along the line. Our season-tickets cannot have been much of a bargain for the shareholders, seeing that a favourite amusement of ours was to cut off the straps in the carriages when nobody was looking and to throw them out of the window. On one occasion, when we were playing about at Salthill Station, Jimmy contrived to fall down between the rails as a train was coming along, and I expected to see his mangled corpse after it had passed ; but he hopped up none the worse for the misadventure. He was always meeting with accidents of this kind. Another day, for instance, when we were driving in a trap in Dublin, its tail-board somehow fell off in Bagot Street and he tumbled after it ; he was not missed for some time, but was, as usual, unhurt.

When the time came for me to go to Eton, my mother, who knew nothing whatever about English public schools or their ways—and in this Mr. Barton, who remained in Dublin, was of no assistance—took it into her head to take a house at Slough so as to see me started. But as our house in Dublin could not be let at exactly the right time, the party (which included a pair of infant step-sisters) did not repair thither till some weeks had elapsed after the beginning of the term selected for me to join. It was, however, arranged somehow that I should enter in mid-term, so, having passed the not very exacting test for admission, I one day found myself enrolled as an Etonian—and under particularly trying circumstances. A new boy joining a public school does not generally have an absolutely ideal time at the first go off; but he at least suffers in company, and the average new boy, moreover has, as a rule, passed through the mill of a private school. But to me the whole thing was absolutely new, and owing to my having no companions in misfortune I focussed attention.

People in Ireland do not as a rule articulate so distinctly as do those in England, and it is due to this, presumably, that when I was asked my name and answered " McCalmont " my interlocutors demanded " What ? McCamb ? McCall ?

Speak up will you and speak distinctly ! " " Three syllables," I replied apologetically, " Mac-cal-mont." So I was called " Three Syllables." Moreover, on the occasion of my very first attendance at chapel I committed a deplorable *faux pas*. For some reason or other I was as a newcomer introduced into a small, isolated pew all by myself, where I was the cynosure of all eyes. Now, in those days anybody with the remotest pretensions to respectability always wore a topper when going to church, and I had always seen my seniors on such occasions, after reaching their seat, stand up and pray—or go through the motions of praying—into their hats. I was saddled with a topper, a headgear to which I was wholly unaccustomed, so, to the edification of the whole school, I started work by standing up and holding my hat in front of my face for a few seconds. And it is perhaps unnecessary to mention that my hat was, as a matter of course, smashed as soon as I emerged from divine service. The incident created quite a sensation, and it was not forgotten to me for a long time. My entire ignorance of boys' games, moreover, told against me—I had never touched a bat or a ball in my life. But I speedily settled down, became a " wet bob," and before long was as fond of Eton as all Etonians are.

One thing that my mother (who really had a quite wonderful way of getting the better of weak vessels of the male sex) achieved on my behalf was to arrange with Dr. Elvey, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, that he was to give me lessons on the piano. An exhibition had been held in Dublin some three or four years before this, for which I had been fitted out with a season-ticket. One afternoon, when my mother and an aunt of mine were visiting the place to take a look around, their attention was attracted by strains issuing from a piano about which a considerable crowd had collected. On their approaching to listen, they found to their astonishment that the minstrel was a well-dressed urchin perched on a music stool—myself. But for my not being decked out in a night-shirt, and for the quality of the performance possibly not attaining quite so high a level, I might have been the Infant Mozart.

Dr. Elvey was no end of a swell in the musical world, and, as a rule, he would have nothing to say to teaching youths from Eton, however gifted they might be. But my mother

induced him to hear me play, which I could do fairly well for a small boy, and he consented to take me on ; but he would no doubt have seen me to the deuce before undertaking such a job but for my mother's persuasive arts. As it turned out, he taught me not only the piano but also the organ, practising which, when feasible, has always offered a great attraction to me. Often when home for the holidays in Dublin I used to drag the unwilling Jimmy to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which in those days before its restoration was a most uncomfortable place of worship, but where there was excellent music ; it was objection to being left alone, and not the service, nor the singing, nor the rolling of the organ, that induced Jimmy to sacrifice himself.

He had a distinct pull over me at the fall of the flag in that he had been at Salthill School, at Slough, for some months before his joining at Eton a year or so after me—when he followed my example of becoming a " wet bob." My mother had gone back to Dublin from Slough after three months there ; but she used to be over in London from time to time during our years at school, and she then always came down to see us. It so happened on one occasion that, as she was crossing the bridge from Windsor after arriving by train, she heard shouts and laughter from spectators on the bridge, and, looking over, she espied a small boy who had somehow tumbled out of a boat and was trying to climb in again, but who was always being thrust back into the water by the Etonians in the boat. The fun went on fast and furious for some little time, and my mother at last began to fear that the struggling figure in the Thames would be drowned by mistake. So she appealed to a big boy who was standing by her on the bridge, looking on, and who was evidently a great swell, probably a " captain " of something or other, possibly a member of " Pop," to intervene. The big boy was courtesy itself, but he was quite unable to work himself up into a state of excitement over the youth flopping about in the river. " It's only a lower boy," said he, just as he might have said, " It's only an earwig," but he condescended to demand of a little fellow who was enjoying the spectacle, grinning from ear to ear, " Who's that they're ducking down there ? " " It's McCalmont minor," came the delighted

answer. "Why, that's my son!" exclaimed my mother, now really apprehensive. The big boy then at once exerted his authority and shouted down to those in the boat to stop that sky-larking, whereupon Jimmy emerged on the river-bank, a very "wet bob" indeed and looking like a half-drowned rat. The incident had an unfortunate sequel, because he got a bad chill which developed pneumonia and he was seriously ill for some days.

About one point there had been a most deplorable misunderstanding on the part of my people. They had managed to get quite the wrong idea into their heads about the amount of pocket-money which an Etonian required, and they, moreover, entertained some unaccountable notion that it was derogatory for a schoolboy to accept tips, a notion which they somehow had succeeded—strange as it may appear—in impressing upon us. A relative who came down to see Jimmy and me one day was highly indignant when we politely, but most regretfully, declined to accept the sovereign each which he forked out when we came to the parting. He could not understand it—and no wonder! Moreover, the truth is that in my time, although the fees paid were not exactly drawn up on a niggardly scale, one really hardly got enough sustenance to keep body and soul together, and one required either to supplement the official fare or else to go hungry. It took some time, indeed, to realize what an important part money plays in smoothing over the rough edges of school life. I was not, for instance, passed in swimming for ever so long, although, in fact, I could swim like a fish, having learnt long before going to Eton; only after some months was it borne in on me that the reason for this disconcerting delay was that I had not produced the sovereign which the swimming instructor expected to get for certifying my competence.

It is no use pretending that my conduct during my time at school was invariably beyond reproach; it certainly was not exemplary if the reports that used to reach Dublin at the end of each term about my behaviour are to be taken as a criterion. But on one occasion, when it had not appeared to me that my procedure had been so very much better than usual during the past three months, I was pleasantly sur-

prised by a document coming to hand which pictured my proceedings as having been positively angelic. Internal evidence contained in the report, however, speedily made it plain to me, an expert, that there had been some mistake, and I soon satisfied myself that this laudatory testimonial was in reality intended to refer to my cousin Fred. Still, there it was. One is justified in taking full advantage of the fortune of war. I sat tight. Before long it transpired that a most damaging document had reached Highfield with regard to the behaviour of Fred; my uncle Tom was much incensed thereat, and he became still more incensed when he discovered in course of time that it was my sins which were, under a misapprehension, being visited upon the virtuous Fred. He gave me a tremendous telling off for not having disclosed the mistake at once, which was really too much for anyone to expect, and as a result Fred and I were not on speaking terms for some time. But he got the worst of that, for he was, like myself, fond of playing the piano and had been in the habit of coming to perform on mine at school, as he had not got one. This pleasure he was deprived of during the period that strained relations lasted.

It was Mr. C. C. James who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of serving as "Tutor" to Jimmy and myself. Certain lines recently found amongst family papers (and for which I am glad to say I was not responsible) suggest that our worthy custodian presided over a house where occasional irregularities occurred; and it has been a shock to recall that this highly respected member of the College staff was known to those under his control by so opprobrious an appellation as "Stiggins." The lines—which are in somebody else's handwriting although the explanatory notes are in my own—run as follows :—

Have you heard of crafty Stiggins,
Stiggins of the piebald hair,
How he nailed the roulette table
Made in imitation of the Fair ?

Riled, I ween, was Tutor Stiggins
Wood's* bad ways so soon to learn.
"You, sir, in a high division
All roulette boards ought to spurn."

* Wood, second captain of the House.

Every day in many a chamber
Round the rapid arrow spun,
And upon the lucky colour
Hadlow's Lord* had often won.

For the prying Mrs. Massey
To the crafty Tutor went,
" I can tell you in what quarter
Lots of money now is spent."

Then, astonished, Stiggins answered
" I am sorry this to hear
For I caught on this day three weeks
Freeling in a state of beer."†

Straightway up the leaden staircase
Now he steals with noiseless tread,
And he hears if he mistake not
Sound of voices overhead.

Having reached the upper landing,
Straightway for Wood's room he makes,
Where the keeper—lucky fellow—
Pockets all the losing stakes.

Pale with rage the Tutor enters,
All in fear are driven back,
While (Lord) Roger still unconscious
Stakes his fourpence on the black.

" Give me up the board directly
And the money," now he cries,
While with eyes expecting " arrows "
Into Wood's bureau he pries.

" Give me quick a piece of paper ;
I must take down all your names."
While two luckless youths escaping‡
Try to flee from Tutor James.

But he sees them and in anger
Thus in angry words replies
" If you both were flogged to-morrow
It would cause me no surprise."

We generally spent the holidays at Dublin, or else somewhere in the country in Ireland. One summer we all went down to Rochestown, the beautiful family place on the river Suir, in Tipperary, which was then owned by Mr. Barton's nephew Christopher, who was just joining the service ; it was a glorious outing for boys who had not had a very wide

* Hadlow's Lord—Roger, residing at Hadlow.
† Freeling was tipsy a few weeks ago.
‡ McCalmont minor and Alexander minor.

experience hitherto of country life. In the winter we sometimes went to stay at Rockview, the Fetherstonhaugh's place in Westmeath, and it was there that I enjoyed my first experience of riding to hounds. One summer we went to stay at Kinrara, in Inverness-shire; in those days the railway had not penetrated into the Highlands, so that the visit meant a long drive through the mountains, taking the route by the pass of Killiecrankie; when motoring through that famous pass recently I was particularly struck by the extent to which the trees had grown since my last visit to the historic scene sixty years before.

It was towards the end of my time at school that my mother and stepfather, accompanied by Jimmy and myself, went over to Germany during the summer holidays to spend some weeks at Wiesbaden, where a large contingent of British visitors had assembled, including some friends of ours from Ireland. One Sunday afternoon, Jimmy and I, taking little Jim Hozier (the present Lord Newlands) with us, went out for a walk in the neighbourhood, we wearing our top-hats. We were followed by some boys of the place who hooted us on account of our hats and used what no doubt were abusive epithets about us, but we did not know German. However, as we took no notice, they began throwing stones at us and at last Hozier picked up one and threw it at them. Just at that moment a hulking great German came up, who seized me without more ado and belaboured me with a heavy cane over the head and shoulders, smashing my hat.

Resistance was out of the question; but, as soon as he let me go, I sent off Hozier running to tell our people what had been happening. Little Jim, who was only about ten years old although he had been in the Lower School at Eton for some time, scampered back to where the Hoziers were putting up, and, bursting into a room where my mother was sitting gossiping with his, squeaked "They're murdering the McCalmonts!" This not unnaturally caused a certain stir. In the meantime I made it plain to the German that Jimmy and I meant to follow him wherever he went so as to find out his name and who he was. We pursued him for five miles into the country although he frequently threatened us, and we finally ran him to ground at a restaurant. We then

MOTHER (Mrs. JAMES McCALMONT)

returned to Wiesbaden and, having procured the assistance of the police, we ascertained that our assailant was a Herr Ritzel, a grocer and wine merchant of the place. Mr. Barton thereupon lodged a formal complaint with the authorities, the man Ritzel was summoned to appear at the court on the following Saturday, and Mr. Barton was directed to appear and to substantiate the charge. He accordingly attended with us at the appointed hour, but, on our being shown into a small room, we found that the case had already been begun in our absence by some sort of magistrate, and that the defendant was in the act of making a statement which was being taken down in writing. My step-father did not know German ; but he knew French, and it turned out that Ritzel's statement amounted to a denial that he was the aggressor and to an allegation that in striking the blows he had merely inflicted a well-merited punishment.

Mr. Barton reiterated the facts of the case—witnesses were not being examined on oath—and as a tangible proof of the man's brutality he produced the battered hat, while I showed my back and arms which were all black and blue. The magistrate, however, declared that there was no evidence on which he could convict as it was simply statement against statement. This led to an irregular conversation, in the course of which my step-father observed indignantly that it was a cowardly act (*c'etait une poltronnerie*) on the part of a man like the defendant to beat a young boy who had given no offence and who was unable to defend himself. Ritzel at once became, or pretended to become, greatly excited and he called upon the magistrate to take a note of the observation, which was taken down in French and German. This evidently got the magistrate out of a difficulty; for he retired to deliberate for some minutes, and on his return he gave judgment to the effect that Ritzel would be fined seven florins for his assault on me, and that Mr. Barton would be fined six florins and twenty-five kreutzers for having designated the act of the accused as a *poltronnerie*. Such was justice as administered in the Duchy of Nassau when a foreigner appealed to it in those days.

The incident created a great sensation and aroused much anger among our countrymen at Wiesbaden, and a leading

article on the subject appeared in "The Times" a few days afterwards. Herr Ritzel had got off practically scot free; but a friend of ours, Mr. Edward Levinge, devised a method of scoring off the man to some effect. He went to Ritzel's shop and began making elaborate enquiries about wines and about prices, and he ended by gradually building up an order for a big consignment of the most costly beverages which the worthy grocer showed on his list. With the obsequious Ritzel hanging about him, bowing and smiling, Mr. Levinge went fully into the question of how the cases of wine had best be despatched to England, till at last he said that he thought he had ordered enough for the present, and he then requested that his account should be made up for him to see. When after a short delay the bill, which ran well into four figures of florins, was produced Mr. Levinge looked at it. "What!" exclaimed he, "this establishment belongs to Ritzel, the man who beat the English boy!" And he crumpled the thing up, flung it on the floor, and stalked out of the shop.

Although small and a light-weight, I took a great interest in rowing and even entertained a vague hope that I might manage to find my way into the eight who were to row at Henley. To my great delight a pal of mine, who possessed influence in the right place, induced the Captain of the Boats to give me a trial one day, and I determined that this golden opportunity should be seized to distinguish myself. But something went wrong, my style failed to find favour in the great man's eye, and the pal who had done his best for me and who felt that he had rather been let down by his nominee was outspoken in his condemnation. "Had I known that you'd make such an exhibition of yourself," said he, "I certainly wouldn't have had anything to do with getting you a trial." It was a bitter disappointment, and I was so much disgusted that the misadventure in reality had something to do with my quitting Eton rather earlier than had been intended, and at a date when I was little more than seventeen years of age.

I have often been down at the old place since, and I was a very frequent visitor during the years when my boy Dermot's name was, as have been those of so many other McCalmonts, borne on the books of the Eton College.

CHAPTER II.

With the 9th Lancers.

CHAPTER II.

With the 9th Lancers.

Preparations for Oxford.—Fail for Balliol but am accepted at Christ Church; do not however go into residence.—Reason for this.—I join the 9th Lancers at Dundalk and proceed to Athlone.—A pleasant winter there, with much hunting and sport.—A successful start between the flags.—A visit from Jimmy, who does me credit.—Drill season at the Curragh; then Dublin.—Ride three winners at Baldoyle.—An affair with a bailiff in Islandbridge Barracks.—Candy summoned for the assault of which I was guilty.—A trusty witness for the defence.—Keeping Dublin up to the mark.—A yachting adventure and what came of it.—We move to Cahir and Clonmel and have a great time.—Bill Beresford's ways.—Some lively incidents.—Newbridge.—Racing at Newbridge, Baldoyle and Punchestown.—I purchase my troop in the 9th.—The purchase system.—The night before the Derby.—I back myself to get over and see the race.—The ride to Dublin.—Fail to secure a special steamer and have to abandon attempt.—Back myself to ride Spot from Newbridge to Dublin in an hour and twenty minutes.—The result.—We move to Hounslow.—First experience of soldiering in England.—An evening with the Blues.—The question of exchanging out of the 9th to avoid going to India.

AT the time of my leaving Eton the intention was that I should go to Oxford, so, with a view to my making good at the university in due course, a tutor was engaged for coaching purposes, who stuck to the job for a year, or more, trying to get me into condition. It was possible in the meantime to indulge in a good deal of hunting, and the months passed pleasantly enough; but the tutor's efforts were not crowned with any remarkable success, as it turned out. For Balliol had been the college chosen, and when the result was announced my name was included amongst those of the nine who had been rejected out of the thirteen competing for the four available vacancies. It was a mistake, no doubt, to have pitched upon a college a footing in which admittedly demanded an educational standard above the average. This set-back caused a delay in academic progress of some months, but I then went up for Christ Church and was duly accepted; however, I never went into residence although I did matriculate.

The fact was that the 9th Lancers had recently come over from Brighton to be quartered in Dublin. I had met a number of their officers out with the hounds, had struck up

acquaintance with them, and from what I had seen of them had become bitten with the idea of forming one of them and of adopting the military career as a profession. For a McCalmont to become a soldier was rather a new thing at that time; few relatives belonging to the older generation on my mother's side had indeed adopted the profession of arms either. But my doing so was to serve as an example to my own generation and also to that which was to come. I am indebted to the 9th for some very pleasant years spent while one of them; but I owe them still more in that it was meeting them in the hunting field and in society in Dublin that caused me to abandon all idea of a university career and that led to my joining the Army for better or for worse.

I purchased a cornetcy in the regiment, the date in the "Gazette" being the 23rd June, 1865, by which time they had moved from Dublin to Dundalk, and there I joined them and was promptly fitted out with the nickname of "Baby" in recognition of a certain lack of inches. It stuck to me in the Service. A few months were then spent, to start with, at regimental headquarters while I was being inducted into the mysteries of drill, lance and sword exercise, and all the rest of it. And then, having been passed as efficient, I found myself told off to a troop on detachment at Athlone and repaired thither.

Soldiering in Ireland was very enjoyable in those days in view of the excellent sport that there was to be had, of the goodwill that was displayed by the peasantry, and of the hospitality that was met with in country houses, most of the owners of which have since those days been ruined and driven out of their homes. Athlone, however, proved to be a particularly good station, especially so during the winter months. There was plenty of hunting to be had with the "Blazers" and other packs, while the people living all around were always glad to see us and put us up. One used to move from one house to another in County Galway so as to fit in with meets, and one was always sure of a hearty welcome—nowhere more so than at Creg Clare, Lord Clanmorris's place, where I first met my future wife, Rose, Clanmorris's youngest daughter; but she was a little girl in those days, who bucketed along in great style on a pony

and was rather on the small side to be taken seriously by a full-blown lancer. We were also often put up most hospitably at Rockingham, the Hon. L. King-Harman's seat in Roscommon. More than one of my brother officers, notably H. Candy, had made his mark between the flags, so, determined to follow their good example, I was always to be seen in the saddle at this time preparing myself for 'chases to come. Nor did I make altogether a bad debut at the game when the date came round for our annual Regimental Races to take place at Dundalk in the spring, for I pulled off two of them. I also rode my horse Dulcimer in the Light-weight Military Stakes at Punchestown that year.

While I was quartered at Athlone, Jimmy, who was still at Eton, came down to put up with me for a few days. He had shortly before this visit to the West lighted upon a lot of my books in Dublin, books that I had had at Eton and afterwards and some of which I rather valued; but it had seemed to him a pity that good stuff of this kind should be wasted, lying idle. So he had parted with them for a fiver to some dealer in such wares and had with the proceeds of the transaction provided himself with a mount for a day with the Wards! The books were worth more than a fiver, and they were worth a great deal more than a fiver to me, but they were, needless to say, gone beyond recall. He had also distinguished himself at Mullingar while on his way down, for he had found a party of fishermen putting up in the local hostelry for the may-fly fishing on the lakes. As these visitors had been so ill-advised as to leave their fly-books lying about, Jimmy felt it incumbent on him to fill those receptacles with sardines out of a tin that he found handy. He moreover felt himself constrained to present the walking-stick belonging to one of the sportsmen, which had been left in the hall, to the very first tatterdemalion who happened to stroll past the hotel, and one felt quite proud of a brother capable of such originality and enterprise. He purchased a cornetcy in the 8th Hussars shortly afterwards.

The regiment moved from Dundalk to the Curragh for the summer drills of 1866, and while we were at the camp I purchased a lieutenancy in the regiment; the sum paid was (including "over regulation") £1,100; my cornetcy had cost

£450. At the close of the drill season we went to Dublin and were accommodated in Islandbridge Barracks, where we remained for nearly the whole of 1867. Soldiering was a less serious business in those days before the Franco-German War than it has come to be since, and we managed to have a pretty good time as young subalterns no matter where we were. But it is not only in the amount of professional work that one was called upon to get through during my early years in the Service that a certain transformation has taken place during the past half century. It may sound surprising to-day, but it was the common practice in the 9th at that time for us to drink claret at breakfast in the mess almost as a matter of course.

We held our regimental races that year at Baldoyle, with the Scots Greys ; owing to its being so near Dublin and so easily got at it was an excellent course for the purpose, and the meeting attracted plenty of spectators of all classes of society. I rode the winners of all three 9th Lancers' races, the first on my own Physician, and the other two on horses belonging respectively to Captain Cleland and the Hon. E. Preston.

Process-servers have never been popular members of the community in the Emerald Isle ; such gentry were indeed apt to be treated during agrarian operations very much as welshers are treated on a race-course on this side of St. George's Channel. Nor is the genus bailiff exactly greeted with open arms in barracks in Ireland or anywhere else. It so happened that during that period which we spent at Islandbridge, " Sugar " Candy, one or two others, and myself were housed in a detached building which was generally known as " The Rookery." One evening when I was pottering about in my quarters a stranger suddenly appeared at the door, walked in without " by your leave, or damn your soul, or any other politeness," and before I had time to think thrust a paper into my hand which I at once realized must be a writ. On my rushing at the fellow to fire him out, he closed with me, we crashed down on the floor, and a frantic scuffle ensued in which it soon became apparent that I could not manage my adversary satisfactorily all by myself. So I bawled for my servant, Mines, who was down below

somewhere to hasten to my aid. Mines came running and hurled himself whole-heartedly into the fray, with the result that we soon had the dun bundled out of my room, and out of the house, and out of barracks, Mines putting in some uncommonly effective pommelling work during the process. It then transpired that the writ was in reality intended not for me but for Candy, for whom the intruder evidently had mistaken me.

A summons for assault was served upon Candy a day or two afterwards, and on the date specified he repaired to the police-court in Dublin, taking Mines with him as evidence, while I kept carefully out of the way. Mines proved an invaluable witness for the defence, for on entering the witness-box he led off with " I am prepared to swear " and, as was only to be expected, he *was* prepared to swear—and did swear—to almost anything. When asked by the prosecution whether any blows had been struck he indignantly scouted the insulting suggestion—such a thing as hitting anybody, let alone a bailiff engaged in the execution of his office, would never have entered his head. There wasn't much of the George Washington sort of nonsense about Trooper Mines. Candy was able, without departing in the slightest degree from the truth, to prove a convincing alibi, the case was dismissed by the magistrate, and Candy and Mines returned to Islandbridge with all the honours of war.

There was plenty doing in Dublin in those days, any amount of dances and dinners going on during the season, and real good hunting to be had fairly close at hand, while soldiering was taken pretty easily even during the drill period. And we did our best to prevent things from stagnating. One night after mess we startled the good citizens by slipping on night-shirts over our uniforms and then careering about the streets on our chargers. Another time, Candy and I not altogether unsuccessfully emulated that exploit of Mr. Frank Webber's in Grafton Street which is described with such spirit in " Charles O'Malley." Finding ourselves strolling along that shopping centre one afternoon, just when it was at its busiest, we pulled up abruptly and proceeded to stare fixedly at the top of a building on the opposite side of the thoroughfare. Others stopped and

stared likewise, and before long a concourse of citizens of all ages and both sexes had assembled blocking the pavement, the whole lot of them with their heads tilted back gazing upwards with rapt attention at nothing. Nor was any member of the crowd gazing upwards with rapter attention, we noticed, than a nursemaid who was supposed to be custodian of a perambulator, containing an infant, that was standing derelict some few yards away. So we picked the brat out of the "pram" and deposited the creature in a place of safety, I got in, and Candy trundled me up the street—to the uproarous delight of everybody except the horror-stricken nursemaid who saw her "pram" disappearing with an unwonted occupant bulging out over its sides. Incidents of that kind, which in the more sober atmosphere of England or Scotland would give rise to remark and even possibly to irritation amongst the community, were taken as quite a matter of course on the banks of the Liffey.

One day during that summer which the 9th were spending in Dublin, Candy and I went down to Kingstown, and we lunched there at the Royal St. George Yacht Club. As we were hanging about after lunch with nothing particular to do we happened to notice a 70-ton yacht that was lying not far from the club steps and was looking rather lonely and uninhabited. So we secured a boat and had ourselves put on board the vessel, to find only a solitary boy in charge. We bluffed that boy easily enough, succeeded in setting sail, and, although neither of us were exactly master mariners, contrived to make our way out of the harbour without fouling anything. Once through the entrance and in the open, we headed for the Channel and had a pleasant sail to right out well beyond the Kish lightship. But when it came to our getting back again something went wrong up aloft, we found ourselves in difficulties, and I do not know what might have happened had not the owner of a big 200-ton yacht which was cruising about (a Mr. Sandford) noticed our plight. He lowered a boat which was rowed over to us, and a couple of his hands were put on board. With the assistance of these two experts we then managed to retrace our steps and to make Kingstown harbour, and we eventually brought up safely at the berth where we had

found our borrowed craft lying a few hours before. There we encountered the captain of the vessel, who was in a condition bordering on frenzy; but we took him along to the St. George Yacht Club and after he had been filled up with copious libations of whisky he became quite amicable.

The incident was however to have a decidedly unpleasant sequel. All this navigation business and what came after it had taken up a good deal of time, and, by the hour when we were back in barracks, I had missed being present with the inlying picket which I was told off for duty with that night. The consequence of being thus absent without leave from my post was that I found myself languishing in arrest. The situation was very awkward, and things might have gone hard with me but for a stroke of good luck. It was found that a clerk had, in copying orders, made the mistake of naming me as "next for" picket duty, and not on picket duty as I properly was. Thanks to this blunder I got off.

We moved from Dublin down to Cahir in County Tipperary that autumn and part of the regiment, including my troop, was out on detachment at Clonmel about ten miles from headquarters. Tipperary is a first-rate part of the world for sport of all kinds and we had a tremendous time. The regimental meeting was brought off as usual in the spring and at Cahir; but on this occasion I had the bad luck to come a nasty cropper in the first race, which knocked me out of time and effectually prevented my appearing in the saddle again that day. The regiment kept a pack of harriers and I acted as master; there were plenty of hares, and as we also occasionally ran a fox we one way and another had some capital gallops.

It would have been difficult to find a more cheery gang than were the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers in those days, and certainly not the least light-hearted of the party was Bill (Lord William) Beresford, who had joined us as a cornet while we were quartered in Dublin. He made it a practice to tear about the country in a dog-cart, generally driving tandem and always carrying a sack full of potatoes on the footboard; these vegetables he employed as missiles to hurl at anybody whom he passed on the road or who showed up

within range of the road. One night, when two or three of us were going up to Dublin by the late train, he drove off in his tandem ahead of me; following some distance behind, I before long came upon the wreckage of his trap and his horses and himself, for something had gone wrong and he had had a bad spill but, needless to say, was none the worse personally—it took a lot to hurt Bill Beresford.

Not long after that I was in my dog-cart one day making for the station, and Christopher Barton, who was blind of one eye owing to a shot-wound, was driving. There happened to be a great heap of stones by the road, but it unfortunately was on the same side as Christopher's blind eye so he failed to notice it; one wheel went over the heap, over went the trap, and we were pitched out giving me a very unpleasant shaking. Then Candy, Grisell (a brother subaltern) and I started off one night to go up to Dublin by the late train; we fetched up at Kingsbridge terminus in the small hours of the morning and drove to Morrison's Hotel, where after a good deal of trouble we knocked somebody up and were told off to rooms. No sooner had Candy got into his apartment than he flung up the window and began bellowing "Fire," enough to rouse the dead, and there was a prodigious row. After spending some very lively months in County Tipperary we marched up from Cahir and Clonmel to Newbridge towards the end of the year 1868, another capital station to be at.

We held our regimental meeting on the Newbridge course in the following spring, when I won a race on my horse Bicycle; and we had a private stand at Punchestown that year, where I rode my mare Little Esther in the Light-weight Military Steeplechase but could only get second. A few days after that we held our point-to-point race one afternoon and we, beforehand, entertained the Lord Lieutenant (Lord Spencer) and Prince Arthur at luncheon; the Prince shortly afterwards became Duke of Connaught, and I was to be associated with him in later years in the 7th Hussars and as one of his District Generals when he came to be Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. That May I matched Little Esther against Candy's mare Rosebud at the Baldoyle races, and although Rosebud was fancied by the experts we

pulled it off all right; it is one of the disadvantages of being a very light weight (as I was) when riding in jump-races that one almost always has to carry a lot of lead; but Candy was a fairly light weight too, so that on the occasion of this match we weighed in at eleven stone. I remember that I came down a regular purler at Baldoyle at one meeting about this time, getting concussion although no bones were broken; but I cannot recollect whether it was this year or not, nor what was the name of the horse that I was riding.

It was at the end of May, 1869, immediately after the Little Esther match, that I purchased my troop in the 9th. The price paid came to £5,125, including "over regulation" and it was the last occasion on which I was called upon to pay money for promotion, because Mr. Cardwell was now in charge at the War Office and he began initiating his great reforms very shortly after this. One of these reforms was the abolition of the purchase system, and there was a tremendous outcry in Service circles—as there, indeed, was over most of his schemes—although it is now recognized on all hands how much the country and the Army owe him for what he achieved during the years that he reigned in Pall Mall. The purchase system was an absurd arrangement in reality, although in some respects it worked well enough; it had in my case procured me the rank of captain in less than four years from the date of my first joining.

For some reason or other, even more interest than was usually the case was being taken in the Derby of that year ("Pretender's Derby"), and a good many of us in the 9th had backed our fancies. The night before the race we were discussing its prospects at a pretty late hour in the mess at Newbridge, when one or two of the party happened to remark that they would have loved to be present at Epsom on the morrow. If that were so, said I, why did they not go—it was still quite possible to get there in time. They all laughed me to scorn. Even if one got off by the morning mail-boat from Kingstown, that would not land one in London till three or four hours after the race was due to take place, besides which there was no train up to Dublin at this time of night to let one catch the steamer at Kingstown. I stuck to my point, and the end of it was that a

couple of my brother officers bet me £500 to £100 that I would not appear on the course in time to see the Derby run on the following day. I hurried to my quarters, where by good luck I happened to have a letter of credit on Cox & Co. for £300, slipped on boots and breeches, ran on to the stables, got my favourite hunter Spot saddled, and rode off hell-for-leather along the hard high road for Dublin.

It was a fine night, we made good going, and, as I passed Kingsbridge terminus at the outer end of the city, I noted that we had taken just one hour and twenty-five minutes to cover the twenty-five miles up. I rode on along the quays to the North Wall, and on getting there proceeded to knock up the manager of the L.N.W.R. at their offices, for he naturally was in bed. On my telling him that I must have a steamer at once to take me across to Holyhead and explaining the reason, he intimated that the trip would cost £100. I assured him that that would be all right, producing my letter of credit. But on his thinking it over he remembered that there was no spare steamer available at the quay, for the only one lying there was required for the morning's ordinary service, and although most sympathetic he declared the thing to be impossible. This upset my plans completely, for these had hinged on securing a steamer at once, which would have brought me to Holyhead by 7 a.m. A special train from there would have got me up to town in time to reach Epsom, by a great rush, before 3 p.m. when the race would be run. I thought for a moment of taking a tug; but, even supposing that there had been one available and with steam up, the trip across channel in such a craft would have occupied at least six hours. There was not in fact the requisite margin of time left to admit of so leisurely a voyage.

It was a great disappointment. But there was at least one satisfactory feature in the business—Spot was none the worse for the very severe test to which he had suddenly been put, for a hunter naturally is not in the very pink of hard condition in the month of June. I had bought the horse, a dark brown, as a five-year-old in 1864 before joining the Service, and had been hunting him regularly, season after season, ever since; he had often afforded convincing evidence of stamina on long days in the field in various parts

"SPOT"

of Ireland. There was nothing for it but to return to Newbridge next day and to acknowledge defeat. When recounting my adventures while making the attempt I, however, mentioned that our time from Newbridge Barracks to Kingsbridge had been an hour and twenty-five minutes, and the statement was at once challenged. The others insisted that I must either be drawing the long bow or else must have made a mistake. The consequence of the argument was that I backed myself for £200 to ride Spot from Newbridge to Islandbridge Barracks in Dublin in an hour and twenty minutes, but on the understanding that this time the horse should have undergone a special training beforehand for the event.

The regiment moved from Newbridge to Hounslow that summer, and the match against time (for which I returned to Ireland) was not brought off until October. Spot was not, unfortunately, in the very best of condition when the time came—as is suggested by a letter written by my groom P. Smythe to my mother (who was in Wales) a few days before the affair came off. "I think the Captain will win," he wrote, "for he is determined to do so. Poor old Spot has a very hard task and I am doing all in my power to make him as fit as possible. The poor old fellow was very far back on account of bein' thrown idle so long after the last run he had on the same ground. He is not up to the mark but will be little short when the day comes." The event had aroused no small interest in sporting circles in Ireland, I had money on the result quite apart from the original bet of £200, and there was also a good deal of money belonging to outsiders, who had backed me to succeed in the undertaking, depending on it. Everything was therefore most carefully arranged. There were timekeepers and synchronized stop-watches and all the rest of it, and the start took place one morning at 6-15 a.m., just when it was thoroughly light. Spot and I arrived at Islandbridge at 7-30-32 a.m., so that we had four minutes and twenty-eight seconds left in hand. Our time would have been still better, but for our having been a good deal interfered with on the way by a number of herds of cattle that were being driven along the road. I arrived all over blood, and so did Spot; for the horse had broken

a small blood-vessel when we were still about ten miles short of Dublin. He was, however, none the worse in reality, and I hunted him for several seasons subsequently and kept him in my possession till his death a good many years later.

The change of station to England had been carried out by taking ship from Kingstown to Holyhead and proceeding from thence to Hounslow by march route through Wales and on across England. The regiment had to proceed by echelons, as the vessel could only take a couple of troops at a time; my troop accompanied the Colonel (the Hon. Ivo de Vesci Fiennes) and regimental headquarters. This was my first experience of soldiering in England which undoubtedly had its points just as soldiering in Ireland also had its points in those good old days. Hounslow can scarcely be called a good hunting centre, although various packs were within fairly easy reach by rail. But H.M. Staghounds used to provide capital gallops sometimes, and we had one great run with them that winter, the stag being enlarged near Uxbridge Common and taking us at a rare pace by Ruislip and Hayes to Southall—a region a good deal less built over then than it has since become—and thence back to West Drayton.

We dined with the Blues at Regent's Park Barracks one night and spent a rather lurid evening. At a fairly late hour after dinner a mixed body of cuirassiers and lancers turned out of the mess bent on "painting the place red" in military parlance. The passion for wrenching knockers off hall-doors has rather died out in these degenerate days, but it was still practised by the *jeunesse dorée* in the early "seventies," and, even if one could not wrench a knocker off, one could always, at the worst, give a thundering rat-tat with it and thereby cause annoyance and possibly alarm to the householder. However, shortly after we had sallied forth I came upon our worthy paymaster, who was embracing a lamp-post and in a condition verging on the paralytic, whereupon some good fairy prompted me to take charge of the financier and to get him home. This, as it turned out, was a stroke of luck. For after creating a good deal of disturbance the rest of the raiders committed the error of knocking up a neighbouring police station by mistake—the Blues' intelligence department would appear to have been seriously at fault—and the

merry party found themselves confronted with a squad of stalwart bobbies, who promptly ran the whole lot in. So next day a distinguished party of officers borne on the rolls of the Royal Horse Guards and of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers appeared before the "beak," all their names were published in the newspapers, and I felt very grateful to that mellow paymaster of ours for having kept me so conveniently out of the imbroglio.

It was now known that the regiment was due to go to India in ordinary relief before very long, and I was in two minds as to whether to go with it or to exchange into some regiment at home. My people did not wish me to go abroad, nor was I very keen about it myself; but on the other hand I felt most unwilling to part with my friends of the 9th and to sever connection with a corps which I felt very proud to belong to. There was, however, still plenty of time to make up one's mind, and early in the summer of 1870 an event occurred which was to decide the question for me; for news got about that a military undertaking was to take place in the backwoods of Canada, and it struck me that here was a chance of seeing some active service. But the story of the Red River Expedition and of how I came to join it must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The Red River Expedition.

CHAPTER III.

The Red River Expedition.

Cause of the expedition.—The Canadian Government and the Hudson Bay Company.—The half-breeds of the Red River Settlement.—Riel.—An expedition decided upon.—Its general plan.—My idea of going out.—Sir Hope Grant.—His visit of inspection and his letter of introduction to Colonel Wolseley.—I proceed to Canada.—Question of exchanging out of the 9th Lancers.—Montreal.—By the Great Lakes to Thunder Bay.—Meet Colonel Wolseley.—Am taken on as voyageur.—The situation at this time.—The boats and the force.—On the Kamanistiquia River.—Attached to the 60th Rifles.—We start from Lake Shebandawan.—Nature of our work.—The "Height of Land" portage.—To Fort Francis.—On to Rat Portage and down the Winnipeg River.—We move on from Fort Alexander.—A breakfast at Stone Fort.—My company advances by land.—In charge of a party of horse.—A terribly wet night.—We advance against Fort Garry.—First into the fort.—No fight, and the force marches in.—News.—Hear of my transfer to the 7th Hussars.—Winnipeg.—Wet clothing.—Wolseley entrusts me with his despatches.—The ride south.—A *rencontre* with Riel.—His subsequent history.—A meeting with an American correspondent.—Pembina and St. Paul.—Unconventional treatment of the despatches.—Back to England.

THE Red River Expedition is an old story now, and the circumstances which gave rise to what was in reality a most remarkable military undertaking on a small scale have been forgotten. Before proceeding to narrate my own connection therewith it will therefore not be out of place to give a brief account of its origin, of the force detailed for the operation, and of the general plan on which the advance was to be carried out.

The Hudson Bay Company had, during a long course of years, gradually established territorial rights over a vast extent of the then little known region lying to the west and to the north-west of the Great Lakes of North America. They had established a number of posts which they had fortified in view of possible attacks on the part of the Red Indians who still existed in large numbers in the land, and a good many English and Scottish settlers had found their way into this territory. But a large proportion of its scattered inhabitants were French half-breeds, and the most important agglomeration of its settlements was to be found along the Red River in what is now the populous province of Manitoba. The government of the recently constituted Dominion of Canada had, however, in the year 1867 come to an arrangement with the Hudson Bay Company to take

over their territorial rights in this huge tract for the sum of £300,000, being actuated in the matter to some extent by a fear that the Company might otherwise make their rights over to the United States. It was this in reality that started the trouble.

The English and Scottish settlers were quite satisfied with the arrangement, but not so the French half-breeds—or at all events a considerable proportion of these half-breeds. For they set up a Provisional Government of their own, the moving spirit in which was one Louis Riel, a young man of ability and of determination. Riel promptly seized Fort Garry, which was the Hudson Bay Company's principal post on the Red River, and there he secured possession of quantities of arms and provisions as well as of valuable stores of clothing. The English and Scottish settlers made an attempt to overset this Provisional Government; but Riel and his adherents proved too many for them and arrested their leaders, one of whom, a man named Scott, Riel tried by a sort of court-martial. Scott was condemned to death by this tribunal, was shot on the 4th March, 1870, and then the fat was in the fire, for this gross outrage roused the susceptibilities of the whole English-speaking community of Canada. A governor whom the Dominion had sent to take charge of the region had, moreover, been turned back by representatives of the Red River dictator, and the Canadian Executive now felt itself compelled to take uncompromising steps for putting this rebellion against their authority down by force of arms. Matters had thus come to a head early in 1870, and the decision then arrived at at Ottawa was that an appropriate military expedition should proceed from the western end of Lake Superior to the scene of trouble, as soon as troops and stores could be assembled there in the early summer after the ice had melted on the Great Lakes.

The plan that had been decided upon was that the punitive force should proceed in boats, carrying its supplies with it, and should make use of the chains of lakes connected together by stretches of river which for practical purposes extended the whole of the way from the Great Lakes to Fort Garry. Colonel Garnet Wolseley, who was at the time acting as Deputy-Quartermaster-General in Canada, was selected for

the command, the troops told off were to consist of the 1/60th Rifles, the 1st Ontario and Quebec Rifles (Militia), with four seven-pounders and some sappers and others, and the base was to be established in the first instance at the point known as Port Arthur on the shores of Thunder Bay near the western end of Lake Superior. It was calculated that the expedition ought to be able to make a definite start about the end of June, and that this would allow ample time for it to perform its task at the Red River Settlement and for it then to return to its starting point, before the winter should set in again. Wolseley was already regarded in the Service as a rising man, even if his name was hardly known to the general public in England at that time.

It was reading an account of what was projected in the paper one morning at Hounslow that put it into my head to try and get out to Canada on the chance of my then being allowed to accompany the expedition. Owing to exceptional circumstances there ought not apparently to be much difficulty in my securing some months' leave, even though it was now the drill season. For, as it happened, there had recently taken place one of those periodical re-organizations which were to continue taking place down to the present time, and cavalry regiments of the line on the home establishment had been docked of one troop each. I was the junior captain in the 9th Lancers so mine had been the troop which had been sacrificed; and I was therefore at the moment a supernumerary, out of a job, and more or less a fifth wheel to the coach. And just at the psychological moment there came a rare stroke of good fortune. For Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hope Grant, the Colonel of our regiment, who was Quartermaster-General at the time, came down to Hounslow to pay us a visit and to inspect us, and in my capacity of supernumerary I was told off to act as his orderly officer for the day.

Sir Hope Grant was a most distinguished soldier, who had been borne on the books of the 9th from the date of his joining until he had come to be promoted major-general in recognition of his achievements during the Mutiny. He had fought at Sobraon as a troop leader, and he had commanded the regiment at Chilianwalla and at Gujerat. He had been

still in command of it at the outbreak of the Mutiny, but had then almost at once been chosen to lead a cavalry brigade and had subsequently commanded forces of all arms before Delhi, during the two reliefs of Lucknow, and in the final operations which put an end to the rebellion. He had then, in 1860, commanded the British force in the China War with marked success, and at the time when he came down to see us at Hounslow towards the end of May, 1870, he was looked upon as about the foremost commander in the British Army. Wolseley had been on his staff both in the Mutiny and in China, and a particularly warm friendship existed between the two soldiers.

Acting as his orderly officer, I was bound to have had especial opportunities of talking with Sir Hope in any case; but the fact of my being fond of music and my having a piano in my quarters, as I always had, was to form a special bond between us; for the general was a great musician himself and was noted as a fine performer on the violoncello. He, I think, rather took to me, and when I confided to him my project of going to Canada and of trying to get myself taken on in some capacity or other by Colonel Wolseley, he expressed his "unofficial" approval of the plan, and he gave me what proved when I arrived in Thunder Bay to be a trump card—a letter of introduction to the commander of the Red River Expeditionary Force.

As it turned out, I had no difficulty in getting leave from my commanding officer. But the War Office had also to be applied to owing to its being a case of leaving the United Kingdom, and they would only give their sanction on the understanding that the fact of my proposing to volunteer for service when I got out was to be kept in the background. Still, the leave was granted; so I proceeded from Hounslow to Queenstown and was met by my mother and my step-father, Mr. Barton, between Kingstown and Kingsbridge as I passed through. The question of my exchanging out of the 9th was discussed between us, and I left the matter in my stepfather's hands, not in reality being quite sure in my own mind whether I wanted to exchange or not. Arrived at Queenstown I boarded the Cunarder "Java" which carried me over to New York, and from there I proceeded

as fast as I could to Montreal, the headquarters of the military forces in Canada, where I saw some of the staff and also acquired a good deal of information. They were most discouraging, for it appeared that numbers of officers quartered in the dominion had been volunteering for the expedition but that they had all been turned down. Still I was on leave and my own master, and I had a perfect right to go on to Thunder Bay if I chose.

So I took train to Toronto and railed on from there to Collingwood on the shores of Georgian Bay, a portion of Lake Huron, where I embarked on the steamer "Chicora" that was going west. And here there was to be a stroke of luck only inferior to that of my brief association with Sir Hope Grant at Hounslow, for who should be on board of this vessel but Mrs. Wolseley, on her way up to Thunder Bay to see her husband and to bid him good-bye before he disappeared with his troops into the wilderness. The ship was all right; but we were delayed by a fog on Lake Superior, and as the company was rather mixed Mrs. Wolseley and I were a good deal thrown together during the two or three days on board. So, when we brought-to off Port Arthur and Wolseley came on board to meet his wife she introduced me to him.

I told him I had come along in the hope of his letting me join his force and that I was ready to take on any job that was going. But he declared that volunteers were not allowed and that the thing was impossible; even the production of Sir Hope Grant's letter did not seem to influence him at first. However, I found an opportunity for remarking to him that this was a big country and that, if the worst came to the worst, I could always paddle my own canoe; and that night I slept on the counter of the Hudson Bay Company's office at Port Arthur. Next day, or the day after, Wolseley summoned me and enquired if I knew anything about boats. My answer that I had been a "wet bob" at Eton for four years settled the matter, although he gave me to understand that but for the Hope Grant letter there would have been no question of my being taken on. He directed me to join a party of militia who were about to start getting boats up the rapids of the Kamanistiquia River a few miles off,

and I found myself, after all, an accepted member of the expeditionary force. This was on some day late in June.

The energies of all concerned were at this time engaged in overcoming the difficulties presented by the first 45 miles or so of the 600 miles that intervened between Thunder Bay and Fort Garry. It had been intended that there should be a corduroy road at the disposal of the force along this 45-mile stretch, and Colonel Wolseley had expected to find this road completed when he had reached Port Arthur towards the end of May. But only about the first 30 miles, or so, were then ready, and this had thrown his plans to some extent out of gear. For these 45 miles were very much on the upward grade, leading to the eastern end of Shebandawan Lake, the point where it was intended that the force should embark in the boats. This lake is several hundred feet above Lake Superior and is connected with it by the Kamanistiquia and Matawan Rivers which are very swift-flowing streams with rocky bottoms, the rapids amounting in places to a succession of cataracts. It had never in the past been the practice to make use of these streams for navigation purposes, except in the case of the very lightest canoes. But, in view of the road not being ready and of the great difficulty presented by conveying the boats along it on vehicles (as had been intended), Wolseley had decided to get most of the boats up these rivers empty, and it was on this work that the party of militia were engaged when I joined then.

The boats had been especially built for the purpose. They were strongly constructed craft, capable of carrying fourteen men each, together with four tons of dead weight. The idea was that they should generally be rowed ; but they also carried a mast and sails, as there were lakes and stretches of still water to be traversed where these might prove useful, and there were poles for poling, and there was rope for towing purposes. The four tons of dead weight would consist of the gear for getting the boat along, of the men's arms and accoutrements, of the camp equipment, and of sixty days' supplies for the crew. There were to be two voyageurs to each boat to assist the soldiers, and the total number of boats to form the flotilla that would move forward from

the Shebandawan Lake when all was ready was to be about 120.

The infantry of the force was, as already stated, three battalions; but these battalions consisted of only seven companies each instead of the normal eight, and the company consisted of only 50 men in each case, the personnel having been specially selected with an eye to physique and to good health. There would thus be 21 companies in all, each 50 strong, making up a force of 1,050, to which had to be added staff, the artillery, and certain details, making a total fighting force of just about 1,200 of all ranks, with four guns. Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir J.) McNeill, V.C., was in charge of the advanced base at the foot of Shebandawan Lake, which received the name of McNeill's Landing, and stores of all kinds, brought along part of the way by road and (for most of the period of preparation) for the rest of the way by boat, were being assembled there.

I was given two boats to get along, with a few militiamen to help me. The correspondent of "The Times" had reported my arrival in a telegraphic message to London and, a day or two later, he mentioned that "the 'lancer' volunteer is allowed to go in one of the boats. They start in drenching rain, and the volunteer looks particularly miserable, but his ardour is waterproof." The very first day we had to get our pair of boats overland a considerable distance to avoid a waterfall on the river. It was an uncommonly hard day's work, and the second day proved to be no easier, for there were short rapids each of which obliged us to resort to portage. There were a lot of militia scattered along this section of stream engaged on this work of getting boats along, it was a very tiring job, the weather was warm, and at one time during the heat of that day nearly everybody was sitting down resting. I, however, was hard at work with my little lot, and just at that moment Colonel Wolseley happened to come by. It was a distinct score for me. Our chief evidently noted that the "volunteer" voyageur who had turned up from the Old Country in somewhat irregular fashion was of some use, for to my great delight I received orders a little later to return to Port Arthur and to join the 60th Rifles there for duty.

On reporting myself, I was told off to act as a subaltern in Captain N. W. Wallace's company. The battalion was commanded by Colonel R. J. Fielden, and another one of its companies was under command of Captain Redvers Buller, afterwards to be Adjutant-General of the Forces for some years and for a time commander-in-chief of our forces engaged in the South African War—I was to serve with him in more than one campaign in the future. The 60th were scattered by companies along the Kamanistiquia and Matawan rivers, or else were working on the road and getting stores forward to McNeill's Landing. We were kept busy at these various tasks for all of the first half of July ; but then at last, everything being pretty well ready, the two first companies of the 60th, on the 16th of that month, embarked in their boats, and we followed a day or two later. It is worth recalling that, although we did not know it at the time, the Franco-German War had commenced two days before the leading echelon of our expeditionary force made its start.

Although navigation along the waterways joining the various lakes which we were to follow proved to be considerably easier than it had between Lake Superior and Lake Shebandawan, in that there were fewer rapids, fewer rocks and fewer shallows, we nevertheless from the start had frequently to fall back upon portage. This meant carrying or dragging the boats, after unloading them, overland to avoid rapids or successions of rapids, and carrying the stores that each boat contained to the point where this could be put in the water again. Within the first four or five days we had to make one portage of three-quarters of a mile, and another of a mile and a half. This latter portage in reality took us over the watershed that divides the basin of the St. Lawrence from the basins of the Red River and other streams flowing into Lake Winnipeg which issue from that great inland sea as one single river flowing northward into Hudson Bay.

" When the voyageur," wrote Captain (afterwards General Sir W.) Butler, in his "The Great Lone Land," " has paddled, tracked, poled and carried his canoe up any of the many rivers which rush like mountain torrents into Lake Superior from the north, he reaches the ' height of land ' between the

Atlantic Ocean and Hudson's Bay. Here, at the elevation of 1,500 feet above sea-level and of 900 feet above Lake Superior, he launches his canoe upon water flowing east and west." Crossing this watershed involved dragging the boats by rollers up a considerable incline through the woods, as well as carrying up all the stores and gear that they contained. The food was stowed in barrels, and Wallace tried the device of making a rough sledge to carry the barrels so that they could be dragged like the boats ; but he gave the plan up owing to the additional weight which the sledge involved. On re-embarking, after overcoming this serious obstacle, we found ourselves going down stream, whereas hitherto we had, ever since leaving Thunder Bay, been going up stream.

We were traversing a vast region of lakes, waterways and forest, and the scenery was often wonderfully beautiful. Foaming cataracts, noble pine trees, sleepy loughs, picturesque promontories, limpid atmosphere—a wilderness of wood and rock and water—would have made our journey a delightful picnic had we only enjoyed a few creature comforts, had the work not been so desperately hard, and had we not occasionally been overtaken by drenching storms against which there was no protection by day and not much protection in the tents by night. A day or two after getting clear of the "Height of Land" portage, we traversed the Lac des Milles Lacs, which was one mass of rocky, tree-grown islets, and where it was hard not to lose one's way. Then, a good many miles further on, we found ourselves on Rainy Lake, a considerable piece of water, about the borders of which there were a good many Chippewa Indians to be seen and on the shores of which stood Fort Francis. This fort was one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts ; we had hoped to find some fresh food here, but in this we were disappointed, although I secured a capital red blanket which proved most useful as the nights were cold.

We had now covered over 100 miles from McNeill's Landing and were well broken in to our job. The men were grand, and most of them had already become quite expert watermen —which was just as well because the voyageurs for the most part were a fraud and had known little or nothing about handling boats in bad water when we started. We usually

saw the sunrise from the boats, and we were rowing, or "tracking" (towing), or portaging from dawn till dark, day after day, officers doing their share exactly the same as the rank-and-file. But everybody was getting into hard condition and our appetites were enormous. The worst of it was that there was not any too much to eat. We had to depend on our allowance of pork and of flour, which, although calculated on a fairly liberal scale, in reality, hardly sufficed seeing that there was nothing else to be had. We used to create a mixture of pork and flour which when cooked went by the not inappropriate name of "choke dog," and which one would not have found either appetizing or digestible under any other circumstances; but, as it was, we devoured it with gusto. There was much healthy emulation between the 60th companies, and indeed healthy emulation between boats, and this spirit of rivalry helped things along and kept everybody in good humour.

From Fort Francis on, for some 130 miles, we had a quite easy progress, and here we were occasionally able to make good use of our sails. We proceeded down Rainy River, a sluggish stream which is without rapids, to the big expanse of water dotted with innumerable islands which is known as Lake of the Woods. We had hitherto been moving in a general westerly direction, but at this point we kinked northwards to the outlet of Lake of the Woods at Rat Portage, where there was a Hudson Bay Company post and from which point we had to follow the Winnipeg River down to Winnipeg Lake. This was a distance of 170 miles, with a fall of 350 feet, and it meant a total of no less than 27 separate portages—it was perhaps fortunate that this, the most difficult part of the journey since embarking at McNeill's Landing, did not come till towards its close and till the boats' crews had become really efficient. The river was often very rapid, although not rapid enough to necessitate portage, and at such places skilful handling was imperative and an anxious look out had to be kept ahead for sunk rocks and broken water. One or two contretemps were met with and Redvers Buller was nearly drowned one day; but I do not recollect any 60th boat coming completely to grief. The Winnipeg River represents a fine volume of water, and some of the falls and

cataracts were magnificent from the spectacular point of view; but they imposed heavy labour on officers and men, and their frequency made our progress slow in spite of having the current with us; we sometimes had to manage three or four portages in a single day. However, we eventually found ourselves at Fort Alexander which was situated a few miles above where the Winnipeg River flows into the lake, and we then knew that our navigation difficulties were for all practical purposes over. It had taken us just about five weeks to cover the 500 miles from McNeill's Landing to this point.

We were now on the confines of the Red River Settlement region, and about forty miles from Fort Garry which was our destination, and the question was beginning to exercise our minds whether Riel and his adherents would put up any resistance. As a matter of fact, Captain W. F. Butler, who had made an adventurous journey of exploration into this region, sent thither by Wolseley, had actually been to Fort Garry and had seen Riel, who had appeared to him to be getting decidedly nervous. Butler had met the force somewhere about Rainy Lake and had reported to Wolseley; but we regimental officers had only heard yarns, and, as is always the case on active service, there were shaves of all kinds flying about among us as to what the enemy proposed to do. At all events we hoped for the best.

From Fort Alexander (where the 60th, with the staff and artillery concentrated before proceeding on), it was a case of first running down the sluggish Winnipeg for some miles to Winnipeg Lake, and of then making our way more or less across the southern end of this vast inland sea to where the Red River, coming down from the south, runs into it. From that point it was a case of moving about twenty miles southwards up the Red River, which is a big, slow-running stream with plenty of depth of water, to Fort Garry. The militia had not come up to Fort Alexander yet, so Wolseley decided to go on without them in view of the intelligence to hand as to Riel's adherents deserting him. They had been brave enough in the days when any possible armed force coming against them from the side of the Great Lakes was shut off from the Red River by a barrage of forests and swamps and little

known waterways; but, when news had come to hand through the United States of the actual starting of the expedition from Thunder Bay, their courage had evaporated. Most fortunately for us there was a favouring breeze on the day that we crossed the upper end of Lake Winnipeg and our flotilla made quite an imposing spectacle as the fifty odd boats sailed over the rippling surface. We encamped near the mouth of the Red River that night, and next morning after an early start the force pushed up that stream as far as Stone Fort.

At Stone Fort, one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, we were to enjoy a real treat. The officials had prepared for us officers what really seemed to be a most sumptuous breakfast, and I look back upon that repast as quite the most satisfactory meal that I have partaken of anywhere. For although the fare was simple enough in itself, there was fresh meat, and there was butter, and there was properly baked bread. Those were articles of diet that to us pilgrims seemed to be extraordinary luxuries after more than a month of "choke dog," or worse.

The farms of the Red River Settlement were practically all on the left (western) bank of the river, as were Fort Garry and the village of Winnipeg, and Wallace's company was put ashore at Stone Fort to move up along that bank and to act as a force covering the remainder, who continued their advance in the boats. The ground along the opposite bank was still more or less in the condition of virgin forest country. The staff had managed to find some ponies of sorts, with saddles and all complete, as well as a few small country carts, so, after chargers for the staff had been provided by these welcome remounts, the rest of them were turned over to our company to form a small mounted force of which I, as a cavalry officer, was placed in charge. Some of my troopers could ride and others said they could ride, while one of them, who declared that he did not know whether he could ride or not until he tried, proceeded to clamber up his pony on the wrong side. I have commanded more efficient mounted troops in my time, but we nevertheless had a capital day, everybody in the farms was, or pretended to be, overjoyed to see us, and if there had been any opposition to the advance of the force we,

spread out after a fashion ahead of everybody else, would at least have been the first to encounter it. The flotilla, in the meantime, was coming along behind us up the river in carefully preserved formation that must have looked most business-like both to friend and to foe—if there was any foe. We bivouacked that evening about eight miles short of Fort Garry.

The weather had been treating us well for the last day or two, but that night was to prove just about as inclement a one as I can remember ever spending in the open. It poured "cats and dogs," and I found the greatest difficulty in securing shelter of any kind and was drenched to the skin before morning, as were most members of the force. The Commander had intended to advance at dawn; but we did not in the end get on the move till two or three hours later, as in the soaked condition of everything it was almost impossible for officers or men to get any breakfast, and it was still drizzling when we at last made a start across the sticky prairie. Our company, with my mounted men, again covered the advance, moving by land up the left bank of the river, while the rest of the force followed by water. But when we had got to within a mile and a half of Fort Garry a halt was called, the whole force disembarked, and we all moved forward in battle array, with two guns in the centre towed by a couple of country carts, across level ground which the troops churned up into adhesive mud as they tramped along, with the river on their left.

From the information that had been extracted out of settlers, it seemed more than doubtful whether Riel meant to offer resistance. When, however, we reached the village of Winnipeg and, skirting round it, came actually in sight of Fort Garry, we could see that the gate on this northern side of the work was closed and that one or two guns were peeping out through embrasures, although there was no sign of life. We moved forward to within rifle range (rifle range as it was understood in those days) and just then, being near Wolseley, I heard him say "Will somebody go and see what's the other side?" So I galloped off by myself round the fort and finding the gate on the far side open rode in. There was a fellow standing by the flagstaff from which floated the flag

of the Provisional Government (fleur-de-lis and shamrock on a white ground), so I rode up to the sportsman with my revolver out and ordered him to haul it down—which he did. I thereupon extracted a Union Jack from under my saddle, where I had been carrying it, bent it on to the halyard, and ran our colours up to the peak. In the meantime the force was moving round the fort, and it now marched into the enclosure through the southern gate.

A certain ceremonial was observed. The troops formed up and gave three cheers for the Queen, the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and then we set about making the men and ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted. The rank and file were accommodated in some empty stores belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, while the officers soon managed to find houses in which to bestow themselves. We learnt that Riel had apparently entertained some idea of putting up a fight to the last moment, and he would not seem to have expected our arrival so soon, or else not to have realized that our compact little force was so strong as it was. Be that as it may, he had only bolted out of the fort by the south gate after we had come in sight, rounding the village of Winnipeg, and he had been in such a hurry to get clear that he had left his breakfast behind him untasted for some of the 60th officers to find and to eat. He had captured quite enough arms—rifles and guns—when he had seized Fort Garry to have fitted out a force that might have given us a good deal of trouble behind the respectable defences of the place, which was about 150 yards square, walled partly in stone and partly in wood. But the "President" had been deserted by most of his followers, and the wonder really was that he had ever thought of offering resistance at all under such untoward circumstances.

We came upon some more or less up-to-date American newspapers in the fort, and from these one learnt that the French had made by no means a good beginning of their contest with Prussia. There, moreover, happened to be a three or four weeks old copy of the "Times," that had found its way here somehow, and in this I read the copy of an announcement in the "Gazette" to the effect that I

was transferred to the 7th Hussars "in exchange." This news I received with rather mixed feelings. My experiences in the Great Lone Land had rather disposed me to hanker after making further acquaintance with foreign parts, and I did not at all like the idea of parting with the 9th Lancers for good. However, the thing was done and there was no more to be said.

As soon as my men had been arranged for I made my way over to the village, which lay a few hundred yards from the fort. Winnipeg is now a great modern city with trams and electric light, and cinemas, and all the rest of it; but at that time it consisted only of numbers of squalid huts, shanties and shacks, with a sort of hotel and a few inconsiderable stores where abominable drink was procurable, thrown in. One consequence of the existence of these foul "saloons" was that before many hours had passed pretty well the whole of the voyageurs, who were under no sort of discipline, were uproariously drunk and were causing much confusion. I was still soaking wet; but a good lady occupying a hut in the village took pity on me, stuffed me into her own bed, and took charge of my apparel to get it dried. I was, however, booked to dine with the Chief, and in consequence of this invitation was obliged to get up and to resume my garments before the job was properly completed. The clothing was, therefore, still in a moist and clammy condition when I presented myself at the house occupied by headquarters, and Wolseley on noticing this was good enough to rig me out in some of his own, while my raiment was carried off to be toasted somewhere in the back regions.

He now took occasion to inform me that he contemplated packing me off first thing next morning in charge of his despatches. He meant me to ride south to the United States border, and from there to get on as best I could to a place called St. Paul, which was understood to be the nearest town of any size to Fort Garry. He had, he told me, secured the services of a half-breed to act in the capacity of guide and attendant; but what the Chief did not tell me—and I only learnt it from him one day some years later—was that he had promised this half-breed £100 if he got me through in safety. The documents were handed over to

me in the course of the evening and, in view of possible eventualities, I sewed them into my clothing.

So, at dawn next morning and while the rest of the Red River Expeditionary Force was still resting peacefully after its arduous experiences, I rode off with my guide, and we travelled as fast as the condition of our steeds admitted of. When we had covered a few miles we came upon a party of three mounted and armed scallywags, one of whom, a man of about my own age, the half-breed indicated to me as being Louis Riel. We passed quite close to them, but they gave no indication of wishing to interfere with us—rather to my relief seeing that swashbucklers in those parts had a way, one knew, of shooting on sight. Riel, I may mention was not arrested, and he was, indeed, a year or two later actually elected a member of the Ottawa legislature. He afterwards spent some years in the United States and, it is said, was for a time confined in a lunatic asylum. He, however, turned up again in 1884 in the then little known region well to the west of the Red River which now forms the great corn-growing province of Saskatchewan, and before long he had succeeded in stirring up trouble amongst the French half-breeds located there. So serious did this trouble become that the Dominion Government found themselves obliged in the end to organize an expedition, which was duly despatched; and on this occasion the forces of law and order did not find themselves unopposed. For there was some sharp fighting, and a few casualties occurred on both sides before the campaign was brought to a conclusion by the capture of Batôche, which was the rebel headquarters. Riel thereupon surrendered. He was tried for high treason, was condemned to death, and, in spite of strenuous efforts made on his behalf by the French-Canadian community, was duly hanged.

After riding two or three days without meeting with any special adventure, we came up with a fellow who turned out to be a correspondent of "The New York Herald" and who was full of bounce. He tacked himself on to us and, as he had a revolver which he was fond of loosing off rather recklessly, he was not in all respects the ideal travelling companion. At a scratch meal that we were having, and

THE ABBEYLANDS MAIL PHAETON

when one was looking forward longingly to a refresher of tea that was being prepared, he and I got into a discussion about our respective countries and he soon became quite the typical Yankee. "The United States," he cried excitedly, "licks creation, and if anybody says it doesn't I'll plug him just like I plug that kettle," and, letting fly with his confounded revolver at the vessel (which had just at long last got on the boil) he knocked a hole in the thing, and that was the end of our tea. Just the helpful, accommodating, meet-you-half-way sort of comrade one likes to have to hob-nob with in the wilds.

What with having this mercurial representative of the Press on our hands, and the *hors de combat* kettle, and the length of the ride on tired crocks, I was not sorry when at last we found ourselves at Pembina, a small place some seventy miles south of Fort Garry, just beyond the United States frontier and in what is now known as the State of Minnesota. There it proved possible to secure a seat in a jolting, ramshackle diligence in which, after parting with my half-breed companion, I travelled along very rough roads the 350 miles, or so, to St. Paul, and there found myself in a civilized township where there was a railway terminus, as well as a post office with proper connections. And there I committed a *bêtise* for which my inexperience, seeing that I only had five years' service at the time, must serve as my excuse. For I inserted my documents into an envelope, registered it, and confided the thing to the postal authorities to despatch to military headquarters at Montreal. It was a bad blunder. To be entrusted with his despatches by the commander of an army in the field at the end of his operations, had always been regarded as something of an honour in the Service. In the old days, an officer who under such circumstances brought despatches home was wont to be awarded special promotion or else to receive some substantial pecuniary recognition. This particular case was, no doubt, somewhat different, still, I ought as a matter of course to have pushed on with my packet, to have travelled through the United States till I could find railway connection to take me to Montreal, and to have handed over the papers that I had been entrusted with to the general-officer commanding

in Canada (Lieutenant-General the Hon. J. Lindsay) in person.

I learnt in due course that the general and his staff had been somewhat scandalized at my unconventional procedure, and Colonel Wolseley when he heard of it was, no doubt, not best pleased. But in the meantime, unaware of the impropriety of which I had been guilty, I journeyed to New York and took ship for the United Kingdom. Some thirty years later a medal was issued for the Red River operations and I received mine in due course.

CHAPTER IV.

1871 to 1874. Ashanti.

CHAPTER IV.

1871 TO 1874. ASHANTI.

Join the 7th Hussars at York.—An encounter with a pair of bailiffs.—An excited mayor and a graceful climb down.—To Aldershot.—The Conyngham Cup at Punchestown.—" Richard the First."—Manœuvres.—A.D.C. to Sir J. Michell.—Mr. Cardwell tries to appropriate my horse.—My brother Jimmy's gallant act.—Richard the First and the Grand National.—Bel Espoir.—An objection upheld.—The Ashanti expedition.—I volunteer and am taken on as A.D.C. to Wolseley.—Our start.—The staff and the special service officers.—An abominable ship.—Madeira.—Sierra Leone.—We arrive at Cape Coast Castle.—My first experiences on the Gold Coast.—The Ashantis.—I acquire a new sobriquet.—The military situation.—A durbar.—A letter home.—A minor operation at Elmina which I miss owing to fever.—Sick on board the " Simoom."—Invalided home.—" Me opeenion is."—Recuperating in Ireland.—The doctors refuse to let me return to the Gold Coast.

ON getting home from the United States I proceeded to York to join my new regiment, the 7th Hussars. They had only returned to England from India in the previous April, having served there ever since arriving in the country in the early days of the mutiny, and were commanded at the time by Colonel H. A. Trevelyan. He, however, was within a month or two succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. Hale. York is a pleasant station upon the whole, where there is plenty of hunting to be had and where soldiers are made welcome by the people of the county.

One morning, a few days after my arrival, I was informed that " two gentlemen " were in my quarters desirous of seeing me. On repairing thither I found that my visitors were a pair of bailiffs, who forthwith served me with a writ for an account of over £100 for forage and horse-keep during the time that I had been absent from England on the other side of the Atlantic, and who informed me that, pending settlement of the account, they had taken possession of my room and of everything in it. As a matter of fact I had not paid anything to anybody for the maintenance of my stable during the months that I had been away—one does overlook these sort of trifles when one's attention is otherwise engaged. Remembering those hectic experiences met with some years before on the occasion when I had received a call of a somewhat similar character at Islandbridge Barracks in Dublin, I at once made up my mind that this was a matter

which must be treated with sobriety and judgment. To resort to immediate ejection of the parties by main force would have been a mistake. There were a couple of intruders to cope with this time, and on this occasion there, moreover, was no question of the writ being intended for somebody else. So I sent off a message to the regimental guard, demanding that a non-commissioned officer and two or three files should instantly come to my quarters, and when the martial party arrived the two bailiffs were, in spite of their indignant remonstrances, marched off under escort and were politely but firmly turned out of barracks.

An hour or two later a note was brought to me from no less a personage than the Mayor of York, requesting me for goodness sake to come to him without delay as there was the very devil to pay. I hurried to his office and found the worthy gentleman in a state of violent excitement. The two bailiffs, it appeared, had been to see him and to complain of their summary ejection from barracks when serving the writ, and the civic dignitary proceeded to make me acquainted with the nature of that grandmotherly protection which the law affords to sheriff's officers when they are in execution of their duties. He informed me that I had by my wholly unwarrantable action rendered myself liable to all manner of pains and penalties, to fines and to imprisonment if not to worse, and he assured me that the only way to escape consequences of the very gravest nature was to eat humble pie without more ado, and to apologize to my unwelcome visitors for the deplorable lack of hospitality which I had displayed. The Mayor evidently meant well, he seemed to know his job, and like him I was all for peace and quiet; so I fell in with his views, expressed my regret, made out a cheque for the bill, and the storm subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen. But I cannot look back on this York incident with the same satisfaction that the earlier Dublin affair can be regarded with, nor feel that I came out of an encounter with sheriff's officers with the same credit as a hussar as I had under very similar circumstances acquired when a lancer.

We marched up to Aldershot on change of station in the following May, but were under canvas all the drill season

and only went into barracks after the manœuvres. I had before that been over to Ireland for Punchestown, and after failing to catch the judge's eye on Sir Launcelot in the Irish Grand Military, had won the Conyngham Cup, the principal race of the meeting, on Mr. A. McDonogh's Garde Civique. The owner of my mount was a well-known sportsman in Ireland and the victory was a very popular one; but, although the horse fenced admirably and we won pretty easily in the end, riding that day was not a very pleasant experience as it was pouring with rain, the going was heavy, and we jockeys were covered with mud. I also made a good buy at Punchestown in purchasing from Judge Gough (who had bred him) a horse called Richard the First, who had done well on the flat at the Curragh and was to win me some good races later on. I put him in for a race at the meeting, with a lad from the stable up, and the horse made a very creditable debut across country and was leading at the last fence; but that brought him down, owing partly to the inexperience of the jockey.

He was a queer customer to ride in some ways, was Richard the First. The first time I took him out schooling at the Curragh I had spurs on and somebody said that he did not like that form of persuader, but I did not choose to shed them. We got on capitally for a time; however, wishing to push him a little, I gave him just a mild jab with one spur. He stopped dead short—it was a wonder I did not fly over his head—and proceeded to bend his neck round like a camel and to try and get hold of my boot with his teeth.

We remained at Aldershot, which was now under command of Sir Hope Grant, until the autumn of 1872, and while there we took part in manœuvres at the end of both drill seasons. One result of the Franco-German War had been to impress the fact very forcibly on our military authorities that the training of the army must be modernized, and that every possible opportunity ought to be seized to exercise all arms of the service together in the field. It was presumably found possible to screw some money out of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for manœuvres purposes. Exercises of sorts, at all events, were brought off lasting some days, and those of 1872, the first undertaking of the kind to take

place on Salisbury Plain, were on a fairly ambitious scale. Those of 1871 had been carried out about Aldershot, the 7th being included in the 3rd Division under Sir C. Staveley.

For the more elaborate performance of the following year I was appointed to act as aide-de-camp to General Sir J. Michell, a distinguished veteran, who was in command of the Southern army. Sir Garnet Wolseley (he had been awarded the K.C.M.G. for his services in the Red River campaign) took the field from the War Office in the capacity of Sir John's chief-of-staff, and I was thus enabled to renew my acquaintance with a leader for whom I, in common with all other soldiers who had the good fortune to be brought in close contact with him, had come to entertain a profound admiration. Wolseley had been brought from Canada to Army headquarters to act as assistant-adjutant-general, and he was at this time working hand and glove with Mr. Cardwell. As is well known in the Army, he had a great deal to say to many of the reforms which the famous War Minister was introducing about this time—reforms that were, however, by no means popular amongst military officers in general.

Mr. Cardwell is nowadays recognized on all hands to have been an eminent and a far-seeing administrator, who deserved well of his country; but he had no eye for a horse. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) came down to the Plain to witness the final march past that took place before the Duke of Cambridge on Beacon Hill, and, as is usual on such occasions, there was no end of a lunch for the big-wigs after the pageantry was over. On the conclusion of this grateful repast all present remounted, and the Secretary of State for War proceeded to climb on to my horse under the impression that that animal was his own. It was only the novel experience of finding himself seated in a cavalry officer's saddle instead of in a plain one which brought the fact home to the Right Honourable Gentleman that he had somehow got on top of some other sportsman's steed.

On the conclusion of the Salisbury Plain manœuvres the regiment marched straight to Hounslow to be quartered. Although my brother Jimmy, now a captain in the 8th Hussars, scaled some two or three stone more than I did,

he used to put in a fair amount of riding between the flags; and he owned some quite useful chasers in his time. I had the winning mount on one of these, a horse called Bel Espoir, in two races at the Royal Down (Maze) meeting in the north of Ireland that autumn, and I won on him again at the Newbridge Races in the following spring. Jimmy, it may be mentioned, had performed a very gallant act during the summer of 1871. He had been dining one night at the Royal St. George's Yacht Club at Kingstown, when the members were startled by shouts from a man who had fallen into the harbour from off Carlisle Pier, close by. Jimmy dashed out of the club, ran round to the spot, threw off his coat, plunged into the water 25 feet below, and then managed to support the drowning man until a boat, which had hastily put off from the club steps, reached them. He was seriously ill afterwards as a result of chill, and the affair attracted a good deal of attention in Ireland at the time.

Richard the First had won a valuable race at the Cork Park meeting, with a professional up and in good company, in the autumn of 1872; and he was clearly so promising that I not only entered him for the Grand National at Aintree, but also during the winter of 1872-73 backed him at long odds up to a considerable amount, and in this Jimmy, who was generally ready for a flutter, followed suit. When the time for the Liverpool meeting came round I stood to win £20,000 and Jimmy stood to win £12,000 if the thing were to come off, and the regiment and other friends also had their money on. Under the circumstances I would not take the responsibility of riding the horse myself but put a professional up, and I believe that this was a mistake. Richard the First was not given to refusing, but he nevertheless refused at Becher's Brook the first time round, and my impression is that it was the jockey who in reality refused and not the horse. There was no refusal when they went at it again—a less nerve-racking experience than charging that formidable obstacle in a ruck of horses. But the distance that had been lost proved fatal; for although they made up a lot of ground and although the horse fenced beautifully they only finished seventh and the race went to Captain Machell's Disturbance. Tom Beesley, no mean judge, told me afterwards that in his

opinion Richard would have won comfortably but for that disastrous refusal at Becher's Brook.

It was a few days after this disappointment that I rode Bel Espoir at Newbridge, and in the same month I rode him in the Irish Grand Military at Punchestown, but on that occasion could only get him second to a horse called Waterford, ridden by Captain " Bay " Middleton. After the race was over I was approached by some men who had backed us and who informed me that Waterford was wrongly described ; he had been entered as " aged " whereas he was in reality a five-year-old. It was only with some reluctance that I entered an objection ; but one had to think of one's supporters and, be that as it may, I was rather annoyed at the stewards pronouncing it to be a frivolous objection —which it certainly was not. The rules of racing were emphatically on my side, and that this was so was proved by their having to award Bel Espoir the race. At that meeting I also had matched my horse Mandoline against Pinkeen, owned and ridden by Reggie Greville (generally known as " The Limb ") catch weights, owners up, and had pulled it off fairly easily, besides having the mount on Jimmy's Commodore in the Conyngham Cup.

Our regimental meeting was brought off that spring at Kingsbury, not far from Hounslow, and I rode three winners, and was second (but a long way behind) for the Regimental Challenge Cup. Only one of the mounts was, however, my own, an animal called Bay Leaf on which I pulled off the Light-weight Challenge Cup. We had some well-known riders in the 7th at this time, notably Hope Johnstone, W. B. Morris, and Lord Marcus Beresford. The meeting had drawn a big crowd owing to the venue, being handy to town, and it was a great success alike from the sporting and from the social point of view.

One had been hearing something in the early part of the summer about troubles away at the back of the Gold Coast in West Africa, and of a people called the Ashantis who appeared to be out for trouble and to be worrying creatures called Fantis who were understood to be our pals ; but one had not felt much interested in the affair until there came to be talk of a campaign out in those parts. Then one day

came an announcement in the papers to the effect that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been selected to proceed to the West Coast with a view to settling up the mess, and I promptly wrote to him privately asking him to take me with him in any capacity. As a matter of fact he was inundated, and the War Office likewise was inundated with applications of a similar kind as soon as the cat was let out of the bag. The army at home had scarcely enjoyed a single opportunity of seeing active service in any form since the days of the Indian Mutiny, at which time regiments had been hustled out from the United Kingdom wholesale. The China War of 1860, and the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, had been for all practical purposes Indian undertakings, while the Red River campaign had been on a very small scale and had not affected officers on the home establishment other than myself. But soldiers in general realized that for this Ashanti business the officers certainly, if not also the troops, must be, in the main, drawn from the staff and the units serving at home; and it is therefore hardly to be wondered at that there was a regular rush of volunteers to take part in the forthcoming operations, whatever form they might take. That being the case, I was naturally delighted when in a few days' time a communication came to hand from Sir Garnet to the effect that he proposed to take me with him as an aide-de-camp.

It was a case of the commander and staff going on ahead for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements, of ascertaining the military position in the theatre of the coming operations, and of then informing H.M. Government as to what further troops would be required. So the General (Wolseley had been given the temporary rank of major-general) assembled his headquarters staff, and also a number of officers selected for special service, at Liverpool, from which port we set sail on the 12th of September in a packet called the "Ambriz." The headquarters staff consisted of Colonel J. C. McNeill, V.C. (who has already been mentioned in connection with the Red River Expedition), going out as chief staff-officer and as second-in-command, Major (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir T. D.) Baker, Captain (afterwards General Sir Henry) Brackenbury, Captains G. L.

Huyshe and Redvers Buller, Deputy-Controller M. B. Irvine, and the two A.D.C.'s—the Hon. A. Charteris and myself. Of these, McNeill, Huyshe, Buller, Irvine and I had been with the Chief on the Red River jaunt. Amongst the special service officers were Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn) Wood, Major (afterwards General Sir Baker) Russell, Major R. E. Home (who died a few years later as a colonel at a time when he was looked upon as one of the most rising men in the army), Lieutenant (afterwards Major-General Sir J. F.) Maurice, Lieutenant E. R. P. Woodgate (who was killed on Spion Kop many years afterwards as a brigadier), Lieutenant Lord Gifford (who was to win the V.C. for his services with the scouts during the campaign), and several others. Wood and Baker Russell were to raise local regiments, Brackenbury was assistant military secretary, Home was in charge of the engineers, Baker and Huyshe represented the adjutant-general's and quartermaster-general's departments, Buller was to have charge of the intelligence service, and Maurice (who had recently won the Wellington Prize Essay, defeating Sir Garnet amongst many others) was to be the Chief's private secretary in connection with civil affairs.

We started from the Mersey a merry party; but the "Ambriz" speedily damped our high spirits. Liners in those days were very different craft to travel in as regards comfort from what they have since become, but that vessel which conveyed us out to Cape Coast Castle was just about the limit. "Sent to sea in a ship," wrote Henry Brackenbury in his admirable book telling the story of the campaign, "whose berths were being painted twelve hours before they were slept in, through whose cabin floors bilge-water oozed, which was absurdly underhanded for all purposes of attendance, was reeking with foul smells below and was flooded above owing to the absence of bulwarks—the passengers in the West African Company's steamship 'Ambriz' were as miserable as they could be made." The Bay of Biscay and the waters further along were in a disturbed mood, and we were all of us uncommonly glad when we found ourselves at anchor off Funchal, in Madeira, and were able to get a run ashore, to have a good wash, to enjoy a satisfying meal,

and to escape for a few hours from the manifold discomforts of that detestable packet.

We reached Sierra Leone on the 27th of September, and there the headquarters' staff were hospitably entertained by Mr. Berkeley, the Governor. Sir Garnet there took up command of the forces on the whole of the West Coast, to which he had been appointed by the War Office; he was, moreover, to act as Civil Governor of the Gold Coast as soon as he should arrive there, in addition to his military responsibilities. One had heard so much of Sierra Leone being the "White Man's Grave" that it was an agreeable surprise to find ourselves visiting quite a pretty place where there was plenty of greenery, a place which at least looked to be fairly healthy even if it felt decidedly steamy. There was a lot for the Chief to see to here, and he and the staff spent a busy day. A couple of special service officers were sent off to Bathurst on the Gambia to examine the question of enlisting soldiers in that quarter, another special service officer remained at Sierra Leone to see what he could do in the same line there, and Home managed to lay hands upon a lot of native artificers. These darkies we brought along with us on the "Ambriz," on the deck of which they had to stow themselves as best they could, and their antics proved rather amusing once they had acquired their sea legs.

Proceeding on our way we called at Monrovia which is the capital of Liberia, and pulled up again at Cape Palmas further along; there we put an officer on shore to enlist Kroomen as carriers, carrying and not fighting being their forte. Finally we anchored off Cape Coast Castle on the 2nd of October, having taken three weeks to cover the distance from Liverpool—whatever might be in store for us in the theatre of war we doubted if we could possibly suffer much more discomfort ashore than we had suffered on that abominable vessel. H.M.S. "Druid" welcomed Sir Garnet with a salute of thirteen guns, and McNeill, Home, Huyshe and I landed at once to make preliminary arrangements about quarters and so forth. Colonel Festing of the Royal Marine Artillery, who had hitherto been in command of the troops, came off and met the Chief, who was sworn in later in the day. Wood, with two or three special service officers,

was that afternoon sent off in a despatch-boat to Elmina, a place of some importance situated on the coast some twenty miles or so to the west of Cape Coast Castle, to start raising his regiment and also to take command at a locality which was at the moment rather threatened by enemy forces. Sir Garnet and the personal staff put up at Government House; and suitable quarters were found for Baker Russell, who was to raise his regiment in and around Cape Coast Castle.

"We were off Cape Coast Castle at daybreak yesterday," I wrote home on the 3rd, "a fine morning though there was the usual heavy fog of these parts; very calm the sea appeared, but we rolled in the swell almost gunwale under, and it was amusing to see all the men-of-war doing the same thing; yet the swell was nothing to what it often is here, when it is impossible to land. I went ashore about 8 a.m. but Sir Garnet and most of them did not land till 4 p.m. The men-of-war saluted at 8, so we got the full benefit; I don't know which sounded the grander, the boom of the cannon or the roar of the surf which is tremendous on this coast. Twenty naked savages had the care of our surf-boat and made a grand dash to get us high and dry on the beach; none the less, those in the stern of the boat could not escape the following wave do what they would.

"The day was hot and fine, and by one o'clock I was pretty tired of my first interview with the Fantis. We had an awful lot of luggage to get sorted. I found some of the 2nd West India Regiment in the castle, and about 500 savages who do the carrying work. Unfortunately the 2nd W.I. find it hard to get food enough for themselves, and I cannot say much for their mess. An Ashanti prisoner was brought in and locked up to prevent his head being sawn off by the Fantis. . . . Sir Garnet landed at 4 and was saluted by the guns at the castle. This is a much better place than I expected, but you have no idea of the dampness; your boots get green in a night. There has been rain to-day and it is consequently cool compared to yesterday; it is, of course, utterly unlike anything I ever saw. I believe it would be possible, provided the rains stop, to go out with the few hundred men that we have and lick the

Ashantis, but I think the intention is to wait till the end of the year. There is no saying what may happen. An Ashanti head has just been brought to hand, and the Fantis outside the house, men and women, take the keenest interest in showing it to everyone. . . . . We get up at 5-30. I have plenty to do between that and 8, when we have breakfast. You cannot do much in the sun till 5 p.m. and it gets dark at 6."

The Government at home had been most anxious to avoid sending British troops out for this business, if it could be helped, and Sir Garnet's instructions were to the effect that he was, if possible, to overcome the Ashantis with the corps to be raised locally, reinforced by the 2nd West India Regiment which (as mentioned above) was already on the Gold Coast. The belief was entertained in London that this part of the world was so unhealthy that white soldiers could not possibly carry on military operations in such a region—we had not indeed been allowed to bring soldier servants on this account. The Government was, moreover, as it turned out, underestimating both the numbers and the martial qualifications of the Ashantis. Nor does it seem to have been realized by the Colonial Office or the War Office that King Koffee's legions—he was the King of the Ashantis—were made of incomparably better fighting stuff than were those coast natives from whom the troops were to be raised, and who were not only to clear the Gold Coast territory of the enemy but were also, if it was necessary, to follow the enemy into his own country and to overcome him there.

Reference to King Koffee reminds me that on the voyage out I had been much attracted by the notion of our capturing this dusky potentate and carrying him home captive to England. It would have been rather a nice thing to have brought off all to one's own cheek. I had indeed given so much tongue about this question of securing His Majesty's person that the staff dubbed me " the King," and the name has stuck to me ever since although amongst the cavalry I have always rather been known as " Baby." In the letters passing between Lord and Lady Wolseley during their married lives, of which a number were not long ago published in two volumes I am generally referred to as " the

King." Koffee, however, turned out to be a shy bird, and although His Majesty's umbrella was captured he did not happen to be underneath it at the moment.

The position at the time of our arrival on the Gold Coast was that the Ashantis had come intruding right into what was held to be British territory; they were more or less threatening Elmina, and they were even threatening Cape Coast Castle itself, after a fashion, although still a good distance off. They had actually been in occupation of Elmina for a short time two or three months before, but had been driven out by Colonel Festing.

The troops available on the spot consisted of the 2nd West India Regiment which was scattered about in detachments along the coast, of a force of Hausas that had been got together, and of some Royal Marines who had been landed from the warships, a force that numerically was totally insufficient to drive the Ashantis back into their own country over the River Prah. The question was whether sufficient additional troops of any fighting value could be raised locally to add to what existed already, so as to enable us to effect our purpose without demanding the despatch of a force from England. The first thing to do, therefore, was to get hold of the various Fanti kings residing in Protectorate territory, and to try and secure the whole-hearted co-operation of these dusky potentates in enlisting their subjects. So Sir Garnet held a formal durbar a couple of days after our arrival, which was attended by numbers of influential gentlemen of colour.

Any amount of kings turned up with their entourages, and they presented an extraordinary spectacle in the matter of garments and of martial equipment. The Chief made them a long speech which was translated for their benefit into the Fanti language. He appealed to their feelings, he dwelt on the desirability of their clearing their hereditary foes, the Ashantis, out of their country, he called upon them to do their utmost to muster their fighting men for the fray, he explained the rates of pay and the conditions of service that were contemplated, and he wound up with the request that they would abandon their practice of killing and mutilating wounded antagonists, as that sort of thing was not done nowadays in the very best circles. They appeared

to be suitably impressed by the discourse, and they were profuse in their promises of aid, if one could judge by their gesticulations and by the chatter that arose. One sensible demand they put forward, which was that each king should have a British officer attached to him to run his show—a request that was acceded to at once, and it provided occupation for a number of the special service officers. Experience was, however, speedily to prove that these darkies were better hands at promising than they were at performance.

Writing home on the 8th of October I was disposed to grumble at not having enough to do. "The post of A.D.C., I am sorry to say, is a nonentity here at present. The two secretaries Brackenbury and Maurice do everything, in fact there is such a large staff that the ground is cut from under our feet. . . . . My servant had 'de fever,' but got better when he heard it was a case of no work no pay. But on the whole everyone has been well as yet, except a little sickness of no account. As regards the expedition I know that Wolseley is hampered more than outsiders suppose, that there are some difficulties owing to certain Admiralty orders, or rather, I believe, a misconception of their purport by the Commodore, which restricts the use to be made of the men of the fleet on the coast. . . . . You will see accounts of the palavers, etc., that have been held here, in "The Times" and "Standard." The Fantis, cowardly as they are, will, I believe, come to the scratch now. As one of the chiefs said, 'Wolseley's words were as life to the dead,' and it is not only possible, but probable, I think, that with an English officer attached to each tribe this spirit, as it has often happened before in armies, will save the country. No one here believed that anything of the sort could have been done. Yet already most of the chiefs are collecting their men at Dunquah. Wolseley has great tact with these people. . . . . I went out early the other morning to the bush and shot a cocky-olly-bird or two, but it was almost impossible to move off the path, the jungle is so thick. When you have not got your gun you see snakes and all sorts of things. However, I had hardly got three miles from here when I had to return, or I should have had to remain the day on account of the sun. No one can stand in the sun even with an umbrella here."

Cape Coast Castle was a filthy spot and steps had to be taken at once to improve its sanitary arrangements. The place was quite unhealthy enough, naturally, without the situation being aggravated by such noxious conditions. The problem of cutting clearings into the interior also had to be grappled with, and the establishing of advanced posts had to be taken in hand. There was, in fact, plenty to be thought of and plenty to be done during those first few days after we arrived on the Gold Coast. But the military position at Elmina demanded especial attention in view of the proximity of an Ashanti force to the settlement, and Sir Garnet therefore, about ten days after he took up command, decided on delivering a sudden stroke in that area.

What was contemplated was kept a profound secret, and false reports were put about so as to help in keeping the actual plan concealed. Then a small force, which had been put on board ship ostensibly for quite a different purpose, was transferred by night from Cape Coast Castle to off Elmina, and was landed there at dawn, the General accompanying it. Wood was placed in charge of the troops, his force consisting of some men whom he already had under his command added to those now landed ; and with these he pushed out through the bush some three miles or so to a place called Essaman where he had a sharp brush with the enemy, but gained a gratifying success. McNeill was, unfortunately, rather badly wounded, and had in consequence to be invalided home ; there were two or three other casualties, and the affair proved very instructive in respect to the difficulties of bush warfare. Its general result was, indeed, highly satisfactory, as the success raised the *morale* of the troops engaged, and, moreover, it served to encourage the Fantis as a whole. Sir Garnet returned to Cape Coast Castle on the conclusion of the operations.

I had most unfortunately been attacked by fever a day or two before this Elmina affair came off, and was therefore unable to accompany Sir Garnet ; the doctor had packed me off to the troopship "Simoom," which was lying off Cape Coast Castle, acting as a hospital ship, and I had expected to be able to return ashore in a day or two, so as to resume my duties. But I could not shake off that enervating

malaria, although I remained aboard the "Simoom," hoping for the best for another three weeks or so.* During that period I witnessed the landing of a body of bluejackets and marines who were being put ashore to take part in a movement forward from Cape Coast Castle; a sketch of this operation which I made from the deck of the hospital ship was reproduced in "The Illustrated London News," and a copy of this faces next page. A few days later, the medicos, owing to my still having fever badly and being already much run down in consequence, insisted on invaliding me home, and so, about a month after our arrival at the Gold Coast in the "Ambriz," I was packed off in a steamer that was proceeding to England.

We sufferers—there were a good many of the rank-and-file and others on board who were sick like myself—were extremely well looked after on that voyage by a comical little medicine man who, like so many army doctors, hailed from the Emerald Isle. He was most attentive, seemed to know very well what he was about, and I saw a lot of him and used to be much amused by his quaint sayings and his habit of prefacing almost every remark that he made with "Me opeenion is." One or two deaths occurred on board, and these tragic events were followed by the usual form of funeral that takes place at sea—a solemn ceremonial enough when one is pretty sick oneself. On my happening one day to express some doubt to the little doctor as to what became of the dead after they had been thus committed to the deep, he observed with the air of giving vent to some profound professional theory: "Me opeenion is that they're devoured."

After landing in England I went over to Ireland to recuperate. My people had, some time before, given up their house in Dublin and they were now residing at Salthill, near Kingstown. So I put up at the hotel there, where one was in touch with the clubs in Dublin and at Kingstown, and where there was good sea air to be had, and I gradually

* In a letter to Lady Wolseley, dated the 18th of October, Sir Garnet wrote: "Gallant little McCalmont is ill; the doctors said that he was not strong enough for the job. He has been on board the 'Simoom' for some days and does not mend rapidly." Writing again on the 3rd of November the passage occurs: "McCalmont (the King, as he is called here) is still sick and will have to go home, I fear."—C.E.C.

recovered my strength although convalescence proved rather a slow business. It was most galling during those weeks of idleness to read occasional accounts of the progress that was being made on the Gold Coast, and to learn about the despatch from home of the small British force, which Sir Garnet had asked to be held in readiness even before he had quitted the United Kingdom. He had realized from the very start that war would have to be carried into the enemy's country, and that something more was required than the mere expulsion of King Koffee's braves from Protectorate territory if there was to be peace south of the Prah. News of that sort gradually determined me to try to get out again, and after remaining quietly in Ireland till after Christmas, I felt so much stronger that there seemed to be some hope of bluffing the doctors and getting passed as fit. So I betook myself to London and appeared before a medical board.

But the board turned me down and would not hear of my returning to the Gold Coast—in which they, no doubt, were perfectly right, although it was extremely annoying. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to await the expiration of my sick leave, and then to rejoin the 7th Hussars. But it may be mentioned here that, of the headquarters' staff who had sailed with Sir Garnet from Liverpool at the beginning of September, my brother A.D.C., Charteris, had, like myself, been attacked by fever at Cape Coast Castle after a few weeks and invalided, and had died on the passage home, while Huyshe succumbed at a later date in the interior. McNeill's wound, moreover, had proved so serious that he had been unable to return to the West Coast.

LANDING MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS AT CAPE COAST CASTLE

CHAPTER V.

1874 to 1877. China and Constantinople.

CHAPTER V.

1874 to 1877. China and Constantinople.

With the regiment at Maidstone.—Incident at a polo match.—How the Duke of Connaught came to miss a Levee.—An accident to a historic watch.—Fireworks in the ante-room.—Aldershot and Ipswich.—An expansive cook.—A visit to Sir G. Wolseley at the War Office, and what came of it.—I start for China.—Hong-Kong and Foochow.—Shanghai.—Visit to a Chinese man-of-war.—A yachting expedition.—On to the Pei-ho.—The Taku forts.—Pekin.—Sir T. Wade.—Captain Trotter.—Chinese troops on parade.—My journey through Chi-li to Shan-hai-kwan and back to Tientsin.—A trip to Japan.—Sir Harry Parkes.—Inspection of a cavalry squadron.—Return home via the Pacific and United States.—Officially thanked.—The Balkans in a turmoil.—I go out to Constantinople on leave.—Sir Arnold Kemball.—Lord Salisbury.—Breakdown of the Conference there.—Fall of Midhat Pasha.—A ministerial council.—The Sultan's horses.—Return home.

THE regiment had changed stations from Hounslow to Maidstone just about the same time as I had sailed from Liverpool for the Gold Coast in the previous autumn, and on the expiration of my term of sick-leave I joined them in Kent. It was very shortly after my arrival that the Duke of Connaught came to us as a captain, and he was to remain one of us, off and on, for some years. One of his earliest experiences as a hussar was, as it happened, an incident at polo in which I, for my sins, conspicuously figured. The 7th had arrived home from India very keen on the game and we numbered several first-class players; the regiment was, indeed, by far the most successful of all in the early days of regimental tournaments at home. One day we were having a five-a-side regimental game on Penenden Heath, near Maidstone, and the Duke was taking part as more or less of a novice, and I, something of a novice too, was on the same side. Certain of the ponies were but little broken to their work, and my beast, besides being decidedly raw, proved to be no respecter of persons, for he thought fit to lash out and, to my horror, to catch H.R.H. a very nasty crack on the leg. But the injury happily was not a serious one and the Duke made light of it.

Shortly after that a party of us went over one day to the Wye races. There was a long delay at a wayside railway station on the way back, so Byng (the Hon. A. J. G.) and I got out and, with a warning of "All tickets ready, please,"

proceeded to take the tickets of the passengers. But while we were thus busily engaged the train suddenly thought fit to go on and we were left behind, lamenting, on the platform. There was not another train for ages, and the end of it was that the pair of us did not get back to Maidstone until well after mess time, and we had, therefore, to fall back on a special dinner served up for us at a later hour. One or two of the regiment, including the Duke of Connaught, came in to pass the time of day while we were having our meal, and in the middle of this, Phipps (T. H.), who had gone outside, bunged an orange at me through the window. But he made a bad shot of it, for he hit H.R.H. (who was standing behind my chair) in the eye and blackened it, and the Duke was, in consequence, unable to attend the Levee a fortnight afterwards.

His Royal Highness was concerned in yet another adventure a few weeks later. He went for a row with four of us in a four-oar up the Medway one afternoon, the party taking turns of acting as cox. On the way back the artist with the steering lines thought fit to take us over the weir near Maidstone, and some of the bottom was scraped out of the boat, with the result that we foundered in deep water below and got a right good ducking. The duke did not mind the ducking, but what he did mind was that his waistcoat, which he had taken off to row and had deposited on the floor of the boat, disappeared beneath the waters. For it carried his watch and chain with it, and the watch was the one which his godfather, the great Duke of Wellington, had worn on the field of Waterloo. It was fortunately recovered after a little time, none the worse for its immersion.

There were fireworks one evening, and on this occasion I abstracted a pyrotechnic device called a maroon—a thing with a detonator and that goes off with a prodigious report. This I secreted under a table at which a four were playing whist, one of them being the Duke of Connaught. They were considerably startled when the concern went off and some windows and the mirror over the mantelpiece were broken ; the whole place was, moreover, filled with fumes such as one would be apt to meet with in the Infernal Regions. It was rather a dangerous trick to play, and my brother

Capt. HUGH McCALMONT,

7th Hussars, 1874

officers got level with me by making hay in my apartments and throwing some of my belongings up into the trees close by.

We moved to Aldershot for the summer drills at the end of June, and after putting in two or three months under canvas there the headquarters of the regiment proceeded by march route to Norwich, while two troops under myself made their way to Ipswich on detachment. This proved to be a pleasant enough station, for the people all around were most hospitable to us soldiers, and there was good shooting to be had, and some hunting; but we only remained in East Anglia till May next year (1875), when my detachment marched to Manchester, to be followed thither, shortly afterwards, by regimental headquarters. My horse, Richard the First, won a useful race at the Royal Down (Maze) races that summer, with a professional up.

My stepfather, Mr. Barton, had died in the autumn of 1874 and my mother had then gone back with her two daughters, who were now just about grown up, to live in Dublin, taking a house in Merrion Square. It must have been some time in 1875, I think, that a soldier friend of mine, who was in Dublin and who knew my mother and sisters, wanted for some reason to get into touch with me but did not know where I was. So he called at the house in Merrion Square in hopes of finding out; but, as it happened, my mother and sisters were away and the establishment was more or less shut up and under charge of the cook, a lady of Irish extraction. There was an answer to the knock after some delay and the cook appeared at the door. "Oh, I'm afraid Mrs. Barton isn't at home," observes my friend. "She is not, sorr," rejoins the cook. "I'm sorry to miss her," says he, "but what I really wanted to see her about was to find out about Captain McCalmont. Perhaps you can tell me where he is." "Is it the Captain," exclaims she with warmth, "and where would he be—but at the wars? Sure there's him they calls Sir Garnet Wolseley that all the talk's about, and it's him as gets all the credit. But it's the Captain that does the business." The country was, at the moment, in a state of profoundest peace, and if I wasn't with the regiment I was off on leave somewhere racing, or hunting, or shooting.

One day early in the following year I went up to town from Manchester and called on Sir Garnet Wolseley at the War Office, who was Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces at the time. He told me that matters were in a somewhat unsatisfactory state in connection with China, a student interpreter had been murdered down south somewhere, an official mission had been turned back in the same quarter, and in view of possible eventualities the War Office were in need of certain topographical and other information. There had been an idea of sending an officer of the Royal Engineers from Hong-Kong to do reconnaissance work, but there had been some difficulty about this, and the truth was that they wanted somebody to take on the job at his own expense. Finally he said, "Why shouldn't you go?" I replied that I would be delighted to if I could get leave, and that I was prepared to do so at my own cost. The War Office does not seem to have had any funds at its disposal at this time for carrying out secret service of this kind, and never had any, I am told, until Brackenbury became head of the Intelligence Department about ten years later. Wolseley accepted this offer of mine at once, told me to see about the leave, and intimated that when that was settled I should get my instructions and letters of introduction and all that was necessary. Having secured six months' leave of absence, I started off for the Far East by P. and O. within a few days.

I had a letter of introduction to the Governor of Hong-Kong, and when I went to Government House there to present it, an American, whose acquaintance I had made on board but who was rather of the rough diamond type, contrived to tack himself on to me. The result of this was that when I was asked to dinner by His Excellency, Mr. American was asked too. Our cousins from over the other side are seldom wanting in push. I went on from Hong-Kong to Foochow, as I had a letter of introduction to a Mr. Olliphant there who was a man of wealth and importance. Foochow, an isolated place, proved most attractive and my host took me for a delightful trip in a house-boat up the Min River. The scenery was gorgeous and that expedition proved one of the pleasantest outings that I can remember in any part of the world. The admiral at Hong-Kong,

who knew the coast well, had put me up to a lot of wrinkles about travel in this country, and these were to prove most useful to me later on when I began my real task further north.

From Foochow I worked on to Shanghai, where I was put up by Jardine, Matheson & Co., to whom I had a letter of introduction, in a palatial mansion, almost the size of the Carlton Club in Pall Mall which seemed great luxury after sharing a stuffy cabin with two other passengers for some weeks in the P. and O. I went up the river to the Chinese arsenal one day and was hospitably entertained on board a Chinese frigate, taking a meal ("chow") with the officers, who mostly spoke English quite well and were most courteous. While at Shanghai I also went out for a yachting trip with a Mr. Little in a most execrable craft which, however, got us up river as far as Wusung, some fifteen miles from Shanghai, where a fort was being constructed by swarms of Chinese. But when it came to going back, the wind was against us and also the tide, and the two together proved altogether too much for our unhandy craft, so that we were out nearly all night. Little had once upon a time been taken prisoner by the Chinese and had been sentenced to death by opium or decapitation as a spy; but in consideration of his being a foreigner the sentence had been commuted to hanging. However, luckily for him, he had been able to give a satisfactory account of himself on the drop and got off by the skin of his teeth.

I went on north from Shanghai in a Jardine-Matheson boat, which touched at Chefoo where some of our warships were and where I spent some time ashore. There was an infantry company there forming part of Li Hung Chang's troops, which was instructed by a Prussian who had but recently left the Prussian army, and which made quite a respectable show; it represented incomparably the best specimen of a fighting unit which I saw during my stay in China. A cousin of mine, who was a naval officer, came on board and travelled with me to the mouth of the Pei-ho. We ran down a piratical junk one night *en route* which had previously fired a gun at us. There was 120 tons of loose black powder on board the steamer, stowed in barrels, and

one felt a little nervous on finding the captain of the ship sitting on a broken one of the barrels smoking a cheroot. He said we might go up any moment, but whether he meant up the Pei-ho or "up the spout" he did not say. A report got about that the Taku forts were going to open fire on us when we entered the Pei-ho; but happily they forebore, and I landed although Wolseley's idea was that, should an expedition to Pekin actually become necessary, Taku ought to be given a wide berth. My principal task was, indeed, to be that of surveying and reporting on a route which would avoid the Pei-ho altogether.

Disembarking at Taku I was able to take a good look at the defences, and found that these were quite up to date, with guns mounted which certainly looked serviceable; I managed even to make my way into one of the caponieres. From Taku I went on up to Tientsin by launch, and there put up at Jardine, Matheson's agency during the few days' delay that took place in my obtaining leave to enter Pekin. Once that difficulty was over I rode up to the capital and there presented my letter of introduction to Sir T. Wade, our Minister, who put me up and who afforded me all possible assistance in connection with my task. What principally struck me at Pekin was the width of the walls round the city, along which four coaches could have driven abreast; but, owing to their ancient design, they would not have proved of much defensive value against a properly equipped attacking force. While I was staying in the Forbidden City a Captain H. Trotter, R.E. unexpectedly turned up, one of the old Bengal sappers and employed on the survey of India, but at the moment on furlough for a prolonged period. He had done a great deal of travelling in out-of-the-way parts of Central Asia, and had formed one of Sir Douglas Forsyth's staff when that distinguished Anglo-Indian official had carried out his mission to Yakoub Beg at Yarkand and Kashgar in 1874. I was to see a great deal of Trotter in the following year.

The only troops in China that were of any use at all at this time, as far as I could gather, were those in this province of Chi-li, who were under its famous Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and who were Tartars known as "Bannermen." It must,

however, be confessed that I was not greatly impressed by what I saw of some three thousand of these "Bannermen" at an infantry parade outside the north wall of Pekin one day. They were drawn up in line four deep to start with, and each company had four gingals, the remainder of the men being armed with muskets. The gingals, when it came to firing "blank," were loosed off by the men's pipes, a plan which worked quite well. After some volleys had been fired and the gingals had spoken a strange manœuvre was gone through. An advance in double column of fours from the centre of the line took place, the columns first wheeling outwards and then to the rear, until a huge square of the whole force was completed; promiscuous firing took place while this operation was in progress. Then there was more volley firing from the square, after which line was somehow formed to the rear, and then the whole gang faced about on what was practically their original alignment. It subsequently transpired that the ground for this exhibition had been carefully marked out beforehand. There was uncommonly little discipline, as far as one could judge from the demeanour of a fair proportion of the participators who had thought fit to fall out; for these hooted officers with gusto who invited them to return to the ranks. Had it not been for the careful marking out of the ground beforehand I believe there would have been absolute chaos once the troops began manœuvring, and a few squadrons of decent cavalry would have wiped the whole lot of them off the face of the earth with the utmost ease.

Sir Thomas told off a student interpreter, Mr. Brennan, to accompany me on my further journey. This expedition of mine was in the first place to be across country to Shan-hai-kwan, the point on the shores of the Gulf of Liao-tung, where the Great Wall reaches the sea. I proposed then to follow the coast back to the Pei-ho, to make observations with regard to beaches that might be suitable for disembarking troops, to consider how far it would be feasible for an expeditionary force to land somewhere along this stretch of littoral with a view to its subsequently marching on Pekin, and to report on the routes that would be available for the purpose.

We travelled in a couple of country carts along very rough

tracks, each of us having a Chinese boy with him for servant, and I found Brennan perfectly invaluable owing to his knowledge of the country and of the language, besides his proving a capital companion. As is well known, the Chinese view "foreign devils" with profound dislike, and the less they have seen of such intruders the less they like them. We were traversing a region where Europeans were seldom or never seen, and the journey was, therefore, one involving a certain amount of risk. In many of the villages the inhabitants were obviously and even noisily hostile, and there was one place on the coast, where we passed the night, from which I did not at one time believe that we should get out alive. The Chinese crowded round the house we had shut ourselves up in, shouting threats and abuse, and we spent the hours of darkness in a state of siege and ready for the worst. However, we got away all right in the end next morning, and we eventually reached Tientsin in safety after having spent what once or twice had been a pretty lively time. I had made a reconnaissance of the routes traversed, and had collected quantities of notes with a view to preparing a proper military report in due course. We had hit off the Great Wall some distance short of Shan-hai-kwan on the way to the coast, and I was much impressed with the colossal scale of that far-famed "Wonder of the World."

From Tientsin I went on to Yokohama in Japan and from there proceeded to Tokio, where I presented a letter of introduction to Sir Harry Parkes, our Minister, with whom I had some most interesting conversations. He told me much that was illuminating about his remarkable career in his country's service in China, a career which had commenced when he had been a boy of only fourteen, and one of the last incidents in which had been his imprisonment for eleven days in a foul dungeon, herded with Chinese malefactors of the most evil description. Thanks to his good offices I was enabled to see something of the Japanese army, which at that time appeared to be organized and trained on the French model. I, indeed, carried out what amounted to a regular formal inspection of a cavalry squadron, saw them on mounted parade, went round their stables, took salutes, and felt just like a Field-Marshal for the time being. These fellows struck

me as quite efficient as regards armament and drill although their equitation was not irreproachable, their barracks were excellent, everything was spotlessly clean, and many of the officers could talk English quite well. All the Japanese military people whom I came across were extremely civil, and it was pleasant to see something of their country, which in those days still retained much of its primitive charm.

I made my way back to Yokohama from Tokio, well satisfied with what I had seen of military life in Japan, and, as my work in China was finished, took a passage across the Pacific to San Francisco in the White Star steamer "Oceanic." From San Francisco I went by train via Utah and Chicago to New York, and so home, having been round the world and seen much that was edifying and instructive during my travels. The Regiment, I found, had just marched from Manchester to Scotland, and was quartered at Edinburgh, with a detachment at Hamilton. My reports and sketches were forwarded to the War Office, and after some little time my commanding officer, Colonel Hale, received an official letter from the War Office, which ran as follows :—

Horse Guards, War Office,
4th November, 1876.

Sir,

Captain McCalmont, of the regiment under your command, who lately proceeded to China at his own expense for the acquisition of information, has written a detailed account of his journey, which the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has read with much interest.

I am desired to request that you will convey to Captain McCalmont His Royal Highness' appreciation of this very sensible and well drawn up report, which contains valuable information collected with much perseverance and ability in the face of many difficulties, and at great risk.

His Royal Highness also recognizes the public spirit shown by Captain McCalmont in devoting his leisure and means to the benefit of the Service.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

The Officer Commanding
7th Hussars, Edinburgh.

D. Lysons,
Q.M.G.

Events had been in a highly disturbed state in the Balkans for some time past. During nearly the whole of 1876 the Serbs had been endeavouring to shake off the Turkish yoke, but, although they had achieved some measure of success at first, the military forces of the Sultan had gradually got the upper hand over the insurgent people—this in spite of the rebels being almost openly assisted by Russian officers and by consignments of Russian arms. Eventually, the Tsar had put his foot down and had compelled the Sublime Porte to grant the Serbs an armistice. All Europe had by this time become interested in the volcanic situation that had arisen in the Near East, and it had been decided that an International Conference should assemble at Constantinople to deal with the subject. Our representative on this conference was Lord Salisbury who was assisted by Sir H. Layard, our Ambassador to the Ottoman Government. As the weeks passed without the diplomatists making progress, it had been becoming more and more likely that a conflict between Russia and Turkey would break out in the coming spring. So I proceeded out to Constantinople on leave that winter, to watch how things were proceeding, and to try and get a footing out in these parts in advance in the event of hostilities in due course supervening. I was given a letter of introduction to Lord Salisbury by Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor (who was a brother-in-law of my uncle Robert), and I had another letter of introduction from Sir Garnet to our Military Attaché, Major-General Sir Arnold Kemball.

On getting to Constantinople on the 20th of January, 1887, I found everything in a state of tension. The Conference was making no progress, largely owing to the exasperating recalcitrancy of the Turks. Intrigues were rife. The diplomatists were in a quandary. Count Ignatieff, the Russian envoy, was trying hard to get what he wanted out of the Sultan and his representatives without proceeding to extremities. But, although almost totally unprepared for a really serious war in spite of the practical experience gained during the previous year in trying to subdue the Serbs, the Turks appeared to regard the possibility of a struggle with Russia with comparative equanimity. Sir Arnold Kemball received me in the most friendly manner, and I also saw Sir H. Layard.

Sir Arnold was a Bombay gunner, who had seen service in the Afghan War of 1838-39, and who had greatly distinguished himself in the Persian campaign of 1859, being specially thanked for what he had accomplished on that occasion by the Governor-General of India. He had afterwards been Political Agent and Consul-General at Baghdad from 1859 to 1868, and he had at a later date acted as Commissioner on the Turko-Persian boundary delimitation. He, therefore, knew the Turks well, and was known by them, and he had travelled a good deal in Turkey in Asia. He could speak both Turkish and Persian, as well as French and German, and he was therefore quite the right man in the right place on the Golden Horn at this critical juncture. Thanks to him and to the Ambassador I soon got to know the more important people on the spot, including, amongst others, Hobart Pasha, who was in charge of the Ottoman naval forces.

Jim Hozier was Lord Salisbury's private secretary—he has already been mentioned in Chapter I.—and I dined with him one night, meeting among his guests G. A. Sala, who was representing "The Daily Telegraph." Another night I was bidden to a banquet by Lord Salisbury, at the hotel where he was putting up in great state ; although, it is perhaps unnecessary to add, he had not brought out in his train a whole swarm of hangers-on, living on the fat of the land at the taxpayers' expense, such as Mr. Lloyd George used to be accompanied by on those innumerable conferences in foreign cities which he managed to attend in the days of, and the days succeeding, the World War. His Lordship had not, however, been able to grant me an interview when my letter of introduction from Lord Cairns was laid before him.

Home, R.E., who had been a fellow-passenger of mine in the "Ambriz," of evil memory on the way out to Cape Coast Castle, was at Constantinople, with one or two other officers sent out by our Intelligence Department, and I went down with him to have a look at the Gallipoli Peninsula ; our people at home were very properly keeping an eye on the Bulair Lines. Trotter, the sapper whom I had met in Pekin a few months earlier, turned up one day ; like myself, he was on the look-out for a job in case war should break out. The Conference finally broke down a few days after my

arrival, whereupon Lord Salisbury went off home, the attitude of the Turks throughout having made it impossible to arrive at a settlement satisfactory to Russia or even to our own country. This appeared to make the likelihood of a war greater than ever, and a week or so later the whole situation was further aggravated by Midhat Pasha, of whom great things had been expected as Grand Vizier owing to his comparatively liberal ideas, being summarily dismissed from office by the Sultan.

"I was in great luck in seeing the meeting of ministers at the Sublime Porte on the day of Midhat's dismissal," I wrote home. "I was one of the first to hear of it in the morning, when at the bank, so dashed down and arrived at the Sublime Porte just in time. The place is somewhat different from the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Soldiers and public assemble in a large room next to the room in which the Council sit. There was a crowd inside and outside, of almost every nationality, from the African nigger to the Swede. I don't think I saw a Chinaman. There were 200 soldiers on duty in the room and two regiments outside. The proclamation of the new Grand Vizier was read, but there was no enthusiasm. People talked of a revolution and a row and there is certainly ill-feeling. . . . . I have also been over the Sultan's stables. Such beautiful Arabs! There were 400 in one stable, and about 50 of the best in another. The latter was quite a model of stable management. The horses are 'playful' and very intelligent, of course small as all Arabs are. There was one chestnut for which I should like to put down a cool thou. to have him to look at."

My leave was drawing to a close, and for a time the idea rather attracted me of making a trip through the Balkans and getting home somehow through Austria—there was no through railway connection with Constantinople in those days. But eventually I made the journey to England by the usual route, via Marseilles, having before leaving secured the promise of Sir Arnold Kemball to apply for me in the event of war between Russia and Turkey breaking out.

CHAPTER VI.

The Armenian Campaign. First Three Months.

CHAPTER VI.

The Armenian Campaign. First Three Months.

Outbreak of Russo-Turkish War.—Am appointed extra Military Attaché.—Proceed to Constantinople with a party.—Sir Collingwood Dickson.—Sent to join Sir A. Kemball in Armenia.—The voyage to Trebizond.—From Trebizond to Erzerum.—Kiupri Keui.—Join Sir Arnold at Khorosan.—The military situation.—Mukhtar Pasha's dispositions.—Proceed with Captain Trotter to Olti.—Behaviour of the Russians to the people.—Mukhtar Pasha.—A fine ride.—A visit to the Zewin position on the way back.—Singular entrenchments.—The Battle of Taghir.—Mukhtar proceeds to his right to restore the situation.—I witness the battle of Khalias.—My first experience of an action.—The Turks on the whole successful.—Hardships.—Trotter and I ride back to Erzerum.——The Battle of Zewin.—Important consequences of Khalias and Zewin.—The Turkish advance.—Sarikamish.—Trotter and I ride into Kars.—Watching the bombardment from Mukhlis Pasha Fort.—Retirement of the Russians.—Some information as to the siege.—Am sent with Trotter to Bayazid on account of the Kurdish atrocities there.—Importance of my being senior to him.—What had been happening in this quarter.—The siege of Bayazid by the Turks.—Its surrender and the massacre.—The fresh siege.—The citadel relieved by Tergukasoff.—My instructions.—The ride over from Kars.—At Bayazid.

WAR broke out definitely between Russia and the Ottoman Empire on the 24th of April, and almost immediately afterwards I learnt that Sir A. Layard had applied to the Foreign Office for me to be sent out to him as an extra Military Attaché. Colonel "Bob" Hale, my C.O., behaved like a trump in the matter, for, in spite of my having been away so much from the regiment during the previous year and a half, he strongly recommended me to hurry up to town from Edinburgh and to make sure that there was no hitch. This proved to be sound counsel for, as it turned out, the War Office had a nominee of their own in view. But Wolseley saw me through, and after we had suffered from a rather tiresome delay in connection with details, a party of us got off on the 9th of May and, proceeding overland to Marseilles, went on from there to Constantinople.

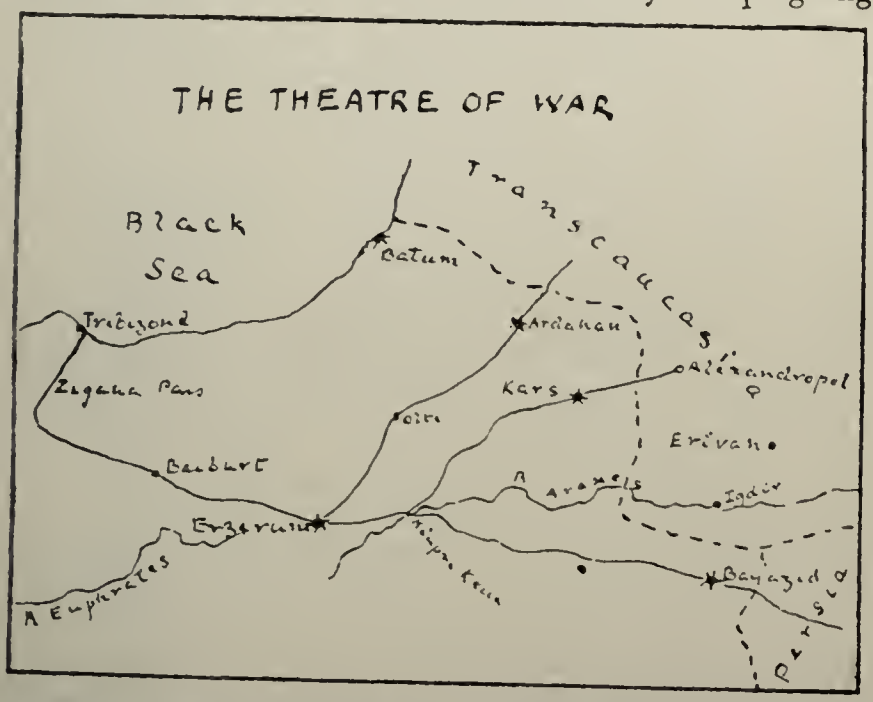
The party was made up of General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C., who was going out to Turkey to act as our principal military representative, Captain Fife of the 65th, Trotter, and myself. Sir Collingwood was a distinguished officer of the Royal Artillery, who had won the Victoria Cross for an act of gallantry during the opening stages of the siege of Sebastopol, and who had brought up the eighteen-pounders

which decided the result on the day of Inkerman. Sir Arnold Kemball was going—or had already gone—to Armenia; we, indeed, found on reaching the Golden Horn that he had left for Erzerum. It was arranged that Trotter and I should join him in that theatre of war, and, as we learnt that the Russian forces had already crossed the frontier at several points on the Turkish-Asiatic frontier and had advanced well into Ottoman territory, it was evident that we ought to hurry on to Trebizond as soon as possible. But this took a few days to arrange, and Trotter in the end got off before me.

I arrived at that port in an Austrian Lloyd on the 27th of May after a voyage rendered tiresome by the exasperating delays that took place at each place we called at, delays that invariably were attributable to the laziness of the local authorities. I had bought a couple of ponies at Constantinople and had secured a groom of sorts, and these were fellow passengers with me on the packet. "They" (the ponies) "are both as jolly as sand-boys" I wrote home from on board, "though it was a tremendous business getting them off, between the babble of languages, the vehement and insatiable cry of everybody for 'backshish,' and the sturdy objection of the little fellows to have anything to do with the proceedings. And, once on board, I might be a horse myself for all I can make out of what is said. . . . . No description would give an adequate idea of the deck of this boat. It is, in the variety of faces, costumes and colours, like a stage scene at a grand opera, though the squalor and filth on all sides would have a strong effect on the *prima donna*. The whole deck from bow to stern is covered with Turks, Armenians, Circassians, and a few Jews and infidels thrown in. Turbans, fezes, knives, scimitars, guns, pistols and bedding lie scattered about, and the whole covered in by an awning. The people sleep and eat where they are. Many of them pray, looking towards Mecca at various times of the day and hitting the deck with their heads—as I had to do for my hosts, the Japanese, last year. . . . . We started from England in such a hurry that no arrangement was made about pay and allowances. If we had mooted the subject it is just possible that someone would have come forward

to do the job for nothing. Sir Collingwood Dickson is writing to the War Office about it, but as we are Military Attachés with Derby's* authority, they must pay us."

It took me just about a week to reach Erzerum, the Armenian capital, from Trebizond, where I had been hospitably entertained by our vice-consul, Mr. Biliotti, with whom I was to stay more than once later on; he had, moreover, fitted me out with an interpreter named Haikimian, who remained with me for the whole of my campaigning in



this theatre of war. The road, quite a well-metalled highway, after following the coastline for a short way turned south-westwards up a valley, and from there it mounted gradually up to the summit of the Zigana Pass, some forty miles from Trebizond, passing through beautiful scenery—all this littoral resembles the Riviera only that it faces north instead of facing south. It was from about the Zigana Pass, which is 5,600 feet above sea-level, that, according to tradition, Xenophon and his Ten Thousand espied the sea. After continuing in a south-westerly direction for a few miles beyond the pass the road suddenly turns south-eastwards

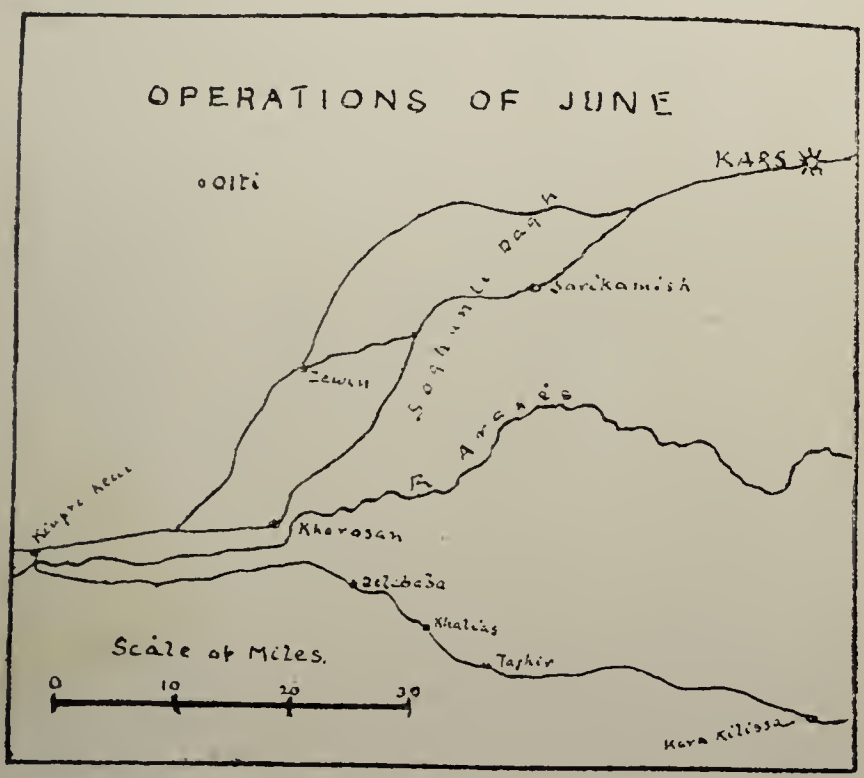
* Lord Derby was Foreign Secretary.

and, after we had surmounted another lofty pass brought us to Baiburt, which is about 120 miles from Trebizond. From there it was a stretch of some eighty miles to Erzerum.

At Erzerum I learnt from our vice-consul, Mr. Zohrab, that Sir Arnold Kemball was at a place called Khorosan, about sixty miles to the east, where he was near Mukhtar Pasha's present headquarters; so, after a brief stay, I continued my journey. This meant in the first place surmounting the Deve Boyun ridge, five or six miles east of the Armenian capital, which marks the watershed between the Frat Su (Euphrates) flowing westwards and the Araxes flowing eastwards to the Caspian Sea. Descending on the further side of this range of heights the route ran eastwards along a plain forming the upper basin of the Araxes to Kiupri Keui. Here, there was an ancient stone bridge of seven arches over the river and it was, as will be seen later, a place of considerable strategical importance on that account. The remains of works which Sir F. Williams had had thrown up in 1855 hard by were still visible and were being improved, although they were too near the bridge to be of much use under the tactical conditions now existing. Roads forked at this point, one running north-eastwards to Kars, another running eastwards to Khorosan and from thence north-eastward to Kars, a third crossing the bridge and leading from thence eastwards on the further side of the Araxes towards the Persian frontier. From Kiupri Keui we rode on along the northern side of the river to Khorosan, about twenty miles on, arriving on the afternoon of the 6th of May, and there I found Mr. Norman, "The Times" correspondent, putting up at Sir Arnold's quarters which were established in the telegraph office. Sir Arnold was away visiting Mukhtar; but he rode in presently with Trotter and Lieutenant Dougall, R.N., who was acting as his A.D.C. Khorosan was about a mile from the river, at a point where there was a ford and also a ferry of sorts which one made use of when visiting the troops on the right flank of the Turkish army.

The military situation in Armenia at this time was that the Russians had crossed the frontier in three columns immediately after the declaration of war. A right column had, after some delay, captured the small Turkish fortress

of Ardahan which guarded one of three main routes leading from Trans-Caucasia on Erzerum, and had then pushed its way forward to a place called Olti, situated seventy miles to the north-east of that city. The main body, advancing by a central road from Alexandropol, had invested Kars after a fashion, and after pushing over the Soghanli Dagh mountains was face to face with Mukhtar Pasha's forces roughly sixty miles east and north-east of Erzerum. A third column, one of no great strength, had crossed the frontier well away



to the eastward close to the Turko-Persian frontier and Mount Ararat, and had captured the small Turkish fortress of Bayazid which guarded the route leading from Erzerum into Persia. The bulk of Mukhtar Pasha's forces were in positions barring the road from Kars to Kiupri Keui; but he also had a detachment watching Olti, while his left wing was south of the Araxes in hilly country guarding against advance from Bayazid or by such enemy troops as might cross that river from somewhere about Kars. He had, moreover, a detached force away on the extreme right near

Bayazid; this included large numbers of Kurds, a soldiery who were of more than doubtful value. Exclusive of this detached force, the Marshal's troops were understood to consist of about 57 battalions, with about 1,600 cavalry and just short of 100 field and mountain guns. He was seriously hampered by the inadequacy of his transport and by a shortage of supplies of all kinds. The Russian army, under General Loris Melikoff, was believed to be larger; but a good deal of doubt existed on this point, and from later knowledge one is disposed to think that the superiority of the invaders to the invaded lay rather in efficiency than in numbers.

Although we were under a roof at Khorosan, it was a ase of roughing it to some extent, with not too much to eat; and one had to accustom oneself to always squatting on the ground after the Turkish fashion, unless there happened to be a box available to perch on. But after two or three days Sir Arnold sent Trotter and me off to watch proceedings about Olti, as he had been given to understand that Mukhtar meant to recover possession of that point and had detached troops to strengthen his extreme left flank with this object in view. The invaders, however, as it turned out, withdrew from the place on the very day that our forward movement in that quarter was to have taken place. "It may interest you to know how the Russians behaved here" I wrote home from there to my mother. "They treated the inhabitants most civilly, paid for everything, seized any government stores they could find, and cut up all the furniture in the houses of the pashas and well-to-do people. In fact if you go to visit these latter sort of people you sit on what had originally been handsomely covered chairs but are now only bare wood. This house was not occupied, being the residence of the Mudir, but you have no chairs, only divans all round the room to sit upon. The people 'expect' the Russians again. I found out, on wanting an arab, that the Russian general had promised to buy him for £40 *on his return*, and the man seemed to think himself sure of his money."

It had been a very exhilarating ride from Khorosan over to Olti. About fourteen miles from the start we passed Mukhtar Pasha's headquarters' camp near Zewin, where he received us most kindly, producing cigarettes and coffee, and

I found him then and on all other occasions of meeting him most courteous and pleasant to deal with—a short, determined-looking man adorned with black, cropped moustache and beard. He held the rank of "Mushir," or Marshal, and enjoyed a high reputation in view of successes gained some years before in the Yemen and of his having been commander-in-chief against the Montenegrins in the previous year. He fitted us out with a mounted escort to guard us for the rest of the way to Olti across the mountains. Mukhtar, it should be understood, was in personal command of the troops about Zewin, where they were strongly entrenched; but he also exercised general control over his two wings and over the detached force on the extreme right.

After quitting his camp we rode over hills 9,000 feet above sea-level, where there was snow still lying although it was almost midsummer and from which we obtained some glorious views over the surrounding country, the heights towering above smiling valleys which at this time of the year were a vivid green. We, however, descended into a depression before evening, and that night we put up in the dwelling of the headman of a village. As is usual in these parts, horses and humans all slept in the one apartment, so that, what with our mounts and the animals owned by the headman—to say nothing of the fleas—it was not easy to put in much sleep. We continued our march to Olti in the morning, passing a motley but very picturesque body of Circassian horse who were proceeding to Mukhtar's camp, on the way. We found a general called Reshid Pasha in command at Olti and in charge of the Turkish left wing; he assured us that the Russians had retreated "miles"—but this we were rather disposed to doubt.

When Trotter and I were together detached from Sir Arnold like this—as we were to be for weeks on end during the campaign—we always made it a practice to prepare our reports for him turn and turn about, both of us, however, signing each report; this arrangement had the advantage that it obviated the risk of our contradicting each other—as we might well have done had we written separately about the same thing. We only stopped with Reshid Pasha for a very few days, for we found that there was nothing

going on and there did not appear to be much prospect of active operations taking place on this flank in the near future. On the way back, I found an opportunity to take a good look at the Turkish position about Zewin and had a prolonged talk with Faizy Pasha, who was Mukhtar's Chief of the Staff and who took me round some of the entrenchments. Faizy was an elderly man, a Hungarian, whose real name was General Kohlman; he had taken part in the defence of Kars under Sir Fenwick Williams in the days of the Crimean War, and he was an excellent soldier who ought to have held a much higher position in the Ottoman army than he did, but who was kept back owing to his foreign origin. Zewin was a place of considerable strategical and tactical importance—Paskievitch had gained a signal victory over the Turks here in 1829—and the entrenchments were skilfully disposed in conformity with the lie of the land. Slopes fell very steeply to the front, the ground occupied being many hundred feet above a valley in front of it; but the defences were so disposed as to effectually enfilade the ravines and gullies leading up towards the position, and there could be no question but that any attacking force which ventured upon an assault would find the place a tough nut to crack.

What particularly struck me about the trenches was that the earth from these, instead of being thrown to the front so as to form a parapet and thus to increase the shelter provided for the troops occupying them, as is usual, was in all cases thrown to the rear. I had gone through a course in connection with all this sort of thing shortly before leaving home and was, therefore, well acquainted with the views of our fortification experts on such subjects. On my expressing surprise in course of conversation with Faizy Pasha with regard to the matter, he explained the reason for this unusual procedure—and there did appear to be something in it under the circumstances that existed at Zewin. He pointed out that if you had the parapet behind the trench instead of in front of it, the defenders could not in the event of an assault get out of the trench without exposing themselves completely to view and running grave risk of stopping a bullet. The Turkish plan, in fact, was to dump their infantry down into defences from which they

could not escape, and by this means to ensure that they would fight the thing out whether they liked it or not. It has to be remembered that the morale of the Ottoman soldiery was at a somewhat low ebb at this time—one reason for this being that the men were some nineteen months in arrear of pay. Judged by what actually happened at Zewin some ten days after my going over the ground with Faizy Pasha, this abnormal system of entrenchment that had been adopted by the Turkish authorities worked remarkably well when it was put to the test.

Owing to our being away on the left flank for several days, as described above, Trotter and I just missed being present at a very important engagement that took place on the right flank on the sixteenth of June, but which was witnessed by Sir Arnold. The Ottoman forces on this flank, south of the Araxes, were under command of one, Mahomed Pasha, and they were charged with the defence of some very hilly ground through which ran the route from Kiupri Keui to Bayazid. At a point about eight miles south-east of Khorosan and twenty-five miles from Kiupri Keui, this route, near the village of Delibaba, traverses an awkward defile, which was rightly regarded by the Turks as being of great importance ; so Mahomed Pasha had taken up a position on high ground at a place called Taghir, about ten miles in advance of the defile. Here his troops were attacked by a Russian force under General Tergukasoff, which had crossed the Araxes to the south of Kars ; they suffered complete discomfiture in the affray, and they retired on Kiupri Keui in considerable disorder. Their loss amounted to about two thousand—killed, wounded and prisoners—and Mahomed Pasha himself was killed. Sir Arnold had a stiff ride to get away from what was uncommonly like a débacle, and he endured considerable hardships for a day or two ; he, therefore, had decided to make his way back to Erzerum for a short rest and so as to refit in respect to equipment, when Trotter and I, who had ridden across in this direction from the Turkish centre, met him near Kiupri Keui. After hearing his experiences, we conveyed the news of the Taghir reverse to Mukhtar Pasha.

Tergukasoff wisely refrained from following his victory up.

He was on the further side of the Araxes River from the main Russian army under Loris Melikoff, and even at Taghir was a considerable distance from it. Moreover, had he pushed on, as he could easily have done, to Delibaba and even to Kiupri Keui, Mukhtar might have come down from the north upon his flank and have cut him off from Loris Melikoff altogether. So he only moved forward as far as Khalias, which is about half way between Taghir and Delibaba, and halted there; and it was as well for him perhaps that he did so, for Mukhtar at this juncture displayed commendable resource, vigour and judgment. The Marshal personally moved across to his imperilled right flank; he ordered five battalions and several batteries that were in reserve between Kiupri Keui and Zewin to move round by the former place towards Delibaba, and he furthermore called up six other battalions and some one thousand mounted troops to his aid that were away back between Kiupri Keui and Erzerum. With these reinforcements added to what was left in fighting trim of Mahomed Pasha's discomfited units, he proposed to try conclusions with Tergukasoff and to restore the situation on his right flank, and on learning what was in contemplation Trotter and I decided to accompany him across the Araxes.

Tergukasoff was found to be encamped near Khalias, and in advance of some favourable ground which his troops had prepared for defence; so Mukhtar, after he had effected the concentration of the troops mentioned above, moved forward with a force of nineteen battalions, two field batteries, ten mountain guns and the mounted troops on the 20th, and that evening some skirmishing took place on the part of the vedettes of the opposing sides between Delibaba and Khalias. That night we bivouacked on commanding ground from which the Russian fires were distinctly visible, and on the following morning we could see them striking camp, and moving off in leisurely fashion to occupy the lines which they had prepared further back. It seemed to me that the Marshal might well have got his field-guns into action and have tickled his opponents up while they were carrying out this retrograde movement, but he did not get a move on until it was nearly noon. Then he thrust his troops forward on a broad front, and a general action ensued

which provided onlookers with a very fine spectacle as, owing to the lie of the ground, its progress could be readily followed.

The affray commenced with a lot of artillery fire that did not appear to be very effective, and the Marshal's dispositions were such that the Turkish attack was mainly pressed forward on the left against the Russian right. This was so strongly posted that, although the assailants advanced with the utmost gallantry and although they got up to very near the enemy entrenchments, they failed in the end to make good. Their ill-success was, as a matter of fact, largely due to their running out of ammunition as a result of local mismanagement, but it was also due, it seemed to me, to the supports not being pushed up with sufficient promptitude and determination when victory was in sight. The practice by our batteries, moreover, was not very accurate nor well sustained, so that our guns hardly afforded the infantry the support that these stood sorely in need of. The Turkish mounted troops, moreover, made a very poor showing in the combat. "Trotter and I accompanied a battery, and were under heavy shell-fire for 2½ hours—exciting, but decidedly uncomfortable," I wrote home to my mother a day or two later; but, although I furnished an elaborate despatch describing the action to Sir Arnold, I do not seem to have written at any length about it privately. We were the only Englishmen to witness the engagement, were in the thick of it, saw the operations extremely well, and upon the whole were not unfavourably impressed by the Marshal's handling of his force, nor by the conduct of the troops, apart from the cavalry. So much was this the case that we wrote at the end of a joint official report on the action, which received the name of Khalias: "In conclusion, although it may appear presumptuous on our part, we must express our admiration of the coolness and decision displayed by the Marshal throughout every phase of the engagement, and we wish to bear our tribute to the gallantry and discipline of the troops under his command." It was my first experience of a real fight, and it certainly had proved extraordinarily interesting. Although the Turks had failed to drive the Russians from their ground, the result of the action was such as to make it in effect a success for our

side, seeing that the enemy abandoned his position next morning and took up a fresh one some miles to the rear.

The Turkish troops were much elated and the results of the day were such as greatly to raise their morale. Hitherto they had always been fighting on the defensive, whereas on this occasion they had been the attacking side and the result of their efforts had been to bring about the retreat of Tergukasoff's legions that had been victorious at Taghir. But the Ottoman losses had undoubtedly been somewhat heavy, amounting to about 2,000, of whom 400 had been killed; Mukhtar had actually only brought fourteen battalions on to the field, and as these units were mostly numerically weak his whole force cannot have much exceeded 8,000, so that the casualties represented some twenty-five per cent. The wounded had a very bad time; medical arrangements might almost have been said to be non-existent—as proved generally to be the case on the Turkish side in Armenia, nearly the whole of their medical staff, such as it was, having been sent to the Danube. One point about the Russians had particularly struck me. They seemed to understand the use of ground extremely well—at any rate I had scarcely seen a single one of their infantry soldiers during the fight.

Although delighted to have been present at the engagement, Trotter and I had experienced very extremes of discomfort in connection with food during the advance and on the day of battle. Whether it was owing to bad luck or to bad management, our commissariat arrangements had completely broken down, and on the day of the action I had nothing whatever to eat from dawn till dark except a biscuit which I managed to beg off a soldier. So, as there seemed to be some prospect of a temporary lull, we rode off back to Erzerum to replenish supplies and to devise more trustworthy arrangements in connection with sustenance for the future. This turned out to be somewhat unfortunate as, owing to our absence at the Armenian capital, we lost the chance of being present at the battle of Zewin on the 25th, although it is quite possible that, had we waited on at the front, we might have missed it even so; for Mukhtar was still with the right wing when the Russians delivered their

attack on that occasion. Sir Arnold, likewise, missed the Zewin affair owing to his not yet having got back to the front from Erzerum; with mounts not in the pink of condition one could not cover the distance in less than forty-eight hours.

As I had carefully inspected the Ottoman entrenchments at Zewin in company with Faizy Pasha, the Chief of the Staff, I was able to appreciate the course of the action as this was described to me afterwards by Faizy himself and others. The fight was apparently brought about by a misunderstanding on the part of Loris Melikoff. Hearing from Tergukasoff that he had been attacked at Khalias by a considerably stronger force than that which had opposed him at Taghir, the Russian commander-in-chief would seem to have assumed that Mukhtar had weakened his centre for the purpose of strengthening his right. But in point of fact the fresh troops which the Marshal had brought up to oppose Tergukasoff had been drawn from units in reserve, and the force actually in occupation of the prepared Zewin position remained intact when the Russian attack upon this took place four days after the fight at Khalias. The Turks were nominally under command of Ismail Pasha, who had hitherto been the Vali, i.e. Governor, of the frontier province, but who had under pressure from the Sublime Porte taken the field; they were, however, really commanded by Faizy Pasha, to whom the credit for what amounted to a very important success would seem to belong. Although Loris Melikoff is said to have been on the field, the active command of the attacking troops was in the hands of General Heimann, and he made a shocking mess of the business. For he delivered his assault against what was an extremely formidable position in any case, at its most formidable point—the right. Heimann had fifteen strong battalions, twenty-four guns and 1,500 cavalry under his orders, whereas Faizy only had seventeen very weak battalions and twelve guns; but although the Russian troops fought with undoubted gallantry they were, in the end, beaten off with no great difficulty and they suffered heavy loss—put by the Turks at 2,000 although this may have been an exaggerated estimate. The fight went on till after dark, and after it was over the Russians retired several miles from the field.

This victory, following so quickly on the partial success at Khalias, naturally heartened the Turks and it caused great rejoicings at Constantinople. Mukhtar Pasha was credited at the time with having brought off a brilliant feat of soldiership in having first defeated the Russian left and then the Russian centre—it looked to outsiders like one of those masterstrokes of strategy such as Napoleon and Lee used to achieve to the confounding of their foes. But although there had been a skilful massing of Turkish troops at Khalias, no transference of troops back to Zewin had taken place, and as far as the Turkish success at the latter place was concerned, this was attributable rather to Russian blunders than to Ottoman skill. Still, be that as it may, Mukhtar was given the title of "Ghazi" in recognition of what he had accomplished, a title which amongst Turks, I believe, means "victorious" and has a different interpretation from the word when used merely to mean—"one who has fought for Islam." The title was also, at a later date, conferred upon Osman Pasha for his great services at Plevna.

The two actions, taken together, had the result of completely transforming the strategical situation in the theatre of war and of affording the utmost encouragement to the Turkish forces. It gave them confidence in themselves, which had previously been lacking, and it gave them confidence in their chief which tended to facilitate his task. As the Russians began falling back both in the centre and on the flanks, Mukhtar Pasha moved forward after them, and so it came about that when Trotter and I rejoined Sir Arnold at the front we found him with the Ottoman headquarters at Sarikamish, on the eastern slopes of the Soghanli Dagh range which the enemy had abandoned, and a good dozen miles forward from Zewin in the direction of Kars. We found that Sir Arnold and Dougall had been roughing it exceedingly, as they had been without their baggage for a whole week; the general, indeed, had only had a cloak to wrap himself up in at night, and up in those hills it was cold after dark, even in this summer season.

Mukhtar halted with his centre about Sarikamish for some days, for the ground further forward towards Kars is largely open and the Marshal quite rightly hesitated to

advance and to try conclusions with the enemy prematurely: it was well known that Kars was in no danger, and the Ottoman weakness in cavalry was likely to hamper him in the event of a combat on such terrain. There are forests at Sarikamish, so that there was plenty of firewood obtainable which was a somewhat unusual luxury in Armenia, and the troops benefited by resting under comfortable conditions. It, however, gradually became apparent that Loris Melikoff was still falling back and that he had either abandoned, or was about to abandon, the siege of Kars, so, as the road to that place of arms was understood to be open, Trotter and I on the 6th of July obtained leave to ride on ahead and to try and get into the fortress.

We had no difficulty in doing this, for we found that the Russians had entirely withdrawn from the western side of the stronghold although they were still bombarding its outer defences merrily on the eastern side. On the first day of our visit we were promised by the Turkish staff plans of the various forts and positions, as well as details of their armaments; but we never got them. We were, however, enabled to inspect several of the works and to obtain a very good idea of the defences as a whole. We met with particular civility from Colonel Hussein Bey, who was the artillery commandant and who had spent some years at Woolwich. On the day after our arrival we were fortunate in being present on what was practically the last day of the Russian bombardment, which we witnessed from the Mukhlis Pasha fort; this work was maintaining a duel with some of the enemy's siege batteries and the firing at times was very heavy, but little damage was done by the Russian projectiles. One thing that was noticeable was that many of the guns in position at Mukhlis had large holes excavated in rear of them to admit of the trails being sunk, so that they could fire at a high degree of elevation, and therefore at long range, although accuracy could hardly be expected in such conditions. After a time the firing stopped altogether while we were in the fort, and on enquiry I learnt that this pause had come to be an accepted thing by both sides between the hours of noon and 2 p.m., so that gunners, and staff, and everybody else, got an opportunity

of enjoying a midday meal in peace, with a siesta afterwards. It really seemed a most gentlemanly arrangement. But while we were at Mukhlis on this day the local Turkish gunner chief got off before the flag fell; for he banged off a round well in advance of the proper starting hour of 2 o'clock, and this evidently annoyed his antagonist. For the Russian guns responded with a very hot fire and for some time things were quite uncomfortable in the fort.

I went forward into one of the Turkish counter-approaches and found that there one had to keep one's head down for fear of accidents. But there had been little sapping on either side, and the Russians seemed to have contented themselves during the siege with a bombardment which actually had done comparatively little damage and which, we were informed, had been decreasing in intensity for the last few days. It actually ceased altogether on the 8th, the enemy having abandoned the siege for good, and their troops as a matter of fact slipped away very skilfully from the eastern side of the fortress without the Turks (with a somewhat characteristic lack of vigilance) noticing that they were gone. The besiegers had, we were told, been so well served by their spies within the place that on one occasion when a certain powder magazine, which had for several days been made a special mark for their fire, had in consequence been emptied of its contents, that fire ceased within three hours of the removal of the powder and was never renewed. Loris Melikoff, having abandoned the siege, quietly withdrew his forces to about Kharakdara, some twenty miles to the east of Kars. There he remained awaiting events, while Mukhtar moved forward with his centre and came to a halt at a convenient place south of the fortress; he could fairly claim that he had relieved the beleaguered stronghold.

Trotter and I visited the Russian batteries on the day after they had been evacuated and noted their details, and we rejoined Sir Arnold at the headquarters camp after a four days' stay in Kars. Mukhtar Pasha and Faizy Pasha, naturally were well pleased with the result of three weeks of active operations that had led to the invaders falling back a distance of little short of fifty miles and abandoning a siege which they had carried on with some show of vigour.

The Marshal was, moreover, now enabled to take up a strong position to the east of Kars, a position which would have to be forced before any fresh advance towards Erzerum could be attempted on the part of the Russians. The fact, we now know, was that Loris Melikoff had never had the numbers at his disposal which the Turks had been disposed to credit him with.

"I have very little time to write," a letter of mine home, dated the 11th of July from near Kars, began; "am going to Bayazid in the morning, and am at present wet to the skin. . . . . Trotter is dictating a report on Kars to a fellow, and I shall have to go on at it in a few minutes. Kars is quite the most interesting place in the world at present. The bombardment ceased the day before yesterday, luckily I got in three days before. I spent an hour in the Mukhlis battery and took "The Illustrated News" man there to see the fun—which astonished him. He is sending a sketch of his first experience of a shell. The thing, however, was a mere bagatelle after 'Khalias,' and I find that dose gives one the greatest assurance when desultory shell-fire is going on. At the same time, this desultory shell-fire is very trying to the soldiers, who in a siege have to live in the batteries day and night for fear of assault, and who, of course, must lose a certain, sometimes small, sometimes large, percentage every day. The Turkish soldiers are splendid. They don't want so much leading against the Russians as people suppose, especially in England. Where the Turks fail is in not being able to take advantage of their victories, as was shown at Khalias; if Sir Garnet had been there to give M.P. the straight tip (for he is much too cautious) that Russian column would never have been allowed to retreat. There have been some frightful atrocities at, or near, Bayazid, and I am off there. Spent yesterday in the Russian deserted batteries, which were most interesting. I got into difficulties coming back, as I went by myself and I was made a prisoner on approaching the Turkish lines and was brought before the commander of one of the forts, whom I luckily knew. The weather has been awfully wet. I never saw such rain as last week. When the sun does come out it is as hot as India, and I have now *no* skin on my face. . . . . All in

England, and out of it, have been well gulled by the Russians about their numbers. We conclude that they were obliged to retire on account of weakness."

The fact of my being senior to Trotter as a captain in the Army was of considerable importance to me now, for, in consequence of the reports as to atrocities committed by the Kurds at and about Bayazid coming to hand, Sir Arnold decided to send the pair of us thither to see what had happened and, if necessary, to make representations on the subject to Ismail Pasha, who was now in command of the Turkish forces in that quarter. Owing to my being the senior, any duty in regard to making representations would necessarily fall upon me, and in any negotiations concerning the matter I became to all intents and purposes H.M. representative on the spot. It is therefore necessary to give a brief account of what had occurred on this extreme left flank of the Ottoman forces since the outbreak of hostilities.

As has already been mentioned, the Russian extreme left wing had at a very early stage of the contest swooped across the Russo-Turkish frontier, near the Persian border, and had captured the not very formidable stronghold of Bayazid, lying a little south of Mount Ararat. The garrison of that fastness had, as a matter of fact, availed themselves of a Russian permission simply to march out and to deliver up the place instead of defending it, and they had then gone off to join a body of troops under one, Faik Pasha, who was in charge of forces that were assembling some distance to the rear, near Van. Having gained possession of Bayazid, the Russians placed a small garrison in the fortress, drew off, and left the garrison isolated. Faik Pasha, after some delay, advanced from Van and laid siege to the place, which offered a stout resistance for some days; but, owing largely to the water supply being cut off, the garrison were on the 28th of June obliged to hoist the white flag, and this led to grim happenings. For after the terms of capitulation had practically been adjusted some of the garrison came out of the citadel unarmed, its gates having been thrown open, and were strolling about outside when, without the slightest warning, a hord of Kurds, who formed a portion of Faik Pasha's heterogeneous command, rushed upon the defenceless

soldiers and began slaughtering them. In spite of some feeble efforts made by the Turkish troops to prevent it, these cutthroats succeeded in massacring 200 of the Russians who had not managed to escape back into their asylum.

The gates of the citadel were thereupon closed afresh by the Russian garrison, who opened fire upon the Kurds from the parapets, with the result that these rushed into the city and commenced butchering the defenceless inhabitants. Faik Pasha did not stir hand or foot to protect the citizens; he, on the contrary, contented himself with reopening fire upon the citadel, and the siege of this fastness was resumed with vigour. It was a few days after this that a Turkish force which had been detached by Mukhtar Pasha from his right wing after the combat of Zewin and placed under orders of Ismail Pasha, who was a Kurd, approached and joined hands with Faik Pasha's troops, Ismail assuming command of the whole. The Russian garrison of the Bayazid citadel was by this time in desperate straits; but it nevertheless contrived to hold out till on the 10th of July the place was relieved by a force under Tergukasoff almost under the very nose of Ismail Pasha, and its stalwart garrison was carried off back into Russian territory. Moreover, Tergukasoff, after saving his beleaguered comrades, with their sick, their wounded and their munitions of war, managed signally to defeat Faik Pasha ere he recrossed the frontier. It was on hearing—after considerable delay—a more or less correct account of the Kurdish atrocities at Bayazid and of the remarkable series of events that had been in progress in that quarter, that Sir Arnold despatched me thither with Trotter to be attached to Ismail Pasha's forces.

My instructions were to point out to Ismail the horror with which the outrages committed by the Kurds would be regarded by the whole civilized world, the injury which must follow to the Ottoman cause owing to their perpetration, and the disastrous consequences that would follow were they to be repeated. I was to be furnished with a list of the authors of the atrocities and was to ascertain what punishment had been meted out to them. I was, moreover, to inform Ismail that, should there be any repetition of such horrors, my orders were to leave the

Turkish camp immediately and that I was to report to the Ottoman commander my reasons for doing so. Mukhtar Pasha, it should be mentioned, behaved quite well in the matter, receiving Sir Arnold's strong representations in a most friendly spirit and intimating that he would suspend Faik Pasha and would bring that worthy before a court martial.

"We had a fine ride over from Kars, about 100 miles off," I wrote home on the 23rd of July. "It would have been pleasant but for the hot weather in the plains of Alashghird and the difficulty of getting anything to eat. However, we are better off than we were a month ago in the latter respect, as we have a box of preserved provisions, sardines, etc. At one time we were simply without food of any sort. And, apropos of that, it is very interesting to see now at Bayazid the place in the wall of the citadel where the Russians used to climb down and creep to a brook in the town for water at the risk of their lives. The water in the citadel had been cut off. They were also nearly starved out. Only for three days rain most of them would have died of thirst. Two out of three of the soldiers were shot in descending the wall, and eventually a plan was made to shoot anyone who attempted it, so it became absolutely impossible to get a drop..... It is difficult to find out these things, but I presume that the citizens were killed on the day of the massacre of the Russian prisoners,* that is, the day previous to the burning of the place. I *hear* that 200 people were killed in one house where they had taken refuge. In other houses I have seen the poor people lying where they were murdered. I am going into the town with Faik Pasha, who was in command of the Turks at the time of the atrocities, this afternoon..... Although we are at a good elevation, the rarity of the atmosphere makes the sun's rays worse. In fact, you can do nothing between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., and the flies, fleas, bugs and dust are tormenting. To make up for it, there is plenty of excitement, particularly if the Russians attack us. The generals on this side are bad. Mukhtar P. is about the only good one, as far as I have seen, and he is too cautious..... It is now ten days since I wrote to Erzerum and no answer. The distance only 120 miles!"

* This was a mistake. They were not actually prisoners.—C.E.C.

CHAPTER VII.

The Armenian Campaign. Last Five Months.

CHAPTER VII.

The Armenian Campaign. Last Five Months.

Ismail Pasha.—His record during the war while acting as Vali.—His early days in command of Mukhtar Pasha's detached right wing.—Bayazid.—Its citadel.—We cross the frontier with Ismail.—Our position facing Igdir.—The misbehaviour of the Kurds.—Ismail.—A project of attacking the Russians which came to nothing.—The Kurds' war dances.—A demonstration.—Life in camp.—A successful Kurdish raid.—Curing a Turkish servant of fever.—Ismail's torpor.—A skirmish.—A letter of thanks from the ambassador.—The lack of proper medical arrangements in the Turkish forces.—An adventure.—The feast of Bairam.—Reduction in Ismail's strength.—Kurdish desertions.—The general situation in the theatre of war.—Mukhtar's successes, and his defeat at Aladja Dagh.—We retreat in consequence of the bad news.—The escape of the detached right wing.—Trials of the troops.—An expansive colonel.—Our transport safe through the Delibaba defile.—Effective assistance by Mukhtar in gaining us time.—Ismail offers me the Second Class of the Medjidie.—Change in the regulations on this subject.—Trotter and I bid Ismail farewell.—We ride on to Erzerum in advance of the retreating forces.—The ambassador in a fuss.—The situation at Erzerum.—A ride round the defences of the Deve Boyun ridge.—The Battle of Deve Boyun.—We retreat with Sir Arnold to Baiburt.—I ride on down to Trebizond with the despatches.—Description of the journey.—To Constantinople with Sir Arnold.—Ordered back again to Trebizond.—Ordered to Van.—A night in queer company on the Zigana Pass.—A mistake in enciphering the orders sent me.—An example of a somewhat similar mistake.—I return to Constantinople.

SOME references have been made in the last chapter to Ismail Pasha ; but, as I was to be with him during the next three months and was to see a good deal of him, it will not be out of place to give some account of the previous performances of this Kurd, who claimed the rank of Mushir, or Marshal, in the Ottoman forces—the same as the Commander-in-Chief, Mukhtar Pasha. He had been appointed Vali of the Erzerum vilayet (which may be said to correspond, more or less, to Turkish Armenia) in the spring, at the same time as Mukhtar had taken over command of the Ottoman forces that were detailed to defend the frontier when war was becoming a certainty. As civil governor he had been to a great extent responsible for the provision of food, forage, transport, and so forth, for the army ; but his apathy had been deplorable, and it had been largely owing to his failure to rise to the occasion that Mukhtar and his troops had been so greatly handicapped during the opening weeks of the struggle.

He would appear to have been jealous of the Commander-

in-Chief, and to have purposely thwarted that distinguished soldier in consequence—he was, at all events, credited by the inhabitants of Erzerum with adopting that sort of attitude towards Mukhtar. They complained that during the opening weeks of the campaign the Vali shut himself up in the citadel and never appeared. He had reported to the Porte that he would raise and would take the field with 40,000 Kurdish volunteers and would invade Russia, and he had even been fitted out with the First Class of the Medjidie in consequence of this boastful promise. But he had, in fact, done nothing. As an illustration of his lethargy, it may be mentioned that a large number of guns of various calibres, which had been landed at Trebizond at the time of the outbreak of hostilities and which had been rapidly sent on from there to Baiburt (I had seen some of them on the road), had been left lying at Baiburt without his making any effort to get them brought on to Erzerum where they were badly needed. The Ottoman authorities at Constantinople would seem at last to have got somewhat tired of the Kurdish Marshal's professions as to what he was going to do, for they insisted upon his taking the field in person, even if he raised no volunteers. The consequence was that, as was mentioned in the last chapter, he was at least nominally in command of the Turkish force which repulsed the Russians at Zewin, owing to the Commander-in-Chief being at the moment away with the right wing. But shortly after that he had been sent off, as we have seen, with some troops to join hands with Faik Pasha before Bayazid and to assume responsibility for Mukhtar's detached right wing. In view of what had already occurred in this corner of the theatre of war, the fact of Ismail's being a Kurd was objectionable in itself. But, quite apart from his nationality, the man proved himself obstinate, ignorant, and in almost every respect unfitted to hold a cardinal position in face of the enemy until, somewhat late in the day, he was called upon to conduct a difficult retreat at a critical time—and that, as we shall see, he carried out with remarkable success.

Having taken up command of the detached right wing of the Ottoman force, it took him an uncommonly long time to make up his mind that an incursion into Russian territory

THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF BAYAZID FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

was not merely practicable, but was highly expedient in view of the promising situation that had been brought about by the Russian retreat from the Soghanli Dagh and Kars. But he did advance in the end, after unjustifiable delays. Bayazid, it should be understood, is situated just a little to the west of south of the peak of Ararat, which rises some fifteen miles off and which, with the range of hills to the west of it, marks the frontier. A rough road ran over these hills, crossing them by the Pass of Karabulak, about ten miles to the west of Ararat, and leading to Igdir and from thence on to Erivan. The pass, I may mention, is just about at the right edge of the sketch (done looking north-westwards) of "The Town and Citadel of Bayazid" shown facing page 118; and Ararat would be some distance further to the right again.

In sending the sketch, with others, to "The Illustrated London News," I wrote that "the Citadel, or Chateau, is a noble building, about 150 years old. The walls, of hardish sandstone, are of great thickness, and in the basement and lower chambers the garrison was, owing to the massive structure, thoroughly protected from the Turkish shell. But the Russian riflemen were placed at almost every point —even to the gallery of the minaret—whence their fire could tell upon the surrounding heights, and their losses in these comparatively exposed places must have been considerable. The walls of the citadel are covered with bullet marks and are rent and torn with shell." The sketch was taken from the high ground on which the Turkish batteries had been erected to bombard the citadel. Another of the sketches, one of the citadel and the mosque from within the town, had to be finished off in a minute or two as the stench from the dead was almost unbearable. It was on the plain shown in the sketch of "The Town and Citadel of Bayazid," and to the left of the considerable expanse of lake and marsh land, that Ismail at long last concentrated his army on the 2nd of August for an advance on Karabulak.

"We crossed the frontier on the 6th," I wrote on the 8th, "driving back Russian outposts on the previous day, and are encamped six miles from Igdir. We are entrenched here in the mountains. I step from my tent

in one stride into the trenches. We have a strong force in comparison with the Russians, as far as we know; but they may be reinforced at any moment. There is certain, however, to be skirmishing, if not a battle. We are (Trotter and I) delighted to get away from Bayazid. I have never been in such a loathsome place, or in a worse climate than it is at this season of the year. Up here it is delightful. Cold nights and plenty of wind. We look down upon the splendid plain of Erivan, rather barren just beneath us, but necessarily growing richer as it disappears into the horizon. The town of Igdir, with the Russian camp in front of it, looks very inviting. There is only one drawback as regards our operations and that is the cruelties of the Kurds. I know that these brutes have massacred the inhabitants in one, if not in more, villages. These Kurds were thoroughly at home in a village yesterday, where, among other houses, was a Russian barracks about twice the size of our Irish Constabulary barracks. They lost no time in firing the place; the inhabitants luckily had fled. The Marshal has sent to assure all the inhabitants of his protection, but he cannot control these undisciplined 'cavalry.' Nine of the Kurds, I am happy to say, received a severe punishment in front of our tents this morning called the 'bastinado.' The soles of their feet were tied up and beaten with tremendous thick sticks. It is needless to say these fellows will not be able to walk far for some time. . . . . There is not, I believe, a doctor with this army, so that the Mushir incurs some responsibility in taking them into battle. But neither Pashas nor men care 2d. (*two pence*) about that sort of thing. . . . . Sent telegram yesterday to H.M. Ambassador announcing passage of the frontier. It is possible we may return faster than we came. *Nous verrons.*"

Having advanced over the frontier to within six miles of Igdir, Ismail halted, and remained where he was halted, occasionally groping feebly with small portions of his force in the direction of the Russians. "Fancy a general in command of 25,000 men," I wrote, in exasperation, on the 26th of August, "only communicating by fits and starts every fortnight, as is our friend's plan here. He is the most dilatory cove I have ever come across, and the officers now

openly accuse him of funking. I believe our strength is three to two at any rate of the Russians, but we are waiting to see what their cue is. They are quietly working to our left flank, whereby they will prevent our co-operation with Mukhtar's army and threaten our communications with Erzerum, if, indeed, they don't cut us off altogether. . . . . We had a great scheme of attacking the Russians at Insuski with our left wing, and at Igdir, in front of us, simultaneously with the other wing. The left wing, however, decided not to attack, as they found that the Russians had four more battalions than they expected. The Russians must, therefore, have been minus four at Igdir, so that we should simply have sent six battalions to reinforce our left. However, discretion proved the better part of valour and back our column came. Trotter was with them, and they spent the night in a perfect torrent of rain. We moved down during the day with the intention of burning and smashing everything at Igdir early next morning, but the programme fell through. Mustapha Pasha, who commanded, had to send for me every ten minutes at least to tell the brilliant combinations he was going to make, and finished off by saying his prayers and doing nothing ! Mustapha is a good officer, but evidently tied down by people who are supposed to know better. Ismail Pasha really does nothing but say his prayers ! If he could be got to hang a few of the Kurds who have been murdering innocent people in the villages, and violating the dead on every battle-field, it would be more to the purpose. However, he is greatly respected on account of his praying proclivities by all these fanatical mussulmans, though they certainly don't admire his cautious policy.

"While I am writing, news has come of a battle near Kars.* As an instance of the unsettled state of the country, it has taken five days to come here, a distance as the crow flies of sixty-five miles. In fact, the news has come from Erzerum by telegraph. According to the telegram, Mukhtar has gained another great victory, the Russians having left 1,500 on the field. . . . . We have accordingly congratulated the Mushir, and he has received our good wishes with oriental calmness.

* This was the combat of Kizil Tepe, where the Turks gained a substantial success.

One would think there would be a general parade to send out the news. Not a bit of it. The troops will give their usual cheers at sunset for the Sultan, their bands will play the most extraordinary music, as they do every evening, and the Kurds will go through their fantastic dancing. But nothing will be done to mark the occasion nor to inspire the men. . . . . I have had some not pleasant interviews with the Mushir on the subject of atrocities. He has accordingly signed a proclamation which, as regards benevolent sentiments, might have been written by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has written explanations (devoid of truth, but that, happily, does not signify) to H.M. Government. If he had not, however, done these things, H.M. representative here would have withdrawn to Erzerum to await further instructions—so I have been swaggering to a man who has just looked in, and is starting for Erzerum in a few minutes."

The dancing referred to in the above-quoted letter was a nightly institution when we were in standing camp—as we almost always were. The performance used to take place in front of Ismail's headquarters' tent, and might be described as a combination of dancing and swordsmanship, accompanied by a monotonous chant sung by the spectators who, generally, were mostly Kurds or else Arabs. The performers—two or four as the case might be—whirled wildly about, parrying the sabre-cuts with their shields, and alternately dropping on their knees and cutting and thrusting in most fantastic style. The dance was evidently very fatiguing, as it might well be considering its nature ; but there were always plenty of candidates available, who were ready to rush in and to take the place of a performer when he became dead beat. I sent a sketch of a brace of Kurds treading a measure after this manner to "The Illustrated London News," in which it duly appeared, with one or two other drawings of the country around our camp, and of snow-capped Ararat. A panoramic sketch that I attached to one of my despatches, showing the Russian camp near Igdir and the surrounding plain and distant hills, was reproduced by the Foreign Office.

A few days later, on the 30th, Ismail thought fit to bring his guns forward for the first time, whereupon the Russian

cavalry and artillery came out in great force from Igdir, evidently thinking that we meant business—which was not the case. They poured their squadrons into the villages and made a fine display, but Ismail was content with a little artillery work and nothing happened. After describing this pretentious but futile demonstration, I wrote: "I have just managed to bone a lot of fruit which I believe was intended for Sheik Beytullak. It was a present for him from dependents in Persia. I have not seen anything so tempting since I left England. . . . . If we began the campaign on no rations whatever, we now have any amount; but I never had such hard work in my life on so little food as during June and July. . . . . As regards atrocities, to get any reliable information out of the maze of conflicting statements from Kurds, Mussulmans, Pashas, and Armenians 'interpreted' in French, of all the horrors that have taken place would puzzle Cairns, and the fact is, between the heat and the flies, the atrocities and the skirmishing, we are occasionally in a fever of worry."

About 700 "cavalry" Kurds went off on their own on the night of the 7th of September and, avoiding the Russian camp, managed to cross the plain as far as the hills beyond. They cut the telegraph, captured the Russian mail, and, according to their own account, killed hundreds of Cossacks. They did bring back a lot of rifles and swords and some horses, and to give the devils their due it was, upon the whole, quite a creditable affair.

"The great plague here now," I wrote on the 9th of September, "is caused by the flies. In the tent it is out of the question to do anything in the daytime. They buzz around one in myriads, and, as you know, I am not of the most amiable temperament, so you can imagine how I swear. Trotter has now got his chronic cough which, as far as I can make out, comes on at sunset and reaches a climax about sunrise, having kept both of us awake all night. The servants also complain. My Turkish groom came into the tent 'very bad with the fever,' he said. I told him to put his tongue out as far as he could, and kept him standing with it out, much to the amusement of the other Turks. The fellow at length burst out laughing, so I told him there

was nothing the matter with him and told him to go to the d——. The fellows are now always telling him to 'put his tongue out.' I hear no more of the fever."

The Russians opposite to us were considerably reinforced during September, and this made the inaction, of which Ismail had been guilty during the previous weeks, all the more regrettable. "'The Daily Telegraph' correspondent, the only Englishman we have seen for ages," I wrote on the 26th, "looked us up this morning. He had been at Bayazid to report on the atrocities (rather late in the day) and came over this morning. We showed him the Russian encampment lying in the plain and I said: 'you see we cannot go further without coming to blows, but these fellows are like cornets in charge of a squadron and don't know what to do with it.' The fact is that if Wolseley had been here we should have been at Erivan. . . . . We are so close even now to the outposts that I always sleep in my clothes, and three times we have all had to turn out about 4 a.m. The Russians send out their skirmishers all along the line to find out, I suppose, where our thinnest outposts are, and we are awoken by volleys quite close to us. The trumpets sound along the hills and at dawn all the regiments are seen drawn up in front of their tents. . . . . The heroism of the Turks is, happily, now beyond question, and, though I am no Turkophil, I cannot but have the greatest admiration for them as infantry and artillery. As cavalry they are wanting in the dash which Englishmen alone possess.

"Since writing the above we have had a sharp skirmish," I added on the 29th, "but what the Turks were aiming at, it would be hard to say. I never saw anything more disgraceful than the way the Turkish troops were handled yesterday. A letter as follows has just come:

Sir, Therapia, 29*th August*, 1878.

I should feel obliged by your conveying to Captains McCalmont and Trotter my warm approval of their endeavours to put an end to the excesses of the Kurdish irregulars accompanying the army of Ismail Pasha, and of the representations they made to His Excellency on the subject, etc.

(Signed) A. H. Layard."

It may be mentioned with regard to the skirmish written of above that the Russian camp was illuminated on the night after the event.

"The sufferings of the wounded here are awful," I wrote on the 2nd of October. "Fancy seeing a man with half his leg off thrown across a horse as if he was a sack. The Turks don't bother themselves about ambulances and stretchers, and although I have witnessed a terrible lot of misery since I came out here, it enrages me to see the way the government treat their brave soldiers. . . . . There is no doctor in the place, tho' there are now two at Bayazid. But can you imagine a worse place for a hospital, and what a constitution a man must have to get round in such a stinking place as Bayazid? One officer, a Pole, was sent to Bayazid with fever. A few days later we found him at Mossum. He said he found that he could not stand the former place, that he felt he would die there, so he crawled over to Mossum where he appeared to be at death's door. I believe some Libby's soup and quinine, which we luckily had with us, pulled him through, and he soon got better. The nights have now become very cold, and the weather is fine and bracing. It will be exceedingly cold next month and we certainly cannot remain here, as the troops are not clothed for winter work."

A few days after this I took a long ride, but on returning found myself a mile or two beyond the Turkish outposts on their left flank. Darkness came on and there was only a track, which was difficult enough in the daytime to follow, along which the orderly and I blundered over boulders and stones as fast as we could move, rather expecting every minute to find ourselves in the arms of a Kurdish or a Cossack patrol—it is hard to say which would have been the more unpleasant. Suddenly we heard a Turkish challenge, a sentry came out cautiously towards us, and as we did not know the password we had to remain with the guard—capital fellows who lost no time in smoking all my tobacco. They apologized for holding up an "English Pasha," but declared that they could not even allow the Mushir himself to pass. After considerable delay the captain in charge of the guard, who had apparently quitted his post, turned up

and let us go. And then, as we rode on through the various encampments, making for ours, every tent was suddenly illuminated, bonfires shot up from the hill tops and guns boomed forth all along the front of the position. The news had come of a great victory at Plevna, and Ismail had at last thought it expedient to mark the occasion; a good many of the troops were, however, under the impression that the *tamasha* was meant to signalize the conclusion of peace. A day or two later the Mahomedan feast of "Bairam" came round and I had to pay official visits to all the generals and to a lot of colonels. "As I had to drink coffee and smoke about three cigarettes *pour passer le temps* with each of these lads, you may imagine what a day I had," was my comment in my next letter home.

During the first two weeks of October, Ismail's force was appreciably reduced by calls on the part of Mukhtar Pasha, who had become aware that the main body of the Russian army had received substantial reinforcements. In all, we had to send off ten battalions to the neighbourhood of Kars, and this precluded any possibility of Ismail assuming the offensive if he had ever entertained any such idea, which I am doubtful of. Besides the reduction in our strength of infantry we were also suffering a reduction in respect to our mounted troops, although not of a nature greatly to prejudice the fighting efficiency of our detached wing. The Kurds were deserting wholesale; but it must be admitted that the scarcity of forage did afford them some excuse for sneaking off from the camp, as they did nightly to the number of from 50 to 200. The deserters always left their arms and ammunition behind in their tents in charge of pals, and the pals in due course handed this war material over to the Commissariat people. These backsliders were little loss, except for reconnoitring purposes, a form of duty that they did carry out after a fashion although they were always careful to run no risk. Their utter want of discipline and of dash had been conspicuous on every occasion that I had seen them in action.

We had now been in our present position, six miles from Igdir and overlooking the Russian encampments down in the plain, for more than two months; but this period of

stagnation on the Turkish right wing was drawing to a close, and, to indicate the reason for what ensued, it will be necessary to narrate very briefly what had been happening in the centre during these ten past weeks. After I had left Sir Arnold and the forces directly under Mukhtar's leadership near Kars to proceed to Bayazid early in July, the Ottoman army in this region had advanced eastwards some miles and had then taken up a strong position on favourable ground. Loris Melikoff had, in consequence of his ill-success and of his abandonment of the siege of Kars, been superseded in the supreme command of the Tsar's forces in the Asiatic theatre of war by the Grand Duke Michael; but this change in the control of the Russian armies in Armenia brought about no revolution in their fortunes for several weeks to come. They delivered attacks upon portions of the Ottoman position on the 18th of August, and they repeated them on the 25th of that month (this latter offensive brought on the combat of Kizil Tepe, to which reference has already been made), but the attacks were beaten off on each occasion. Nor were the forces of the Grand Duke any more successful in yet another action on which they ventured on the 30th of September. But both sides had, in the meantime, been receiving reinforcements, and the fresh troops that were joining Russian headquarters were more numerous than those which came to swell the legions of Mukhtar. So it came about that, when the Grand Duke launched his army in full force against the Ottoman positions on the 14th of October in conformity with a deftly devised scheme of operations, he gained what amounted to an almost overwhelming victory, mainly as the result of the march of part of the Muscovite forces right round their opponents' right on the Aladja Dagh plateau. Nearly the whole of one Turkish division was compelled to lay down its arms, and Mukhtar found himself obliged to beat a hasty retreat past Kars and to fall back on Erzerum with his troops in a shattered condition. And one consequence of this retrograde movement on the part of the main body of the Ottoman forces was that our isolated right wing under Ismail, facing Igdir, came to have its communications gravely imperilled alike with Mukhtar and with Erzerum.

What occurred to this isolated right wing after the disaster to the main Turkish army on the Aladja Dagh I described in a letter written to my brother Jimmy on the 21st of October from a place called Kara Kilissa, which is situated roughly half-way between Kiupri Keui and Bayazid. "On the morning of the 15th," so the letter runs, "we were rather surprised by a salute of 101 guns being fired at the Russian camp at Igdir. We remained in ignorance of the cause until that evening, when a cipher telegram came in from Mukhtar Pasha, the substance of which did not transpire; but it appears that he must have sustained a serious defeat. He was retreating to the Soghanli Dagh and this backward movement of his necessitated a retreat of the southern army, to prevent its being cut off and also for it to support Mukhtar. At 11 p.m. that night, I received a message from the Mushir saying that 'It was God's will we should march at once.' The army accordingly marched all night to ——. The position was very awkward on account of the difficulty of having to pass over the mountains* some hours before the enemy should be made aware of the movement. The next day was spent in endeavouring to send off all reserve stores, as there were at least seven days' provisions for 25,000 men in the commissariat department and a great amount of ammunition.

"On the 18th the Russians made a demonstration in full force, apparently to try and turn the left of the position; but this they found impracticable. There was a heavy artillery duel, the shells actually pitching within 100 yards of the H.Q. camp. In the evening, however, three guns on the Turkish side, admirably handled, silenced the Russians; four of their ammunition wagons were blown up and I saw several gunners lying about the ground. Luckily, the Russians retired from their advanced positions at nightfall, and their cavalry seem to have lost touch. At 10 p.m. we continued the retreat. Baggage moved off at 10, H.Q. at 3 a.m., advanced posts at 4 a.m. Had to blow up 500,000 cartridges and destroy 1,000 bags of biscuits and miscella-

* Ismail's force was, it will be remembered, on the northern side of the range of hills which formed the frontier, and had to get back over these so as to hit off the Kiupri Keui—Bayazid Road.

neous stores, including fifty tents. We arrived at ——, twenty-one miles, next afternoon. The Russian advanced guard had a skirmish with our rear guard at the pass short of this. The weather was very wet and cold and the men suffered awfully; numbers of horses died on the road. Continuing retreat yesterday, I arrived here, twenty-one miles, with the cavalry. I never felt so fit, in spite of the wet, but my servant is prostrate with dysentery. The infantry are now arriving.

"Excuse this scrawl. I shall write more when I have time. You might fill a book about the sufferings of the soldiers, who are very badly shod and a number of whom are not in sufficient health to march five, much less, twenty miles, with little food and, you may say, no rest. If it were not for seeing their awful sufferings I should cry out about my share of the discomforts of a forced retreat."

"I am in a state of bewilderment," I wrote in a letter from Erzerum a week later, "it is such a sudden change to have dropped into civilized life after the work of the last ten days. . . . . It was a race between our army and the Russian centre who, only for their scarcity of supplies, would have succeeded in all probability in cutting off old Ismail. What must it have been to the infantry? Death to many! We halted one day at Kara Kilissa to try to push on the ammunition and the sick, but shortly before midnight the telegrams from Mukhtar were that not a moment was to be lost. At the same time a cipher telegram came to me from Sir A. K. telling me to get back immediately. But that I could not do, as Ismail Pasha would not allow it on account of his 'regard for my personal safety.' We marched from Kara Kilissa at 2 a.m. on the 24th. . . . . The enemy's cavalry were sixteen miles to our rear and if we could not reach the Delibaba defile, I do not know what would have happened."

We now had to traverse thirty miles of mountainous region before emerging at that defile on to the Passin plain near Khorosan, Sir Arnold's first headquarters of the previous June. It rained and it snowed and the cold was intense. At one point it took eight hours to get the guns over one quarter of a mile of road, and that with

sixteen horses and 200 men to each gun. But we got through the hills eventually, and a little before emerging from them traversed the battlefield of Khalias. Many men had died of privations on the road and there had been a great loss of horses, due to exhaustion and to lack of forage.

"I passed the spot close by where with Mukhtar I spent the three most exciting hours of my life (up to now)," I wrote in my letter from Erzerum, "and where he sent forward the then devoted battalions. Cold as I was, I felt warm when I saw the place. I took up my quarters in a village, but orders were sent to leave it on account of the Cossacks. However, as, notwithstanding the fleas and other unmentionable insects which abounded, it was decidedly more comfortable than even the idea of another bivouac, I stuck to my post. Presently a colonel of artillery came in, wet through, who got blind drunk on about half a bottle of brandy which happened to be in my flask. He told us no end of 'stable secrets,' which will form the substance of my next report. The other officers were much ashamed of the colonel's behaviour, and he was much ashamed himself next morning. Next day, marching at 4 a.m., we secured the Delibaba Pass. I went through among the first, and, mounting up the hills on the opposite side, beheld the Russian cavalry quietly wending their way towards Mukhtar's position. But our army was safe. Our baggage and ammunition had begun emerging from the pass, and you can imagine what a sight it was when I tell you it was ten miles long."

However dilatory and lacking in initiative Ismail had been in the days when the Ottoman cause was more or less in the ascendant in this theatre of war, he had risen to the occasion after the news came of the disaster of Aladja Dagh, and he had extricated his army out of a most dangerous position without suffering a reverse. At the critical time, when approaching the Delibaba defile, he had, however, as one discovered afterwards, been appreciably assisted by an effective piece of bluff on the part of Mukhtar. The commander-in-chief realised that Ismail with the detached right wing above all things needed time, so as to reach Kiupri Keui before the Russian main body (who were following up the Turkish main body north of the Araxes)

could intercept him. By skilful dispositions near Zewin he managed to delay the enemy, and he thus secured us just the amount of law that we required. Ismail was greatly pleased with what he had accomplished, and before we parted he offered me the Second Class of the Medjidie order, which I felt obliged to decline. At that date, officers in our army were not allowed to accept foreign decorations, except when it was a case of Allies in war presenting them—many of our officers taking part in the Crimean campaign had received French and Turkish ones.

The rule was altered in King Edward's time; as a consequence, officers who served as military attachés with the Japanese forces in the war of 1904-05 in the Far East, were not only allowed to accept Japanese orders, but were also granted permission to wear them. As I was eventually allowed to wear the Turkish war medal which was given me after this Armenian campaign, I am not sure that I might not have accepted Ismail's offer, although leave to wear the decoration would certainly have been refused me at the time. It was, as a matter of fact, rather a high order, or rather a high-class of an order, for a mere captain to be fitted out with. Some five years later I was to be awarded the Third Class of the Medjidie in recognition of services during the Tel-el-Kebir campaign, after having refused the Second Class of the order when offered me in recognition of what were, in reality, more important services—although Ismail no doubt regarded my representations as to the Khurdish atrocities as nothing but a nuisance.

Now that the detached right wing of the Ottoman forces was safe, at least for the moment, Trotter and I made a point of expressing our warm congratulations to its commander on extricating himself from so dangerous a situation, and we at the same time took our leave of him. We found him in a very happy frame of mind, and in a most cordial mood. On our proposing it, he offered no objection to our riding on ahead of his troops to Erzerum, and he provided us with a captain's escort of mounted men for the journey. During this ride, after crossing the Araxes at Kiupri Keui, we passed portions of the main Turkish army that had been fighting under Mukhtar, and one could see that the troops were in a

condition so discouraged as to augur ill for their offering a very stalwart resistance to any determined effort that the Russians might make to press on rapidly to Erzerum ; on the fatal day of Aladja Dagh they had lost 9,000 prisoners and fifty-six guns, and they obviously had not recovered yet from the effects of that grave reverse. Mukhtar, we found, had handed over the command of the whole of the retreating troops to Ismail, and had personally hastened on ahead to do what was possible towards developing the fortifications of the Deve Boyun ridge.

As it turned out, Ismail's handling of the retiring army did not prove to be an unqualified success. For one learnt that he permitted a portion of his command to be surprised by the advancing Russians some miles to the west of Kiupri Keui, and that this mishap, moreover, was due to a failure to take the most elementary precautions in respect to outposts and so forth. But by that time Trotter and I had already ridden into the Armenian capital and had rejoined Sir Arnold there. At almost every village during our ride in from Kiupri Keui we had been meeting Turkish orderlies who were charged with notes for us from our chief that directed us to make for Erzerum with all speed. It transpired that H.M. Ambassador was making a prodigious fuss lest we should fall into the hands of the Russians. His Excellency had no notion of what a narrow shave I had had of undergoing that particular species of adventure a fortnight previously, on the occasion (already related) when I lost my way returning after dark to Ismail's camp away back near Igdir. Had he heard of it, he probably would have thrown a fit. And yet, but for the inconvenience which might arise from the temporary loss of one's services, it is not very apparent why the possibility of one's capture should have been a matter of such serious concern. But you never know where you are with these diplomatists.

When we arrived at Erzerum we found the town in a state almost of panic in view of the Russian advance, although a good deal had already been done by Faizy Pasha in the way of strengthening the defences. He had hurried thither in advance of Mukhtar immediately after the disaster of Aladja Dagh. The Deve Boyun position was, moreover, one of

great natural strength, and until the enemy had driven the defenders off this ridge there could hardly be any question of a hostile attack upon the city itself. On the other hand, there could be little doubt but that the Turkish troops were in a somewhat demoralized condition, and it remained, therefore, to be seen whether they would do justice to their entrenchments in the event of a determined hostile offensive.

On the 3rd of November, three or four days after getting back to Erzerum, I spent the whole day with Sir Arnold, inspecting the left front of the Turkish lines on the Deve Boyun ridge, in company with Mukhtar, and we were, upon the whole, well satisfied with what we saw. All the important points along the front were now elaborately fortified, and there were several guns of position dotted about in favourable localities; but in some cases the works were by no means complete, and they suffered from the drawback that they were largely constructed of stone, with a mere outward facing of earth. Mukhtar estimated the force at his disposal at 20,000 men, with eighty-eight guns, and, when parting with him in the evening, Sir Arnold intimated his intention of riding out again on the morrow.

On the following day news reached us after midday, at our headquarters in the city, that the Russians had advanced against the Deve Boyun position, but that they had been repulsed and that the affair was over. Sir Arnold and I, therefore, after having had our horses saddled, decided not to go out in view of the fatigue of our mounts after yesterday's long ride. Trotter and Dougall, on the other hand, having fresh horses, rode out to ascertain what exactly had happened, and they therefore had the good fortune to witness the disastrous defeat of the Turkish army, which we missed seeing.

What actually happened was this. The Russians had during the previous night succeeded in pushing forward considerable bodies of troops into ravines in front of the position, where they were entirely concealed from the view of the defenders on the heights. When General Heimann, who was in command of the attacking forces, launched his troops against the position in the forenoon, Mukhtar's men held their own very successfully for several hours, and this probably

accounts for the tidings reaching us in Erzerum that the enemy had been repulsed. But towards evening the Russian commander succeeded in drawing a portion of the Ottoman troops forward out of their entrenchments, and these then suddenly found themselves taken in flank on both sides by the enemy detachments that were in ambuscade in the ravines. Caught at a grievous disadvantage, the Turkish battalions that had advanced endeavoured to get back and to reoccupy the lines which they had quitted, but they found that some of the Russians had already got between them and their works. Hundreds were shot down while trying to hew a way back through the hostile swarms, numbers more threw down their arms and gave themselves up prisoners, and the consequence of this serious local discomfiture was that the whole of Mukhtar's centre gave way, and streamed off towards Erzerum. But for a resolute stand made by the Osmanlis on either flank, the victors in the combat might almost have entered the fortress that night on the heels of the fugitives. Sir Arnold and I only learnt that there had been a disaster when Dougall rode in about sunset.

Sir Arnold had received most peremptory instructions from Sir A. Layard to the effect that on no account were any of us to fall into the hands of the Russians. The Ambassador apparently imagined that diplomatic complications might arise were such a contretemps to occur. It seemed more than doubtful, in view of the disorganization that had evidently set in amongst the fugitive Turkish troops, whether the fortress would offer any effective resistance; and, in any case, there was a distinct probability that the place would very shortly be invested. "Consequently," I wrote to my mother from Trebizond some days later, "we sallied forth about 9 p.m., and marched till 7-30 next morning, in a downpour of hail and snow the whole of the time. The way was long, the wind was cold, but Sir Arnold was neither infirm nor old; on the contrary, he is the most extraordinary cove for roughing it. We trudged along, or, rather, the horses trudged, while we shivered in darkness so intense that it was lucky some of us were not lost. Even old Ismail's retreat was not a more infernal business than our dreary march across the Erzerum plain that night. Sir Arnold stopped at Baiburt

(sixty-five miles). It seemed to me that the game was up as regards seeing anything more for the present, and, although I am not a 'Turkophil,' I cannot help thinking it un-English to run away as soon as the Turks are beset by difficulties. Besides, there can be no doubt that our leaving Erzerum at such a critical time might have had a very bad effect—and in all probability had. To us, our position seemed most humiliating, so much so that I shall feel ashamed to return to Erzerum to Ismail Pasha. In fact, this is one of those things that make one envy private individuals, even the newspaper men, who are not bound down by red tape!

"I accordingly came on here by post horses (110 miles) with the letters, and just caught the steamer. This was a great journey. Some of the horses were good. Others had so many varying methods of motion that it was difficult to accommodate oneself to any of them. On some you could bowl along at ten miles an hour for an hour or more, others would not do four. But I managed to get here in about thirty-six hours. Went twenty-eight hours, with only a stop of two hours for breakfast. Riding along over rough ground at night at a trot or half-canter has a peculiar charm, especially through these wild valleys. The postboy got a fall, and we had an unpleasant time crossing the Zigana Pass the second night. I expected to have reached the top of the pass before dark, but night came on very suddenly and with it a heavy wet mist. We had the greatest difficulty you can imagine. You descend on this side into magnificent pine forests, and there the postboy said he could not see his way. I could see nothing at all. I knew that the road ran along the edge of a precipice about 1,000 feet high, and we could hear the rushing of many waters from the depths below. My servant asked me for a match. One of Bryant & May's vestas for a torch! The idea now appears ludicrous, but at the time it produced quite an opposite effect upon my irritated nerves, so I determined that the postboy and servant should move in front at all hazards, and we proceeded through the dripping trees, stumbling into mud-holes every few yards, at a foot's pace. I expected every moment to hear Mr. Haikimian go crashing down into the valley below, but we managed to get on somehow or

another and, after hours of dismal work, enlivened somewhat by the fact (of which I was reminded by H.) that the French *Attaché Militaire* had been robbed and murdered somewhere on this location in the last war, we emerged from the gloom at Hamsikeui about midnight.

"Hamsikeui lies in a mountain gorge, a small village, and on this night was full of troops on their way up country, so I tumbled in amongst some of them and slept in a great khan on the ground in front of a roaring fire. At the last stage the owner of the horses, by the way of precaution, set out to accompany me, for he seemed to think I would make too much use of his horse. Presently we trotted, then I cantered. The owner shouted; but the more he shouted, the faster went the horse on which he had kindly mounted me, and I saw no more of the gentleman till about two hours after arriving here."

I remained at Trebizond for some time after this with nothing to do, putting up with Biliotti. The Russians had attempted to take Erzerum by storm on the 9th of November, but they had been repulsed with heavy losses, and by the end of that month sufficient reinforcements had reached Mukhtar, and sufficient supplies had been got into the city, to make the place fairly secure even if the Russians regularly invested it. But Kars had been taken by assault on the 14th, after a brief siege—a fine feat of arms unless, as there is reason to believe was the case, there was treachery amongst the defenders.

After two or three weeks Sir Arnold and the rest of the staff arrived from Baiburt, and the whole party of us then proceeded back to Constantinople. But before we had been settled down by the Golden Horn many days, I was fitted out with instructions to repair back to Trebizond and to note the course of events in Armenia from that port. There was little to do at the place beyond watching what reinforcements arrived by sea and reporting their numbers and their nature before they proceeded on to the front. One day, however, a cipher telegram arrived of a disturbing nature, for when it was decoded it was found to amount to an order for me to proceed to Van—of all places in the world! How I was to get there with the Russians holding all the

roads beyond Erzerum, and what I was to do when I arrived, did not transpire. Still, an order is an order, although the prospect of journeying across northern Kurdistan in mid-winter and putting up at such a place as Van for a season was the reverse of attractive. So, having made such arrangements as seemed best under the circumstances, I started along the road up to the Zigana Pass and arrived at a point where there was a Turkish guard-house on the heights, after dark on the second evening.

The cold was intense, the thermometer was below zero, and on requesting accommodation somewhere under cover, I was shown into an inner room off the guard-house, in which there were a brace of beds. The apartment was well enough in its way, but at the moment it was deprived of much of its charm by the fact that there was an occupant in one of the beds and that the occupant was a corpse—it is not the sort of thing that one wants in one's bedroom. Nevertheless, on my asking as a favour that the remains might be removed, I was politely informed that such an operation was wholly out of the question. It was explained to me that the tenets of Islam do not permit what is left of the defunct to be shifted more than once. Were the corpse to be removed at this hour of the night (so my informant told me) and were it to be dumped down somewhere provisionally for the time being, it would have to stop where it was dumped for good and all. They may have been bluffing me; but there it was, and I had to make the best of it and to pass the night in somewhat eerie company.

Just when I and my servant were about to start for Van next morning a message overtook me from Trebizond, which indicated that a mistake had been made somehow in enciphering the telegram that I had received ordering me to that remote spot. It was not Van that was to be my destination, but Constantinople, which, after all, was not exactly the same thing, and I was not sorry to turn my horse round and to head back down the hill for the shores of the Black Sea. Errors will, from time to time, creep in when it is a case of enciphering and of decoding cryptograms. Sir Arnold, for instance, had a code of his own, in which a sentence that said one thing meant something quite different

and which, no doubt, was extremely useful to him at times. But one day he despatched a message in this code which said, "Send breeches," but which was meant to convey to the recipient "Enemy advancing in strength," or "Troops here are starving," or something of that sort. But the fellow who got the message had not got the code, and he had not got any breeches—none of Sir Arnold's, I mean—so he did not know what on earth to do. I forget what the sequel was, but the story serves to illustrate one aspect of the problem of cryptography in time of war.

As a result of the telegram when it had been fully explained I took ship at Trebizond and returned to Constantinople, and this brought my campaigning experiences in Armenia, for which I some time afterwards received the Turkish war medal, to an end. It was not until 1886 that I submitted an official application to the War Office for permission to wear the war medal and that I received the Commander-in-Chief's sanction to do so.

CHAPTER VIII.

Constantinople and Cyprus.

CHAPTER VIII.

Constantinople and Cyprus.

The situation at Constantinople at the beginning of 1878.—The Russians at its gates.—The Mediterranean Fleet passes the Dardanelles.—San Stefano.—British officers on the spot.—Meeting General Skobeleff.—My acquaintance with him.—This disapproved of by the powers that be.—Talk with Skobeleff.—Promised a job on a delimitation commission should there be one.—I proceed home on leave.—Appointed A.D.C. to Sir G. Wolseley on his proceeding to Cyprus as High Commissioner.—The troops at Cyprus.—Keenness of officers to get there.—Some early experiences there.—Sporting events.—Walsh.—The Afghan War.—Idea of getting into Parliament.—Bairam.—Visitors to the island.—My duties as A.D.C.—Hopes of getting out to the Zulu War.—Dislike of my job.—Wolseley's anxiety to get to South Africa.—A picnic.—A lawn tennis match with His Excellency.—A predatory chief interpreter.—Munificent M.P.'s.—We go home on leave.

THE situation at Constantinople when I returned there finally from Trebizond was one of quite extraordinary interest. The Russian armies that had invaded the Sultan's dominions on the European side had, after the long delays that had been caused in their progress by Osman Pasha's remarkable intervention at Plevna, forced their way over the Balkans, had poured into Roumelia, and were at the moment rapidly advancing on Constantinople. The Turkish forces—what was left of them after a succession of disasters—were in a condition of demoralization, their capital was virtually defenceless, and the Sultan and his advisers did not know which way to turn. The forces of the Tsar had arrived practically at the gates of the capital when, on the 31st of January, a few days after my arrival on the Golden Horn, an armistice was agreed to on terms which virtually placed the Ottoman dominions in Europe at the mercy of Russia.

The course of events had for some time past been arousing great anxiety in England, and ten days after the conclusion of the armistice the Mediterranean Fleet under Sir Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby advanced up the Dardanelles, more or less in defiance of a prohibition on the part of the Turks, and anchored off Prince's Island a few miles from Constantinople. During February and March officers and men of the Russian army, and bluejackets from our warships, were constantly to be seen in the streets of Pera and of Stambul, and the relations between our Government and that of the Emperor Alexander were in a decidedly strained condition. Nor was

this strain relaxed when the terms of the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey, signed at San Stefano on the 3rd of March, came to be known, when Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet let it be seen that these terms were regarded as unacceptable by England, and when H.M. Government a few days later called out our army reserve.

Ever since the outbreak of hostilities in the previous spring, a number of especially selected British officers had (quite apart from us military attachés who had been accompanying the Ottoman armies in the field) been quietly at work, engaged on the task of drawing up reports on the lines of Bulair and with reference to landing places and so forth around the shores of the sea of Marmora. Their labours were being carried out with an eye to the possibility of our being drawn into the struggle, and of our having to undertake military operations on a first-class scale in this part of the world. The special service artists were for the most part sappers, with one or two staff college experts thrown in, and they included, besides Home (with whom, as already mentioned, I had visited the Gallipoli Peninsula in the previous year), Major (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir John) Ardagh, and Captain (afterwards Major-General Sir T.) Fraser. What with these people, with Sir A. Kemball back from Armenia, with Sir C. Dickson more or less permanently installed at the Embassy, and with us military attachés all back from the front, the British army was represented in the Sultan's dominions by quite a crowd of officers of various corps, who were gathered together at Constantinople during these somewhat critical weeks. Certain of the special service contingent had constituted themselves a local intelligence department, and these kept a jealous watch upon the distribution and the numbers of the Russian forces which had penetrated south of the Balkans, in so far as trustworthy information could be deduced from the rather conflicting reports on the subject that kept constantly coming to hand.

When taking my walks abroad, one evening, I turned into a café chantant, where the cosmopolitan crowd always to be found in such resorts near the Bosphorus was assembled, and I happened to seat myself by the same little table as a very striking-looking Russian officer. We got into conversation, and I found that he could speak English fairly well.

CONSTANTINOPLE

We had a most pleasant talk, he showed himself both agreeable and friendly, and, after a time, I discovered that my companion was none other than General Skobeleff, whose name had become famous all over Europe in consequence of his exploits before Plevna and at other scenes of bloodshed during the operations of the previous few months, and who had at this time, with good reason, come to be the idol of the Russian army. He was quite a young man still, only thirty-seven years of age ; but he had already by his achievements in the field won for himself the rank of lieutenant-general, and he had acquired a most enviable reputation in the world of arms as a deft, daring and determined leader in presence of the enemy. We struck up a friendship, and I saw a good deal of him during the next few weeks at a time when the tension in the political relations between H.M. Government and that of the Tsar was approaching the breaking point. We used to discuss the points of difference existing between our respective countries quite frankly, used to compare notes on military subjects in a spirit of comradeship, and he always showed himself ready to see both sides of a question, and to express himself in terms remarkably temperate for a paladin such as he was.

Nor were these conversations without a certain value to British representatives on the Golden Horn from the purely military point of view. For Skobeleff, possibly unintentionally, gave me a good deal of information with regard to the strength and disposition of the Russian forces in Roumelia and elsewhere ; and from what he told me it became plain that our intelligence experts on the spot were altogether overestimating the numbers of the invaders. The fact was that Russian divisions and brigades, etc., were constantly being moved about, and that our experts, not being aware of this, were counting them twice, and even three times, over. My acquaintance with the distinguished general was in reality a distinct asset in the official sense, but the powers that be on the spot did not by any means regard it as such. I lunched one day with Skobeleff, for instance, and when Sir A. Layard heard of it, he gave me a regular wigging; he, moreover, was horrified to learn that I was going to dine with my Muscovite pal a day or two later. He wanted me to excuse myself, but I said that that was impossible. What

the objection was to maintaining friendly relations with a potential enemy I could not for the life of me understand then, and I do not understand now. But diplomats are extraordinary creatures.

It has to be admitted that the Ambassador's disapproval of my terms of friendship with Skobeleff was also entertained by some of my brother officers, and notably by Sir C. Dickson, who was very strongly pro-Turk. I made reference to this in a letter to my mother, dated the 4th of April, in which I had a dig at the "diplomats." "For the last four days," I wrote, "I have been simply copying silly despatches in the Embassy, till I feel nothing better than a clerk in McCalmont Bros. & Co., and not half so well paid. I find that nine out of ten of the attachés at the Embassy, who, as you know, give themselves such fine airs, are nothing more than clerks who can speak a couple of languages and write a round hand by the sheet without erasures. It is to be hoped this sort of thing won't go on long. It don't suit me at all, and, though I cannot say that I desire war after what I have seen of it, the sooner it now comes the better. This is not peace, it seems to me, but an armistice. I am convinced, however, that the Russians, though they may dislike us, do not want to fight! We have allowed them to go so far that their government are in a very difficult position, because they must make large demands of territory to satisfy the feelings of the Russian people who have to bleed so freely, and unless Austria and England act in entire accord they will not give way. We know now what the feeling in England is. What asses they were not to show it before!

"I am rather 'scouted' by the Philo-Turks at the Embassy, headed by Sir C. Dickson, for associating, occasionally, with the Russian General Skobeleff. It is a most absurd notion, for if we only look on the present in the light of an armistice, that is no reason for not meeting your enemy, if he be a gentleman, on friendly terms until war is resumed. We shall fight like demons, and it is perhaps an advantage to have an acquaintance or two in the Russian camp in case of misfortunes. At all events, I think Skobeleff the best company I have ever met. He is hardly older than I am, yet commands a division 20,000 strong. He was chief of the staff in the Khiva Expedition. He told me if I went to San

Stefano to call on him, which I did. We touched on the subject of war. I said : ' I am sorry to say, General, the news from England is critical. The Queen sends a message to Parliament on Monday. What does it mean ! That we're going to send an ultimatum to the Tsar, I presume ? ' ' Well,' he said, ' it will be some fun to see the dogs and fishes fighting.' I said : ' Well, perhaps you will find us just a little bit of an alligator.'

" He showed me a map of the last battle at Shipka, and as he was rather spoiling it for my edification with pencil-marks, I asked him not to mind drawing lines, etc. ' Oh, it doesn't matter,' said he ; ' we've done with it.' ' Perhaps not, General,' said I. But you would like his manner. We understand each other perfectly. He is very quick. He has the utmost contempt for slow old generals, like some of our friends at home. Sir C. Dickson was asked to dine at a house last week, but on hearing that S. was to be there he sent a refusal. On the other hand, I am going to dine with S. himself on Sunday. I would not miss it on any account, and his opinions are better worth hearing than those of anyone I know, except, of course, Sir Garnet, for they are founded on experience and reading. For instance, he knows a deal more about Lord Gough (or ' Go ' as he calls him) than I do, I am ashamed to say. I think that he is very anxious to see what the English cavalry can do. He began by being in the cavalry, but he evidently thinks what he had were no use. As I don't live in the Embassy I stumble across these fellows everywhere, but S. is much the best of them ; the others are comparative nonentities."

Mukhtar Pasha had come to Constantinople from Armenia some time before this, and I called on him by appointment one day, and had a pleasant chat with him ; he spoke of Khalias and my ride with him the day before Deve Boyun. There now began talk of congresses and conferences, and as this made it obvious that if there was going to be war it would not break out for some time to come, I succeeded in getting a month's leave home, having been absent from England for more than a year. Although Sir A. Layard had disapproved of my familiarity with Skobeleff, he promised me before I left that, if there was to be anything in the way of international delimitation of frontiers—as seemed likely

enough—he would see that I was made use of. My practice of accompanying my reports from Armenia with sketches had no doubt helped me in this matter.

The consequence of this trip to England was that I found myself in London just at the time when the arrangement between our government and the Sublime Porte was come to under which Cyprus was temporarily made over to us, and when Sir G. Wolseley was appointed High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the acquisition. I was staying for a day or two in Jermyn Street, when I got a note from Sir Garnet offering me the post of A.D.C. on his staff. He was staying in Portland Square at the time, and when I went to call there he was out; but I saw Lady Wolseley and accepted the appointment to her. Even at the time one felt a little doubtful about it, the more so in view of Sir A. Layard's promise; but all this Cyprus business was started with a great flourish of trumpets, and Wolseley was being accompanied by many of his old staff comrades of Ashanti days—Colonel (afterwards General Sir G.) Greaves, who had succeeded McNeill as chief of the staff out there, Brackenbury, Baker Russell, Maurice, etc.

I did not start on my way to the Levant until a week after His Excellency and the bulk of the staff had taken their departure, and I then proceeded overland to Marseilles, and got a passage in a French boat to Smyrna. "The first night out we had a bit of a summer gale," I wrote home from Syra, "which was not pleasant. Just like Frenchmen, though the ship was rolling any amount, they left the ports open and a sea came in about 9 p.m. which completely drenched everything in the cabins and flooded the saloon." Another ship took me on after some delay from Smyrna to Larnaka in Cyprus, where we arrived on the 6th of August, and that night I rode over from there to Nicosia, the capital—a distance of twenty-five miles—on a mule, to find the chief and the staff housed in a fine old building in the town.

It must be confessed that one's first impressions of the island were far from favourable, for it was extremely hot down in the plains around Nicosia. There was a large assemblage of troops encamped round about, who had come from Malta, and who formed part of that "Indian Contingent" which Beaconsfield had brought to Europe some

months before at the time when our relations with Russia had been so precarious. Although the days were intensely hot, the nights were cool, and this caused a good deal of malaria and of other forms of sickness in the camps, the Ghurkas suffering especially; these splendid little soldiers never seem to do well in low ground when it is warm weather. The H.Q. Staff in the meantime more or less lived on champagne, and they were consequently right as rain. But, if they were well in health, they were very far from being well contented, for it speedily became apparent to us that we had been right well sold. The Congress of Berlin put an end to all prospect of an Anglo-Russian conflict—of what use to us Cyprus would have been supposing that such a conflict had occurred, neither I nor anybody else has ever been able to make out. The whole thing was just a "gesture" on the part of Lord Beaconsfield, with which to bluff his bewildered countrymen for the time being. Nor did I find my job of A.D.C. in peace-time at all to my taste. "I am an upper servant one minute and a clerk the next," I wrote soon after arrival. "Quantities of letters come in by every mail from lunatics thirsting for employment—a better word would be drudgery in one case and ennui in another—and all these letters are answered to the effect that H. E. regrets that he can hold out no hopes of furthering the wishes of the applicant." One had all sorts of odd jobs to perform. One day, for instance, I had the pleasure of convoying some sixty malefactors from the jail at Nicosia to Kyrenia, on the coast sixteen miles off, to be embarked. A ruffianly lot of murderers they were; all tied together. The escort consisted of twenty Ghurkas and ten Turkish soldiers, but nine of the Ghurkas succumbed to the heat, and the remainder were utterly beat by the time we reached our destination.

There had been a question of Sir Garnet going out to India as Commander of the Bombay army, and although he never complained we knew that he was bitterly disappointed at having been let in for this Cyprus tomfoolery. He made the best of it, however. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" was his motto, so he devoted himself wholeheartedly to abstruse administrative questions in connection with improving the conditions in the island, and to manifold projects for developing its resources—such as they

were. The communications leading from place to place were wretched. It was almost as much as your life was worth to take a drive along these so-called roads ; and the sanitary state of the towns was perfectly deplorable, so much so that we speedily moved out of our big house in Nicosia and encamped a short distance from the outskirts of the place. Although tent life had its drawbacks, owing to heat and dust, it was upon the whole preferable to being indoors. I managed to bring off a pleasant trip up Mount Olympus in September. One found it quite cool as soon as one got fairly high up ; and shortly after that Lord Brassey arrived in his yacht, the " Sunbeam." He took me for a pleasant cruise in her round part of the island, starting from Kyrenia and proceeding to Limasol.

I had brought out a good mare from home, and one day an officer of the garrison who possessed an arab which he greatly fancied was boasting that this animal of his would beat any other one in Cyprus. Baker Russell promptly took him up, borrowed my mare, and they made short work between them of the arab. It was about the first sporting event to take place, but two or three race meetings were held afterwards. The groom who had come out with the mare from home was a youth of Hibernian extraction named Walsh, who had originally been a stable-boy, but who had caught my eye as a likely fellow and one who could uncommonly well take care of himself. He was something of a character, and I had him with me later on in South Africa during various adventures, the fact of his being a civilian and not a soldier sometimes proving a disadvantage, but at other times proving to be a point in his favour. He will be referred to again in later pages.

The news of the breach with the Amir of Afghanistan, which occurred at this time, and of the subsequent outbreak of hostilities in that quarter, did not tend to make one any the better satisfied with being planted down in this backwater where prospects of active service had become absolutely nil. The trouble on the north-west frontier of India made one speculate whether it had not been a mistake to exchange out of the 9th Lancers when they went abroad. They were, I knew, stationed up country, and before long it transpired that they were to take part in the campaign. Had I stuck to them, I should now have been second-in-

command, and I should, moreover, in all probability have led them before many months were out, for their colonel, Cleland, was severely wounded at Kabul, in December, 1879. My mother, moreover, had a great idea of my going into Parliament, and, on my learning during the winter months that there was a likelihood of a vacancy occurring in the representation of the County Antrim, I seriously debated the question of standing. My brother Jimmy, who had left the Army some years before and who was now an A.D.C. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had come to be a very well-known figure in Ulster, and his influence would undoubtedly have helped me when the matter of selection cropped up. But the anticipated vacancy did not occur as soon as had been expected at the time. Aware that I had been recommended for a brevet-majority on account of the Armenian campaign, I was somewhat disappointed at hearing nothing official on the subject, but the announcement in the "Gazette" at last appeared, and I found myself promoted as from the 30th of November, 1878, together with Ardagh and Trotter.

The winter climate was pleasant enough, although there was still a certain amount of sickness amongst the troops. "One fellow died of fever in camp a couple of days ago," I wrote on the 6th of December, "and at the funeral one of his 'firing party' managed to shoot another fellow in the eye. So we are getting on pretty well in our small community."

The Bairam Festival had just come off, on which occasion His Excellency and the rest of us for the first time appeared in full dress; and we presented a most imposing appearance, mounted on ponies, and attended by a swarm of Turkish, Greek and nigger rag-tag and bob-tail in all sorts of garments, by way of escort. Sweets, coffee and cigarettes were dished out to the notables at the konak, under the direction of Sir Garnet's head butler, and that evening we had a special guest to dinner, Rifaat Pasha, a Turk of light and leading, hailing from Constantinople. On leaving the table, the Chief offered the gentleman a cigar, who promptly helped himself to fifty and rolled them up in his napkin which he likewise purloined. "That's the sort of man I am," he appeared to think, and one hoped that we should not be called upon to entertain many more specimens of this acquisitive type of

guest, or there would be nothing to smoke and no table-linen left in the place.

His Excellency was always trying to make out that there was nothing wrong with the island. "Who takes quinine? Never heard of such a thing! Splendid climate!" That was his line; but we knew perfectly well that he took quinine himself every day. A good many visitors began to arrive, most of whom His Excellency hospitably entertained. The Bishop of Gibraltar came on an inspection of this addition to his diocese, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker turned up; as was only to be expected of such seasoned travellers in impossible countries, they thought fit to live in a sort of caravan, gipsy fashion—"a drawing-room on wheels" they called it—which must have jolted them up a bit when they got on the move along the Cyprus highways. A proper "Government House," a great big wooden barrack of a place, had been run up, and Lady Wolseley arrived on Christmas Eve, bringing with her her little daughter Frances, who is now Viscountess Wolseley. Some other officers' wives also made their appearance.

"She is quite the Queen of Cyprus," I wrote home about Lady Wolseley, "receiving deputations of Turks and Greeks, who go in for worshipping the ground she treads on. In the meantime the unfortunate A.D.C. is engaged in showing these brutes to their chairs, ordering cigarettes and coffee, doing everything, in fact, except handing these delicacies to them. . . . . It was an utter mistake leaving Constantinople in every way. I don't know, however, that I should care to go back there, especially as not knowing languages is the very devil for a Military Attaché, but on the whole it was a great pity to have left the place. . . . . There have been two cases of diphtheria in camp. The second was Walsh, but he is much better. I had a row with the doctors about him—they refused to take him to hospital, saying that he would 'infect' the place. Then I said: 'I suppose you want to turn the camp into an infected hospital.' The upshot of it all was that Walsh remained in camp for two days and was then removed to hospital—almost as good a way of infecting two places as could be devised." There was quite a successful race meeting early in January, but my two crocks Erzerum and Cyprus, failed to carry anything off.

The fact of my now being a Field Officer tended to make me more dissatisfied than ever with being an aide-de-camp under the existing conditions. We, moreover, learnt from the newspapers that a struggle with the Zulus was about to take place, and it was evident that this would be, by a good deal, a more serious business than had been the operations against the Transkei and other Kaffirs which had been going on for many months past, and in which Evelyn Wood and Buller, comrades who had gone out with me to Cape Coast Castle in the "Ambriz," had been making their mark. I determined, therefore, to make an effort to get out to South Africa, should it prove at all possible. In the meantime I described the routine of the day in a letter home, as follows: "Breakfast at 9 a.m. Then bullyrag the servants, of whom the English butler is the chief and the cheekiest scoundrel in creation, a fellow that neither His nor Her Excellency can get on without, so they say. The chief butler, therefore, occupies a position only second to the Lord High Commissioner in Cyprus. I then order the dinner and send the cook to market. As he cannot understand any of the many languages that I speak the operation is carried out under difficulties and doesn't conduce to good temper in this trying climate. I then have a row with some Greek or Turk about the place. Then copy some letters or argue with Lady Wolseley. Luncheon comes round about 2 o'clock—punctuality is enforced by the chief butler's watch, the most erratic timepiece I have come across and, therefore, my *bête noire*. It is exceedingly difficult to get through the afternoon, but one does somehow or other with the assistance of sherry, brandy and soda, tea and siesta—cigarettes too. The cigars are unsmokable. Dinner is also a punctual meal at 7-30, regulated by the above-mentioned chronometer, and we go to bed, thank God, immediately after it. So you see what a day we're having!"

The more I saw of it the less I felt cut out for the responsibilities of an A.D.C. ship. "What with the lady's maids, housemaids, butlers, soldier servants and *their* wives, and the Greeks and Turks, the place is a sort of pandemonium," I wrote a few days later. "One thing enrages me is the amount they eat. Always guzzling—five times a day. We got over a soldier and his wife from the 20th Regiment to

do servants. I suppose they were the best that could be sent, but the wife got awfully drunk and had to be sent back. . . . . The sooner this sort of game is ended the better, although nothing could be kinder than Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley are to me. Nobody but a born idiot would stop in such a place if he could live out of it."

The news of Isandlwhana made me more than ever keen to get out to Natal, and although Sir Garnet never said a word about it I knew that he also was pining to be at this new seat of war. He had been sent out to Natal as Governor and as High Commissioner for Eastern South Africa in the year 1875, and had then spent some months in that part of the world, so that he was well acquainted with it. He had then been accompanied by Colonel G. P. Colley, who had been specially brought out to the Gold Coast shortly after I had been invalided from there in 1874 for the purpose of organizing the transport, and he had done it remarkably well by all accounts. Colley was now Military Secretary to Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, and had let Wolseley know that had he (Wolseley) been in command of the Bombay Army, the Viceroy would certainly have made use of his services in the Afghan War. His Excellency naturally felt that this Cyprus appointment was cutting him out of the work that he was best fitted to perform.

In so far as my own chances of getting out to the Zulu business were concerned, I hoped to enlist the sympathies of Lord Cairns, who had always been ready to help me in the past; and I took the necessary steps in that direction. As the weeks passed, I became more and more anxious for the change, and so, I could see, did the Chief. "*Entre nous*," I wrote on the 26th of March: "Sir Garnet has been living on the hope for the last few days of being sent to Natal, and I think the anxiety is almost too much for him sometimes. As nothing has transpired, he is completely down on his luck, though he takes care that strangers don't observe it. . . . . As I write, Herbert has just returned. The mules ran away with the trap, and the invalid and Walsh, who was driving, were pitched out; the carriage wheel went over the latter. Both have got a good shaking, but no bones broken." (St. Leger Herbert, private secretary to His Excellency, had been very seriously ill and was proceeding home, invalided.)

A most sporting event was brought off one day, in the shape of a lawn-tennis match between His Excellency and myself, for 100 best cigars. I have never been an enthusiast for ball games, nor have I ever manifested any marked aptitude for pastimes of that sort, and Sir Garnet was always chaffing me for not being able to shine in this, then new-fangled, form of amusement. So I made a match with him, and, to the great astonishment of H. E., and the spectators, and somewhat to my own surprise, I beat him seven games out of twelve, amid tense excitement. The betting was about four to one against me. It was a few days after this notable triumph that I gave a great week-end picnic out at a magnificent abbey in the hills, at which I entertained the High Commissioner and Lady Wolseley, Sir S. and Lady Baker, and a total of twelve guests. It meant sending tents, servants, food, wine, a cooking-stove, etc., over the mountains, and it required quite a lot of organization. We had our meals in a noble banqueting hall, 40 feet high and 120 feet long, with a fine stone roof, while the camp was pitched in the cloisters. The whole affair passed off very well. "The butler has returned here in a state of semi-consciousness after his work," I wrote from Nicosia.

Earlier in the year I had been robbed of my watch and chain, seals, etc., but had not been able to lay my hands on the thief. Shortly after that picnic I, however, found myself robbed again, on this occasion of money. "This time I think I have nailed the delinquent," I wrote home. "The chief interpreter here, a fellow in receipt of some £200 a year, and quite the confidential man of the establishment. I suspected him of having stolen the watch and chain, but there was no evidence. In this instance there is plenty of evidence, but, unfortunately, one of my witnesses has sworn to an impossibility, and if his evidence is to be believed that of the most important witness is contradicted, so I am afraid the housebreaker may get off by a fluke. The witness who is playing the fool is, of course, an old soldier of the 'Mines' type, ready to swear to anything that bears out his idea of the case. . . . . We had a visit this week from four M.P.'s ————, ————, ———— and ————, all oldish fellows, quite demoralized by the luxury in which they have passed, at any rate, the last decade of their useless existence.

One thing rather amused me. I got them a Turkish non-commissioned officer to accompany them in Nicosia. After being with them three hours, the four legislators dismissed the man with a *douceur* of a shilling! The Turk tried ineffectually to explain that it was quite against the rules of the Service to receive remuneration for duty (though I dare say ten shillings might have changed or modified his views on the subject). However, he handed the shilling back to the Officer Commanding on his return to barracks, who forwarded it to me. I am sending it to the House of Commons."

My connection with Cyprus was now at last drawing to a close, for Sir Garnet had the happy thought of going home on two months' leave. It did not take long to make satisfactory arrangements for the conveyance of His Excellency and Lady Wolseley, with select representatives of his retinue including myself attended by Mr. Walsh, to Brindisi by the naval despatch boat "Surprise." We arrived at that stuffy little Italian port after a pleasant run, and when we were put ashore on the jetty I happened to notice that Walsh was devoting most especial attention to an abandoned-looking package. "What the devil's that," says I. "It's cigars, sir, as I've brought along from the island," says he. "How many," says I. "There'd maybe be a thousand, sir," says he. "Good Lord, man!" says I; "we can't bring all that stuff along with us. I'd be in the workhouse, paying duty on them here, and at Modane, and at Dover." "Sure them divils'd never be after opening His Excellency's luggage," says he. "I wouldn't warrant them," says I, "and, anyhow, you're cigars aren't His Excellency's luggage." "What'll I be doing with them at all," says he. He had evidently been sacking Government House or the Headquarters' Mess at Nicosia; and then I had a sort of brain-wave. I packed him him off in a boat to go back to the "Surprise" with my compliments, and the cigars as a present to the wardroom officers. He went near missing the train in consequence; but, had he been left behind, he would have turned up all right, smiling, in England, for he was one of those kind of people who always contrive to fall on their feet. Getting back to London, one felt pretty confident that means would be forthcoming to find one's way out to South Africa, where the operations seemed to be going none too well—and so it proved.

CHAPTER IX.

South Africa—1879-80.

CHAPTER IX.

South Africa—1879-80.

Ordered out to South Africa on special service.—This changed, and am appointed A.D.C. to Wolseley instead.—The situation in Zululand at the time.—Off with Wolseley and the staff at short notice.—Start from Paddington.—Liveliness on the journey down to Dartmouth.—We sail in the "Edinburgh Castle."—At Cape Town.—Proceed on to Natal.—Wolseley sets out for Port Durnford by sea but is unable to land.—News arrives of Ulundi.—My first trek in South Africa.—I trek from Port Durnford to Rorke's Drift.—A visit to the field of Isandlwhana.—My groom Walsh acquires curios.—Headquarters moves into Zululand and proceeds towards Ulundi.—I find the guns that were lost at Isandlwhana.—The Ketchwayo hunt.—Start out with the cavalry and mounted troops.—A long trek.—Quit the mounted troops and return to Ulundi.—Merits of a burning kraal when one is wet through.—Go out "on my own" with a party of Basutos to try and catch the King.—Marter eventually secures him.—Return to Pietermaritzburg.—Wolseley goes up to Pretoria.—I follow him and have a nice companion for fellow-traveller in the post cart.—At Ladysmith.—The trouble with Sekukuni.—My duties as A.D.C. at the Transvaal capital.—Start for the Sekukuni country.—Our prospects in dealing with him.—A picnic.—Worries of an A.D.C. in camp.—A ride with Wolseley from Fort Weber to Lydenburg and back.—Delay in attacking Sekukuni owing to Swazies not coming up to time.—Dr. W. H. Russell meets with a misadventure.—The force for the attack.—The concentration near the stronghold.—Description of the stronghold.—Baker Russell's plan of attack.—The first phase successfully carried out.—Arrangements for assaulting the Fighting Kopje.—The storming of the fastness.—I manage to be in at the finale.—After the fight.—Sekukuni traced to a cave.—His surrender after two or three days, at which I am present.—I am placed in charge of the ex-monarch and bring him to Pretoria.—At Pretoria.—Cable communication between the Cape and home completed.—We hear of the fighting at Kabul and the experiences of the 9th Lancers in the Chardeh Valley. An unpleasant article by Russell in "The Daily Telegraph," and its reputed cause.—We are kept in South Africa pending the arrival of Colley to succeed Wolseley.—Orders for us to proceed home.—We arrive at Plymouth at the end of May, 1880.

ALMOST immediately after my arrival in London, orders came to hand for me to proceed out to South Africa on special service, to be employed in such manner as Lord Chelmsford, who was commanding the troops in the field against the Zulus, should think fit. I was to take out a draft of cavalry, and I proceeded to Ireland in the first instance for this purpose. But before I had arrived at the stage of taking the men over, orders came for me to return to London as Sir Garnet was proceeding to the Cape to assume command, and I was to go out as his A.D.C.

The situation out in Zululand, as far as one could make out, was none too satisfactory. After the disaster of Isandlwhana there had been a prolonged pause in the operations, while the reinforcements that were hastily despatched from

England were on their way to Natal, while transport was being collected, while additional local forces were raised, and while preparations for the campaign were made on a scale more elaborate than those which had been thought sufficient at the outset. There had been one or two minor contretemps, and the affair of the Zlobane Mountain had only been prevented from becoming a disaster by the gallant leadership of Buller under circumstances of unusual difficulty. The undoubted reverse suffered on that occasion had, fortunately, been compensated for on the following day, when the Zulu impi attacked Evelyn Wood's entrenched camp at Kambula and was beaten off with great loss. At the time of our departure from England, Lord Chelmsford's forces were understood to be invading Zululand in two columns, which were to converge upon Ulundi, the kraal of Ketchwayo, the Zulu king; but their progress, as far as one could judge from newspaper information, appeared to be tentative and very slow.

I had to hurry back from Dublin on receipt of the fresh orders, and was off for South Africa in the end at only two days' notice, to find much the same staff going out with Sir Garnet as had been with him at the outset in Cyprus—Baker Russell, Brackenbury, Maurice, St. Leger Herbert, etc., and we all met on the platform at Paddington on the evening of the 29th of May to proceed by special train to Dartmouth and there to take ship in the "Edinburgh Castle." Colley was to join us in Natal as Chief of the Staff, coming from India. We got a great send-off. There were swarms of people of note on the platform, and a crowd had assembled in the street outside the station who gave Sir Garnet quite an ovation when he drove up. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the Colonial Secretary, travelled in the saloon-carriage with the Chief as far as Didcot, and as we steamed out of the station there was great cheering and hat-waving. There were a whole lot of us officers in the train, all bound for the theatre of war, as a number of special service men were going out besides the staff.

"We arrived here at 4 a.m.," I wrote from on board the "Edinburgh Castle" next morning before she sailed. "There was a most enthusiastic farewell for Sir Garnet at Paddington, and at all the big stations there were enormous

crowds, even up to 2 a.m. Sir Garnet was asleep, or tried to sleep, through it, and we had great work in the other saloon introducing fellows to the people as the real man. Before we got to Bristol we dressed up Bushman* in a helmet, and pillow under his cloak in order to give him the appearance of an enormous stumjack, and as the train entered the station he was to be seen seated on the table of our saloon, with sword drawn, and bowing to everyone. You never heard such cheering in your life, and I never laughed so much as at the efforts of the crowd—a most respectable one—to see him. Bush eventually went to the window and said he intended to put all straight on the Tugela, and on his return would take off the duties on tobacco, especially Bristol "Birdseye"! What Sir Garnet was thinking of all this time I don't know, but no one could have slept within half a mile of our carriage."

We sailed from Dartmouth about midday and were accompanied out of the river by quite a crowd of small steamers and yachts, while the ancient castle at the mouth of the harbour was black with people, all cheering like mad. It was evident that Wolseley's going out was extremely popular among the public, who were somewhat disgusted at the unsatisfactory course which events hitherto had taken in Zululand. We were an hour or two at Madeira, and we reached Cape Town on the evening of the 23rd of June, and there heard the tragic story of the death of the Prince Imperial. Sir Garnet, with Brackenbury and myself, went up to Government House and dined with Sir Bartle Frere, with whom the Chief had a long conference next day. That afternoon we continued our voyage to Durban in the S.S. "Dunkeld," arriving there three or four days later. The news from Zululand that we had received at Cape Town was to the effect that Lord Chelmsford, with part of his force, was within twenty-five miles of Ulundi and was contemplating advance. When we arrived at Durban it was reported that he was now within fifteen miles of Ketchwayo's kraal.

Sir Garnet had been appointed Governor of Natal and High Commissioner of Eastern South Africa, in addition to his being military Commander-in-Chief, and he proceeded at

* Major (now Major-General Sir H. A.) Bushman of the 9th Lancers.

once to Pietermaritzburg to be sworn in. He remained there a day or two, making various arrangements, interviewing native chiefs and so forth, and then returned to Durban. He had decided to proceed by sea to Port Durnford, on the coast of Zululand, in the neighbourhood of which General Crealock with the First Division was known to be, whereas Lord Chelmsford, with the Second Division and a special force under Evelyn Wood, was in the vicinity of Ulundi in the heart of Zululand, having advanced from Rorke's Drift on the frontier of Natal. The Chief embarked on H.M.S. "Shah" on the 1st of July; but there was a heavy swell on when he got to Port Durnford (which was quite an open roadstead) and, finding it impossible to land, he returned to Durban. He had already sent off a message to Lord Chelmsford to concentrate his forces, moving towards the coast; and he now decided to proceed to Port Durnford by land, so as to join General Crealock. But on the 5th, before he started, he received a telegram which Mr. Archibald Forbes had brought through to the Natal frontier, riding all night, announcing the victory of Ulundi on the previous day. To us who had just arrived in the country, this news was by no means welcome, for it was evident that the Zulus had suffered a very serious defeat and it seemed doubtful whether they would be prepared to put up another fight. It looked, indeed, as if the war was to all intents and purposes at an end, and, although Ketchwayo was still at large and it took some weeks to catch him, this proved in due course to be the case.

Sir Garnet did not, however, change his intention of proceeding to Port Durnford, and he proceeded thither at once, accompanied by Colley who had turned up from India. I was at the same time started off with a convoy that was to take along the staff baggage, etc.—my first experience of a South African trek. "We have had a fairly lively march," I wrote on the 9th of July. "At the end of the first fifteen miles I found there was a mistake about the wagons, owing to their being as usual two, if not three, masters; the consequence being that the wagons went along without calling at the place where our things were stored. These consisted of provisions and baggage belonging to the staff. The weather was very wet. The next day I received

an order to take on all the ambulances and load them instead. There were ten ambulance wagons, with ten teams of sixteen mules each but only one driver, all the rest either drunk or absent. After a great deal of work we started with four wagons. To-day we have come thirty miles. To-morrow we cross the Tugela." Eventually I went on to Port Durnford alone with Walsh and Barford, my soldier servant, as the caravan got stuck and there was a difficulty about escort after one passed the Tugela and got into the enemy's country. All the Zulus whom we met were, however, quite peaceably disposed.

After his victory at Ulundi Lord Chelmsford retired in the direction of the coast with his force in accordance with Wolseley's orders, and on the 15th of July Sir Garnet met him at a mission station called St. Paul's, somewhere about midway between Port Durnford and Ulundi. Lord Chelmsford, with Evelyn Wood, Buller and several other senior officers then proceeded home, while Sir Garnet returned temporarily to Natal, and I with a lot of wagons also marched back into Natal, and then moved on north-westwards on the Natal side of the Tugela and Blood River to Rorke's Drift. The Chief proposed to move afresh into Zululand from that point, following the line which Lord Chelmsford had advanced by. "The march has been through most splendid country," I wrote of this trek, "and you get as good food everywhere as in England. It quite astonished me, coming from Armenia, etc., where there was often nothing whatever to be got. . . . It would amuse you to see Walsh. He has about ninety cartridges and a pistol, and he won't go a yard without them."

While at Rorke's Drift I found an opportunity to ride over the field of Isandlwhana, taking Walsh with me. The British officers and men who had fallen on the fatal day had all been buried some time before this, but there were still a good many skeletons of Zulus who had been killed in the fight to be seen above ground. I was busy making a sketch of the scene—the lofty kopje which overlooks the battlefield towers above it like a monument to the slain—when my attention was attracted by a queer sort of rattling noise that resounded from some little way off, and on looking to see

what could be the cause of it I espied Walsh extremely busy over there at something or other. Asked what he was after, he replied that he was engaged in collecting teeth. It was his inexorable method of handling the skulls of defunct Zulus that was making the drumming, and he carried off some forty of these ghoulish treasures in his pocket with the intention of sending them home as keepsakes to his many inamoratas. Headquarters moved forward into Zululand a day or two later, escorted by a squadron of the K.D.G., and on the way to Ulundi, which we reached on the 10th of August, we encountered a violent storm that caused a certain amount of havoc amongst our animals. It, moreover, did great damage amongst the oxen of a column under Colonel (afterwards General Sir Mansfield) Clarke, which had come up from near Port Durnford and which we found waiting near the King's kraal when we got there.

Headquarters remained some little time encamped at this spot, Sir Garnet in the meantime carrying on some negotiations with Zulu chiefs. One day I went out with a cavalry patrol to visit a locality where, according to native report, Ketchwayo had recently established a magazine and had set up a couple of military kraals. We found the kraals all right where we expected, and they proved to be full of mealies and of forage. While poking about in the vicinity on the chance of finding arms or stores hidden I lighted upon the two guns which the Zulus had captured at Isandlwhana, concealed under grass, and the gun-carriages were shortly afterwards discovered in a donga close by, and almost complete. On our returning to camp with the news of the find a couple of gun-limbers were sent out to bring the guns and their carriages in. Another day some of us went out with Sir Garnet, accompanied by John Dunn (the colonist who had lived for years in Zululand, was the possessor of an assortment of wives, and was being utilized by the Chief in his negotiations), to blow up a whole lot of powder that had been discovered hidden away in a cave. Then began the Ketchwayo hunt. Considerable doubt existed as to whereabouts the fugitive monarch was in hiding, and it proved most difficult to extract information on the subject out of the Zulus, who displayed a highly commendable

THE FIELD OF ISANDLWHANA
(Site of British Encampment about x——x)

loyalty to their fallen sovereign, in spite of the strong pressure that was brought to bear on them to give him away.

"We have been having a great hunt after Ketchwayo," I wrote home on the 20th of August. "I accompanied the cavalry force as a spectator, which was not an agreeable position to find oneself in ; but if we had only found Ketchy it would not have mattered so much. . . . On Wednesday a Dutchman arrived in camp saying he knew the King's whereabouts. This was at 1 o'clock. At 3-30 the cavalry and mounted infantry started, numbering about 300, intending to march all night and to surround the kraal at daybreak. The distance, however (forty miles), was underestimated in the first instance ; the rate at which a column would travel over a Kaffir path in the dark was not thought about at all, for the cavalry officers were not consulted but were simply told to push on ; and in the third place there was not the requisite rashness to push on with about twenty men. The consequence was that we arrived at the kraal at about 12-30 on the following day, instead of at 6 in the morning, and the bird had flown. No one was surprised. We went on again at 2, bivouacked on a mountain, and got the King's cattle the following morning. Gifford, in command of the scouts, had a good chase after two of the King's horses and servants, and during the day we got hold of one servant and three horses.

"We then had a halt for information and looted one or two kraals. Among other things I got a capital blanket off a kaffir, who eventually turned out to be a servant of Ketchy's. The blanket I took off the savage was most acceptable as I had nothing but a cloak, and the nights are cold although in the daytime the heat is oppressive enough. Bivouacked Friday night and pursued flying Royalty till 11-30 on Saturday night, by which time we had passed him in the bush. On Sunday I joined a party which went to the junction of the Black and White Umvoloosi Rivers, about twenty-five miles from where we were, as there was a report that the King was on that line. But, beyond a very fine hot ride through the bush and beautiful scenery, abounding with wild game, antelopes, zebras, etc., we got no reliable trail, and on the Monday, Herbert and I

retraced our steps. My horse, after his five days' work, began to show signs of exhaustion towards evening, and I had to leave him in the bush. It then became dark and very wet and we had some difficulty in crossing a river. I found a way across which was really only up to one's knees, but in going back to show Herbert and (I quite forgot to mention) Mr. Walsh the way, I fell into deep water. Well, we then got across somehow and, as luck would have it, we found a kraal, a large collection of huts, on fire. So we spent a comparatively pleasant night in spite of the rain, drying ourselves in front of the flames, and got in yesterday, having done about eighty miles in two days and a night. . . . . A dead Zulu has just been found in the stream flowing by our camp, which accounts for a peculiarly delicate flavour I noticed in our tea at luncheon. It is very curious there are so few dead bodies on the field of Ulundi. I have been over and over the ground and can only see about forty. But people who were there assert that at least 400, some say 800, were killed on the field."

I went out again a day or two later with a small party of Basutos and an interpreter named Othro, a most invaluable fellow; he knew how to deal with the Zulus and had the real tracker's instinct. Had I been allowed to keep him I believe we might have caught the King, for we were well on His Majesty's track, and we did succeed in finding Ketchwayo's war dress at a place about forty miles from Ulundi; it consisted of 183 skins of monkeys and cats. We had got hold of a couple of prisoners, but found it quite impossible to elicit from them where their monarch was, although they evidently knew; so I burnt the hut of one of the fellows and threatened to shoot him. He promptly made a bolt of it, and we fired at him but—rather to my relief, I must confess—we missed him among us. The other sportsman then informed us where the above-mentioned Royal garment was to be found. Things were looking quite promising for my little party, when instructions arrived to the effect that friend Othro must return at once to Ulundi; so there was nothing for it but to go back with the Royal fugitive's full dress, but without his person. It was about a week later that Major Marter of the K.D.G.,

who had gone out with a small force of British and native mounted men, succeeded in running the elusive Ketchwayo to earth. The King was brought into camp at Ulundi—a fine looking nigger—and was packed off from there to be interned at Cape Town.

The various Zulu chiefs had, in the meantime, been making their submissions, and Sir Garnet with his staff, now moved back into Natal, proceeding in the first place to Pietermaritzburg to attend to certain matters in connection with the civil Government of the colony. We arrived there early in September, and I was then laid up for a few days with a sharp go of fever—the result of having been perpetually out in the hot sun, day after day, in Zululand, followed by cold and wet nights out in the open. Those weeks of hunting after Ketchwayo had been enough to try anybody's health, although one worried along all right so long as one was on the move and was sustained by the excitement of the thing.

Sir Garnet, after a very few days, proceeded up to Pretoria by post cart, as his presence was much needed there in his capacity of High Commissioner. There was unrest among the Boers, who had never been satisfied at the annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone two years before; but they had hitherto been prevented from too open outward manifestations of their objection to being included in the British Empire by their fear of the Zulus. Now, however, that the Zulus were conquered and that their King had been captured and removed to Cape Town, the Dutchmen of the Transvaal were beginning to give Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, the Governor, cause of anxiety—Lanyon had been in Ashanti in the 2nd West India Regiment and had succeeded me as A.D.C. to Wolseley when I was invalided home from Cape Coast Castle. Owing to being run down from fever, and also because there were various matters to attend to at Pietermaritzburg before going up to the Transvaal, I did not accompany the Chief on his journey, but started about a week after him.

In those days this meant a trip by post cart a distance of over 400 miles, and I had looked forward to the journey with some concern; but it proved to be much less unpleasant and exhausting than one had anticipated. The cart, drawn

by four horses which were changed at stages about fifteen miles apart as a rule, went at the rate of 100 miles a day, and there were fairly comfortable way-side hotels (which combined accommodation for travellers with stores to which neighbouring farmers and natives resorted to buy necessaries of all kinds) to put up in for the night. Although the road was at most places no better than an ox-wagon track across the veldt, the jolting was not nearly so bad as one had been led to expect that it would be. "A young lady of about twenty-four summers," I wrote home, "who came out as a 'sister of mercy' was sent in my charge; she is *supposed* to look after the wounded out here, and I think that she will make a very charming nurse. At a place called Ladysmith I was received by all the doctors as a sort of surgeon-general. I took a leaf out of Sir Garnet's book with the wounded, always asking them how many they thought they had shot."

On arriving at Pretoria I found that, besides trouble with regard to some of the Boers, the Chief was faced with difficulties in respect to the notorious Sekukuni and his people, who occupied a rugged, little known region roughly about 150 miles to the north-east of the Transvaal capital. These natives had always been opposed to Boer penetration into their territory, they were a martial race who knew well how in time of war to make the most of the rocky hills and bush and forest in which they dwelt, and they had quite recently inflicted something uncommonly like a reverse upon a force that had been sent against them with punitive intent. At the end of September, when I reached Pretoria, there seemed to be considerable prospect of a campaign in this quarter although Sir Garnet was doing his best to arrange the matter without fighting. "He says now that he is a man of peace. I think he is beginning to fancy himself as a diplomatist, and certainly if things in South Africa can be brought to a successful issue without firing a shot on Sir Garnet's part, he will have a right to the applause of everyone in England," was what I wrote home.

Just at this time Colley was telegraphed for by Lord Lytton to go to India in consequence of the massacre of Cavagnari's Mission at Kabul, and of the fresh outbreak of warfare with the Afghans. "I am at the old game of looking

after the butler, etc. . . . . " I wrote home on the 8th of October. " There was a levee yesterday, and we have a party every night, but it is a wretchedly small house for anything of the kind. The butler thinks himself a much bigger swell than the guests. I told him he was not liberal enough with the champagne. ' He should think anythink was good enough for the likes of 'em as drinks it,' said he, and you can imagine the deferential air with which he serves the unfortunate colonists." It was growing hotter and hotter day by day, but, just as one was beginning to feel utterly disgusted with Pretoria and the Transvaal, and the duties of A.D.C. to a High Commissioner in a one-horse little town inhabited mainly by Dutchmen, the negotiations which Sir Garnet had been conducting with Sekukuni broke down, and we found ourselves proceeding to that potentate's territories to bring him to reason by force of arms.

" We have been on the march from Pretoria to the front off and on for the last ten days," I wrote from Fort Weber on the borders of the Sekukuni country on the 28th of October. " We are now twenty miles from ' Sekukuni Town,' and some twelve miles from the passes where the fighting will be. I need not say that all ' hopes ' of a peaceful solution of our misunderstanding with the savage chief are at an end, and we shall have to drive him out of his stronghold. The savage has the greatest contempt for white men. The last three expeditions against him failed—two undertaken by the Boers, and one under Colonel Rowlands last year. The famous Buller was Rowlands' second-in-command, but, notwithstanding, they retreated without firing a shot and were pursued for about ten miles by the savages.* This business was kept very dark, though it is well known at the War Office. However, King Sekukuni saw the British soldiers retire, the place apparently being too difficult for them, and as the Boers had always told him not to fear the English as they were cowards, especially the soldiers, it is not surprising that the fellow had become cheeky. The population of his territory is, roughly speaking, 30,000, of whom I suppose he can put 6,000 in the field. To attack

* This perhaps was too severe a way of putting the thing. The force was small and had great difficulty with regard to water.—C.E.C.

him we have about 3,000 good troops and some Swazies, but the place is most infernal for fighting, composed of rocks and caves, and the savages are well armed for this short-range work and have any amount of ammunition. Moreover, it is a bad season of the year, and we have already lost a lot of horses from some sickness which gives this district an unenviable notoriety. We are, however, about 5,000 feet above the sea, and although the days are much too hot to be pleasant the climate on the whole is a magnificent one. . . . . The other night our horses took fright in one of the storms, about ten are still absent and are being tracked through the bush. Mr. Walsh succeeded in losing two out of three horses on this occasion. . . . . The Transvaal is in a very unsettled state, it looks as if there may be an outbreak at any moment. It is, therefore, necessary to keep troops in the towns at present, and we want more—in fact all we can get—up here! It is a situation that requires a determined, clear head, and a cool hand to deal with. . . . .

"Before we left Pretoria, Herbert and I gave a picnic to the 'intombis,' or unmarried ladies, of the place. We had a few matrons, of course. The whole thing went off in great style. We had the band of the 80th Regiment (an excellent one, by the way); the place was quite charming, called the 'Fontein'—the source of the mighty Limpopo, of which perhaps you never heard, a river all the same as big as all the rivers in Ireland combined. We larked about till darkness came on, and then all the servants were drunk and no one knew where the horses were."

"Nothing to me is more difficult than this writing in a tent," began a letter of mine of ten days later, also from Fort Weber. "I have had my share of tent life, but the whole arrangement provokes me. First, there is nothing where it ought to be—pens and paper blowing about, and one is perpetually bothered by people interrupting you wanting to see the General. My object being to prevent these fellows bothering him, they think me a regular bear. If I go to the General he says 'O, damn the fellow, I can't see him.' I accordingly tell the man that if he will kindly put down his ideas in writing they will be carefully looked into. The fellow vanishes and either brings or sends a long

rigmarole, which goes to the winds of heaven. The result is that, wherever we go, we are followed by a regular mob of insatiable office seekers, disaffected farmers and impecunious adventurers, who have come to regard me as a regular blackguard. So much for one part of my duties as an A.D.C. The very last fellow I could only get rid of by telling him to come at 11 a.m. to-morrow, knowing that Sir Garnet was going on an excursion at 4 a.m."

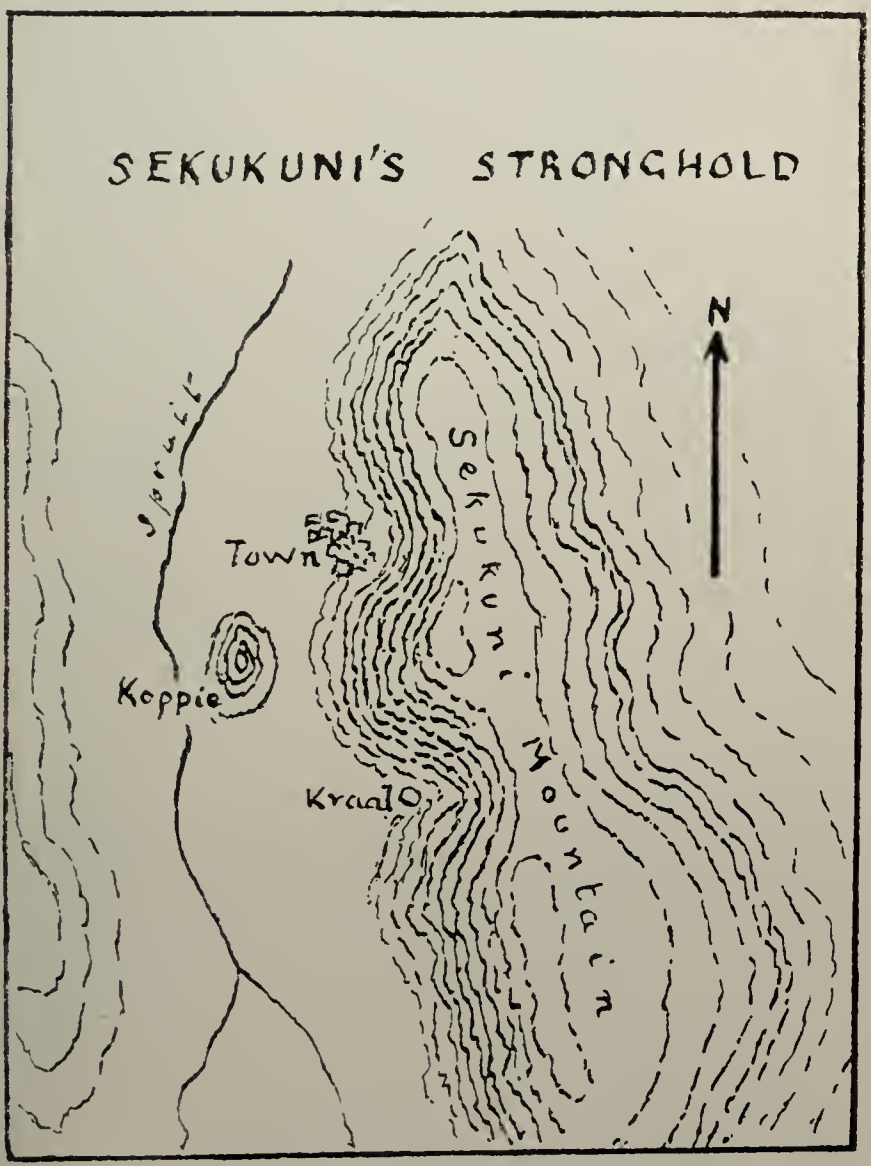
The Chief and I had in the meantime been for a trip to Lydenburg, where Bushman was in command. It meant a ride of some eighty-six miles, which we did in twenty-six hours, using two horses each. The first night there was a violent thunderstorm and we were both pretty well drenched. Just before dark we had to descend a very steep mountain side on foot and Sir Garnet's bad leg—bad owing to an old wound—gave out; he was regularly done up and had to rest for two hours, during which the rain poured down on us. The Chief had scorned the notion of carrying stimulants, but I had brought a good ration on my own account, and he was uncommonly glad to partake of a generous nip from my flask. At about 10 p.m. we mounted and rode through the forest till 2 a.m., when we lay down and slept on the veldt till 4-30. Starting afresh at that hour and riding off and on all day, we got into Lydenburg in the evening. "I made some soup, which we agreed was the greatest filth we had tasted under that name. I had brought some hard-boiled eggs, but the result of putting them in a saddle-bag was that when we came to eat them we could find no eggs, the only trace of them was a sort of yellow pipe-clay which enveloped the clothes and everything else in the bag. Coming back we had a pleasant time as regards weather, but our guide lost his way and we were fooling round for a long time in the woods. On the ride we passed several great kraals, towns in fact, ensconced in the mountain sides, teaming with savages, neutral at the present juncture. The hills resounded with their chants. They are the blackest fellows I have seen. There are as many, if not more, shades of colour among the black races as amongst the whites; there are, in fact, fair blacks and dark blacks, but it would turn the devil's hair grey to see some of these fellows."

The attack on Sekukuni's fastness was being delayed owing to our allies, the Swazies, not having come up. "*Pour encourager les autres*," I wrote on the 9th of November, "there is carrying drill going on. That is, a lot of fellows are at work pretending to carry about wounded men on stretchers. It is a pretty arrangement in appearance, but how it will work in actual practice in all the confusion inseparable from a real bloody row such as this will be at Sekukuni, remains to be seen." Billy (W. H.) Russell, the famous war correspondent, whose campaigning experiences in many lands carried back to the days of Sebastopol, had come out to South Africa with us on the "Edinburgh Castle," and we had been seeing a good deal of him at various times since landing in Natal. He was crossing a spruit one day on the confines of the Sekukuni country, when his crock stumbled and his teeth fell out, to disappear for good and all in the turgid flood. They are not the sort of adjunct that one can replace at a moment's notice when out in the wilds, and the eminent journalist had to make shift as best he could with what was left of the originals till our present operations had come to an end. But the misadventure did not improve his temper, and he was not disposed to appreciate the humorous side of the episode quite so readily as we did.

The storming of the stronghold did not come off for nearly three weeks after that, the attack actually being delivered on the 28th of November under the command of Baker Russell. Although Sir Garnet was present as a spectator he left the tactical execution in the hand of his subordinate, who managed things very well. The force consisted of the 21st and 94th Regiments, with two companies of the 80th, some guns, some rockets, and a party of Royal Engineers with explosives. Besides these, there was a mounted force of local troops under Commandant Fereira, another force of local troops and natives under Major (afterwards Major-General Sir F.) Carrington, and some 10,000 Swazies. Carrington's and Fereira's local troops pushed on from Fort Weber to within a very few miles of the stronghold after a successful skirmish on the 23rd, while the regulars remained near Fort Weber. But it was fully foreseen that we should encounter no really serious opposition until such time as we

came face to face with the positions from which Sekukuni had defied the Boers for years past.

The British troops were held back till the last moment, and, as a matter of fact, they only arrived on the scene on



the afternoon of the 27th, after a somewhat trying march, and Sir Garnet and staff reached the encampment of Baker Russell's main forces about the same time. But although these main forces had approached Sekukuni's lair from the

south-west, via Fort Weber, a not unimportant body of warriors who were to participate in the fray had come from the south-east, starting from Lydenburg. This body, which was under Bushman, was composed of two companies of the 80th, two companies of the 94th, and of the Swazies, and it also arrived at a point about five miles from the objective (but on its further side) on the afternoon of the 27th and from there established communication with Baker Russell. Everything tended to show that the enemy intended to offer a determined resistance, even if hitherto little effort had been made on the part of our antagonists to bar the way at the time when the forces assembling for the attack on the stronghold were advancing towards it from two different sides. But the approach of both columns had taken place, for a good part of the way, across more or less open veldt; and experience in the past had taught Sekukuni and his legions that they were always at a serious disadvantage when they opposed antagonists armed with rifles and supported with guns, on that kind of ground.

Sekukuni's town, Sekukuni's kraal and Sekukuni's "Fighting Koppie" were situated on the eastern side of a valley running north and south, and at the foot of a big flat-topped mountain which was some two or three miles long from north to south and about a mile wide. The town (the more northerly locality of the two) and the kraal were planted down in re-entrants running into the mountain side, and they were about half a mile apart. The Fighting Koppie an irregular mass of rock forming an extended oblong in plan and about 200 feet high, reared itself up out in the valley a few hundred yards from the mountain and formed, as it were, a detached salient between the town and the kraal. Bushman's force spent the night of the 27th-28th in bivouac on the east side of the mountain, while the rest of the troops encamped to the west of the stronghold. It was decided to commence operations at dawn next morning.

Baker Russell's plan of attack contemplated two distinct phases. The first phase was to consist of securing possession of the flat-topped mountain, the town and the kraal. The second was to consist of storming the Fighting Koppie from all sides. The first phase was carried out by three separate

columns converging from the north, the south and the east. Carrington, with the Border Horse, the Transvaal M.I., some British M.I., and 700 natives attacked the town from the north, working along the sides of the mountain through awkward scrub, and the 700 natives showing no great stomach for battle at the outset. Fereira coming up from the south attacked the kraal, also working along the side of the mountain, and having some tough fighting before he gained his objective. Bushman's force was to ascend the mountain from its eastern side, was to secure the whole top of it and was to co-operate with Carrington and Fereira from above; but, when it came to the point, the Swazies, who were adorned with head-dresses of dense plumes and with leopard skins, absolutely refused to stir before daylight, and the consequence was that this part of the programme was not carried out quite as had been intended. Carrington's and Fereira's columns had, however, pretty well accomplished their task when the Swazies at last appeared at the edge of the mountain overlooking the town and kraal, and the first phase of the operation had been satisfactorily completed, pretty well according to plan, by 7-30 a.m.

The British regulars had hitherto played practically no part in the combat, as Baker Russell was deliberately holding back the 21st and the six companies of the 94th who had come from Fort Weber to act as a reserve during the first phase, with the intention that they should play a leading rôle in the storming of the Fighting Koppie, while the companies of the 80th and 94th under Bushman, coming from the east, had been delayed by the Swazies' refusal to start at the proper time. The Fighting Koppie, it will be understood, was now surrounded; Carrington's and Fereira's forces, together with those under Bushman, having possession of all the ground to the north, east and south of it, while the 21st, 94th, and the four guns with the force, were on its western side ready to act. Baker Russell's plan for the storming of the rocky fastness was that the British infantry should attack the koppie from the north, that Carrington should attack it from the south-east, and that Fereira should attack it from the west; and the signal was given for assault at 8 a.m.

The guns were brought into action within 450 yards of the

koppie, but being only seven-pounders they had little effect against a mass of rocks and boulders which gave the defenders excellent cover, while these, moreover, had numbers of caves to retire into at the worst. Sekukuni's braves offered a most determined resistance and they proved by no means easy to tackle owing to the crannies that they were occupying. But the stormers would take no denial. They fought their way up from terrace to terrace till the whole eminence was in our hands, although numbers of natives were still lurking in the caves who refused to surrender. I had been a spectator of the first phase of the operations from some little distance and was afraid that I should have to remain a spectator of the second phase as well; but the General gave me leave to bear a hand in the fighting as the troops were working their way up the koppie, and, being fresh, it did not take me long to get well up to the front in spite of its being a stiff climb. "The fight at the town was an exceedingly pretty sight," I wrote home. "I was out of it all till the very last. Then Sir Garnet gave me leave to join in the assault with Fereira's men, and it was about the best ten minutes possible. Going up the koppie, one savage as nearly as possible got me; how the shot missed I cannot make out. I pinned him with my revolver; and there were some others, but I cannot say for certain whether I shot any more of them. Mr. Barford was with me in the assault, part of the time, and did well. We had had very hard work. The night but one before the fight I spent in the open in pouring rain trying to get the road clear of baggage, and the night before the fight one got no rest either. The tents were struck at 2-30 a.m. and the fighting began at 4 and lasted till midday."

The contest was by no means completely at an end even after the cheering assailants had crowned the Fighting Koppie in triumph. Small parties of the enemy, as well as a number of individual warriors, had literally to be blown out of caves and crannies with explosives because they would not surrender. That night the koppie was ringed round with a girdle of troops, and natives on several occasions came rushing out from bolt-holes amongst the rocks and endeavoured to burst through the cordon. Sekukuni's

braves had undoubtedly put up a gallant fight, and had lost very heavily both on the koppie and during the earlier struggles around the town and the kraal. The Swazies, moreover, managed to kill some of them after they had surrendered, as well as a few women and children. These dusky allies of ours were out for blood, but they had showed no great eagerness to shed their own; they had, indeed, refused absolutely to budge during the early stages of the combat for possession of the koppie until they saw the white troops launched to the attack.

Sekukuni himself had not been present on the field, we soon learnt; but on the day after the action information was received as to his whereabouts. Thereupon Major Clarke, R.A., who was well acquainted with the natives of the country owing to having been acting in a civil capacity in the Transvaal since its annexation, proceeded with Commandant Fereira and a small mounted force to the place where the fugitive had been located in a cave about twelve miles from the battlefield. Fereira tried firing into the cave, but shots were returned. Clarke then experimented with a conflagration at the mouth of the cave, but this device likewise proved abortive. A brief siege followed; but the food supply of the occupants of the cave had been cut off, and on the morning of the 2nd of December the fallen potentate yielded at discretion. I had gone out to watch the proceedings and therefore witnessed his surrender as he was carried out on a stretcher, and as some wives and offspring crept out after him.* He was an oldish man, with a grey beard and very frightened eyes, who, when taken, evidently feared the very worst—not without reason, if he imagined that the Swazies were to be let have a go at him—and it cannot be said that in demeanour nor yet in appearance he compared favourably with Ketchwayo, who had remained the King, even after he was run to earth in the

* The illustration of the cave in which the fallen chief had taken refuge and which faces page 176, is from a water-colour sketch that was made at the time by McCalmont's step-sister, Miss Rose Barton (now R.W.S.). The sketch, which was done from a rough drawing of the spot by McCalmont while he was waiting for Sekukuni to emerge, was presented to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and it used to stand on his desk years afterwards in his study at Hampton Court Palace. On the death of the Field-Marshal it was bequeathed back to McCalmont.—C.E.C.

Ngome Forest. I found and carried off some of Sekukuni's belongings, and then hurried off to bring the news of his capture to the encampment of the troops near the scene of their victory four days before.

I had the pleasure of taking charge of the ex-monarch on his way from his territories to Pretoria, and was always a little nervous during that trek lest my distinguished prisoner would, somehow, manage to give us the slip, although he, in reality, was much too afraid of falling into the hands of the Swazies to try anything of the sort. He was in an abject funk when his photograph was taken. I used to accommodate him and his wives in a bell-tent during the night, and had a guard sleeping all round the tent, with a brace of sentries on the watch. At the beginning of our journey we moved along with headquarters; but before we got to the capital they had gone on ahead as the progress of our little caravan was comparatively slow. "You would have laughed to see Sekukuni coming into Pretoria," I wrote on the 12th of December, after getting back there. "He was escorted by 100 dragoons, himself seated on a heap of skins in a mule wagon, the mules of which were hardly able to crawl, surrounded by his wives and daughters—only three spouses left out of, well, I don't know how many."

After this interesting little campaign, which had had the effect of relieving the Transvaal Boers of the one native menace that was left after the destruction of the Zulu power, we settled down for the time being at Pretoria. It was evident that a General Election must take place very soon at home, and I still believed that there might be a chance of my being chosen to stand for the County Antrim. My mother was very anxious that I should become a legislator, and the idea rather attracted me; but my entering the lists obviously must depend upon whether we got home or not before Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the country. This made one very anxious to have done with South Africa, now that all fighting appeared to be over. There indeed seemed no particular reason for retaining Sir Garnet in the country, and he himself was in great hopes that, now that Sekukuni was disposed of, he would be recalled; but, as it turned out, we were booked for some more months in South Africa.

SEKUKUNI'S CAVE

The cable connecting the Cape with home had recently been completed—during the Zulu War there had been no place in telegraphic communication with the United Kingdom nearer than Madeira—and very shortly after our return from Sekukuni-land to Pretoria the news began to come through of the very severe fighting around Kabul that took place just before Christmas, and of the trying experiences which my old regiment, the 9th Lancers, had undergone in the Chardeh Valley. Had I remained with them I should now have been in command, as all the officers on the list between myself and Cleland in 1870 had disappeared, and Cleland had been very severely wounded in Afghanistan. As it was, I was a long way down on the list of the 7th Hussars, with little prospect of getting command of the regiment until several more years should pass.

Billy Russell had gone away off home immediately after the conclusion of the Sekukuni business. A few days after his disappearance a copy of "The Daily Telegraph," the journal which he had been representing, came to hand, in which there appeared a long article (written, of course, some weeks previously) that reflected none too pleasantly on things military in our part of the world. It raised something of a storm in Pretoria and in Natal, the local Press finding a good deal to say on the subject. Sir Garnet declared that it was all my fault because I had on one occasion put a great monkey in the old fellow's bed; but not for a moment would I admit that this *beau geste* of mine could possibly have been at the root of the mischief. It was not the sort of thing that any reasonable being would be disposed to take umbrage at. The storm, of course, blew over after a time, as such storms generally do, and the eminent war correspondent had, as a matter of fact, always manifested a critical turn of mind when descanting upon questions connected with soldiership and military administration.

It had been arranged that Colley was to return to South Africa from being with Lord Lytton in India, and that Brackenbury should take his place out there. On Brackenbury's departure I was for some time employed by the Chief as his Military Secretary in addition to my other duties, and this kept me pretty busy until Captain Herbert Stewart

joined the staff to take on the job. The Government at home had decided that Sir Garnet was to remain until Colley arrived to take his place; but in anticipation of an early departure for home we moved from Pretoria to Natal in the beginning of April. His Excellency, for some reason best known to himself, thought fit on this occasion to ride the first 200 miles of the way, instead of going by post cart, and he rather knocked himself up by this exhibition of activity. He came in looking more dead than alive, but "I'll ride you for a fiver," he called out to me cheerily the moment that he saw me. The General Election was by this time in full progress at home, and from the returns of the first few days, as cabled out, we learnt that old Dizzy's rule must be at an end, and that the country was going to be let in for a Liberal Government under Gladstone, which was likely to lead to a change in the policy that was at present being followed out in South Africa.

"We are all this morning in great form," I wrote to my mother from Government House, at Pietermaritzburg, on the 19th of April, "as a telegram has arrived, Sir Michael Hicks Beach's last gasp, to say that Sir Garnet may return to England. And the sooner the better, I say. We shall be home a week after you receive this, and indeed would leave this week, but the Empress must be received on Thursday at Durban.* . . . I got Sir G. to give D.F. six months' leave, and last night asked him to take home a set of skins of Sekukuni's as a present for my Aunt M. They are curiously sewn together, and I got them in the cave into which we ran Sekukuni. No doubt they were his own. The one he had on was not nearly so good."

We sailed from Cape Town, after various ceremonies had been gone through at Pietermaritzburg, Durban and there, on the 4th of May, in the "Conway Castle," and we arrived at Plymouth on the 25th. Except for a day or two on getting back from Constantinople in the summer of 1878, and another day or two on getting back from Cyprus in 1879, I had been absent from the United Kingdom since leaving for Armenia three years before.

* The Empress Eugenie was on her way to Zululand to visit the scene of the Prince Imperial's death.

CHAPTER X.

The Marri Expedition.

CHAPTER X.

The Marri Expedition.

The disaster of Maiwand.—Wolseley suggests my going out on leave to India on the chance of seeing some service at Kandahar.—The Colonel jibs, but gives way.—Proceed to India with Captain Gill and Lord St. Vincent.—We hear of Roberts' victory over Ayoub Khan on arriving at Bombay, but we decide to push up to the front.—Our journey to Sibi.—Our trip up the Bolan Pass.—Some incidents.—At Quetta we hear of the contemplated Marri Expedition.—General MacGregor agrees to our accompanying him.—Meeting with Sir F. Roberts.—We move round with MacGregor from Quetta to Sibi by the Harnai route.—The plan of operations.—A long trek through difficult country.—We get to Kahan, the chief Marri village, and the tribesmen give in.—The force breaks up at Drigri.—I proceed to Lahore.—See a great durbar there.—Meet the 9th Lancers at Umballa.—The Taj.—Little heard by the public of the Marri Expedition.—Voyage home.—Join a detachment of my regiment at Limerick.—Ireland now in a disturbed condition.—We give a ball at Limerick.—A subaltern suffers bereavement at the wrong moment.—The regiment ordered out to South Africa on news coming to hand of Laing's Neck.

THE Afghan War had appeared to be at an end at the time when we got back from South Africa, as Abdur Rahman was established at Kabul, as the troops were withdrawing or had withdrawn from there and from the Jellalabad Valley and the Kurram Valley, and as steps were being taken gradually to bring our forces back from about Kandahar. But one then suddenly learnt that Ayoub Khan was advancing from Herat to the Helmund, and that the evacuation of Southern Afghanistan had, in consequence, been stopped. Then one day—it was immediately after the "Gazette" appeared containing the announcement of my promotion to the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel—the country was startled by the news of the disaster of Maiwand.

A few days later I happened to meet Wolseley in the street in London and he suggested my going out to India to see what was to be seen in the Kandahar direction. I therefore at once sent in an application to my Colonel for six months' leave to proceed thither. But the Colonel stuck his toes in at first, saying that if anybody was going to have leave of this kind it was time for somebody else to have a look in; I had had plenty of chances of being away from the regiment. When I told Wolseley this, he asked if anyone in the regiment other than myself was prepared to go out at his own expense, and he said that if no one else was I ought to be allowed

to go. So the Colonel gave in. I, moreover, found two companions who also proposed to go out and to try their luck of seeing some active service in Afghanistan before the operations there finally closed down. One was Captain W. J. Gill, R.E., the other was Lord St. Vincent, senior subaltern of my regiment and about to be promoted into the 16th Lancers.

Gill was a man who, a few years before, had enjoyed a remarkable stroke of luck. He had been, like a good many sappers, none too well off as a young officer, but one day in church he had helped an old gentleman who was in difficulties about finding a pew. The result of this piece of civility was that, when the old gentleman died, he was found to have made Gill his heir—to the tune of £3,000 a year. A great traveller, Gill's luck did not last him much longer. For he was murdered by Bedouin Arabs, in company with Professor Palmer, in the Mount Sinai region about a year and a half after we went out to India together. St. Vincent was killed at Abu Klea in 1884.

Before we left England we were aware that Sir F. Roberts had started off from Kabul to relieve Kandahar, which was being besieged by Ayoub Khan, and there seemed, in consequence, to be a considerable likelihood that the business would be settled before we could possibly reach the scene of action. We left London on the 20th of August, eleven days after Sir F. Roberts had set off on his march, and on arriving at Bombay the first thing that we learnt was that he had completely defeated Ayoub on the 1st of September. But, having come so far in pursuit of military adventure, we agreed that it would be only right to go on towards the front and to see what was to be seen up there. It was, in any case, my first visit to India, and one would come across at least part of the army which had been operating in Afghanistan and be able to take stock of it.

"It would be well worth doing, just to see the business," I wrote from Sibi on the 12th of September, "an Indian army of 30,000 men was returning; but the great heat destroys all pleasure. . . . . I am writing in a den in which all blackguards, including engine drivers and officers, are talking and drinking, and it is not easy. We left Bombay

within 24 hours and came by steamer to Karachi. It was a very rough passage of three days, and we had 150 coolies, 200 native soldiers, and a native family, the latter in the saloon. I think everyone on board, from the captain downwards, was ill. . . . . From Karachi we came here, 36 hours by rail, the last 100 miles of the railway has been made across a desert, and you can imagine what it is, nothing but sun and glare and sand. . . . . The tribes, even about this, were ready to rise and to do a great deal of mischief ten days ago, but the complete routing Roberts has given Ayoub has quite changed all that, and fighting is at an end. We have a five days' march before us up the Bolan Pass and shall see what we can. . . . . I was agreeably surprised at seeing Bombay such a magnificent place, and last night we spent at Jacobabad, which was quite an oasis ; really magnificent trees and bungalows, or what they call handsome oriental houses, here and there through the woods. The Bolan Pass must be very fine in its way, being so narrow—only 100 yards wide amid tremendous precipices. We must imagine it bristling with savages *a la* Sekukuni, but tho' it is necessary to have an escort, I don't expect there is any chance of being attacked. A fortnight ago it would have been different."

As it happened, however, we did not have an escort except for the first day. The Commandant at Sibi gave us one to start with ; but he evidently came to the conclusion on further consideration that we were impostors, for he withdrew it after that and we then went on trusting to luck. This did not desert us—at least in so far as incivilities on the part of cutthroat tribesmen were concerned—although we met with some mishaps. It was terribly hot in the Pass, many soldiers were being knocked up by the sun, and the change in the temperature on getting up to the high ground beyond the defile was delightful—like the cold water douche after a Turkish bath. It was most interesting to see the thousands of men and ponies and camels ceaselessly passing up and down, and it made one appreciate the enormous difficulties attending the supply of an army of 30,000 through a gorge 100 miles long.

"Coming up the Bolan Pass we had some adventures,"

I wrote from Darwaza, twenty miles short of Quetta. "We marched all night, usually on wretched ponies, except St. Vincent who had managed to buy a horse. At one place Gill, who was leading the string, missed his way and he and his horse fell into the river. I had then to go and find the way and get the rest through, and St. Vincent would not go the way we went and had also to swim for it. We spent a most tiresome night of it on that occasion. On another night Gill's horse knocked his groom down, bit and kicked him, and we left him half dead in hospital. The next day my Hindu went sick to add to our troubles, and I had to look after the horses and food myself as best I could, tho' the sun was frizzling one. The Hindu said he had great pain in his head and stomach and I commiserated with him for a couple of hours, when one of the fellows said it was all nonsense for a nigger to get ill; one ought to give the fellow a good hiding. So I gave him two or three rousing punches, and the result was most satisfactory to all concerned. The same lad walked twenty miles the next night and his attentions to my wants were quite touching. He seems to think it a capital joke, though at first he shed tears—not crocodile's tears but tears as black as himself. He has just this moment come in to say he has made soup. An hour ago he said he could not do it. 'If it's not ready at 5 o'clock I'll kill you and leave you on the veldt.' The man is quite a treasure you see."

Gill had a most wonderful watch, a contraption that he had given £200 for—like the millionaire that he was—a contrivance that was almost human in the variety and the wealth of its capabilities. St. Vincent and I used to "pull his leg" asking him the time at all hours and on all possible occasions, and it took him a long while to perceive that we were only taking a rise out of him. The concern did not appear to have suffered materially when he and his horse tumbled into the river; but it was not, perhaps, so highly tried by that contretemps as was the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo timepiece on the day when we shot the weir at Maidstone with the Duke of Connaught aboard.

On our arrival at Quetta on the 18th of September we learnt that a force under Brigadier-General C. M. MacGregor,

one of Sir F. Roberts's brigadiers, was to carry out a punitive expedition against the Marri tribe, which had its habitation to the east of Sibi; these sportsmen had been carrying out raids against the line of communications, and had given a good deal of trouble one way and another for some months past. He had just arrived with some of his troops, marching down from Kandahar; so we called on him, and he behaved like a trump. "Got a telegram to say we are to go through the Marri country," the General wrote in his diary on the 19th; "do not like it. In the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel McCalmont and Lord St. Vincent, 7th Hussars, came to see me; say wanted to go, said no objection, but tell them I will have them work. Came out from England to Quetta in twenty-eight days, good going." Gill was at the same time taken on to act as chief engineer. Sir F. Roberts arrived from Kabul that day and I had a short talk with him; the two other brigades from Kabul under Generals Macpherson and T. D. Baker were on their way through. They were to march down the Bolan, whereas MacGregor meant to reach Sibi, which would be his starting point for the Marri country, by the alternative route via Harnai, along which it was proposed to construct the railway from Sibi to Quetta.

The troops were coming down more or less by regiments, and MacGregor's brigade was not yet all collected. He, however, started off for Harnai with the 25th Punjab Infantry and four mountain guns on the 24th, we accompanying him. "It is a shame sending me off in this happy-go-lucky way," he wrote in his diary two days later. Some of his troops joined him by another route on the following day at a place called Kach, where we stopped for two or three days. We made another halt at Harnai, and we eventually reached Sibi on the 8th of October; there we found the rest of the brigade already assembled, some of it having come down the Bolan. Near Harnai I saw the famous Chapar Rift, a freak of nature which looks just as if a knife had been forced down into a great mountain, the slit only a few feet wide. I am told that the railway pierces the mountain and jumps the rift by a bridge up at a dizzy height; but at the time we were in those parts the line was only being surveyed a few miles beyond Sibi.

MacGregor's force for the Marri operations consisted of the 3rd Punjab Cavalry, a British mountain battery, the 2nd 60th, the 2nd and 3rd Sikhs, and the 4th and 5th Ghurkas, and the little army started out from Sibi on the 11th of October. The General had charged me with the duty of writing up the staff diary, and this gave me plenty to do as he wished me to deal fully with everything. The heart of the Marri country, it should be understood, lies about due east of Sibi; and Kahan, which was its most important village and which was to serve as our objective, is situated about 65 miles from that place as the crow flies. But the General's plan of operations was framed on the principle of, in the first place, travelling north, of then moving to the east, and of finally coming down upon the Marris from the north—from the opposite direction, in fact, to that from which these troublesome hillmen would expect the arrival of a punitive expeditionary force. That it was expedient to show these people inhabiting the Baluchistan borderland that Anglo-Indian forces could approach their lairs from any quarter was the view of MacGregor, who had travelled much in this part of the world some years before the Afghan War, and who had acquired a wonderful knowledge of the region and of its inhabitants.

Our little army had to undergo some very hard marching before it ever got near the Marri country. It was often a case of being afoot the whole day long, and the baggage on more than one occasion did not get in till late at night. The route that we followed continually took us across minor mountain ranges or else meandered along narrow, rugged, winding valleys which sometimes contracted into mere defiles; there was, moreover, trouble about water once or twice. The force had to make one particularly severe march when, besides the distance to be covered reaching nineteen miles, the troops had to put in a lot of up-and-down work along an awkward track; the rearguard did not get in until the following morning, and we then halted for a couple of days so as to rest the weary transport. I heard a great commotion in camp early in the morning on one of these days of halt, and on peering out to discover what was the matter observed a cloud of dust and the figures of soldiers

scampering about ; the hubbub proved to be occasioned by a hyena which had injudiciously strayed in among us, and by the intruder being given a warm welcome. Then one night, when we were drawing very near to Marri territory, we noticed signal fires flaring on some hill-tops and this was held by those qualified to interpret such portents as denoting an intention on the part of the tribesmen to offer our column opposition ; but we were to find a few days later that the scallywags intended to climb down absolutely. Owing to travelling by the roundabout route that we had adopted it had taken us in all thirteen marches, a distance of 149 miles, before we found ourselves on the outskirts of these people's country.

Although it only meant a distance of nine miles, the first day's advance into the enemy's territory involved crossing a couple of mountain ranges, and the track proved so bad that a great deal of the transport column did not get into camp until long after dark ; had the Marris meant to contest our progress they might have given us a great deal of trouble that day, for the ground was most broken and intersected. After moving on another ten miles next day without encountering the slightest opposition, we learnt that the head-men of the tribe were gathered in conclave and that these worthies were unable to make up their minds as to what to do. We pushed on for another couple of days, and then we were met by a gentleman of the name of Mehrulla Khan, who was understood to be about the most prominent head-man among the lot of them, and who, no doubt, was about the most hardened ruffian of the whole crowd. He intimated that his confrères wanted to know MacGregor's terms. After having been told what the terms were he was permitted to repair back to the other notables and to acquaint these what they were in for if they did not cave in. We marched on another eleven miles on the morrow, and the punitive force had then arrived within four miles of Kahan. But on our getting under weigh again next morning we met Mehrulla, and we found that that malefactor was bringing along a consignment of rupees with him, representing part of the fine that the Marris had got to pay or it would be the worse for them. That saved the village from

destruction, for he had been warned that the place would be dealt with in the most uncompromising manner should the slightest recalcitrancy be manifested. Kahan turned out to be one of the fortified settlements that are typical of these parts—a square of about 250 yards to the side, with mud walls some eighteen feet or so in height and round towers set up at the corners to flank the walls.

We halted for one day, encamped a mile from Kahan. Then, as the fine had been paid in full and certain stuff which had been looted by these banditti from the line of communications leading past Sibi had been delivered up, we marched off eastwards and after another week of trekking arrived on the 14th of November at a place called Drigri. This was within Indian territory and there the force was broken up. It had been a most interesting experience for me, and had enabled me to see how hill campaigning was carried out on the Indian system and to make practical acquaintance with what is a not unusual phase of warfare on the North-west Frontier—traversing barren mountainous tracts and keeping the force supplied while it is doing so. But there had been no affrays, nor even sniping of a night, and that rather spoilt the business from my point of view, although I was mentioned in despatches which was all to the good. We had covered a total distance of 323 miles in twenty-nine marching days. Our leader, General MacGregor, had already acquired a great reputation as a soldier in the Shiny East, and I had been much impressed with what I had seen of his methods and liked him greatly as a Chief. His death a few years later while still in the prime of life was, undoubtedly, a severe loss to the Indian Army.

I had made up my mind to carry out a short tour through northern India before repairing homewards, so as to get some idea of a country of which all soldiers are wont to hear much even if they never serve there. Immediately after the force fetched up at Drigri, therefore, I made my way to the railway. As it happened, MacGregor (who was about to become Quartermaster-General at Simla) had a horse-dak ready laid out for him; but, as he was unable to leave his force at once and before its units had been dispersed, he kindly allowed me to make use of the dak. Thanks to this

I got to the line very quickly and in the first place proceeded to Lahore, where I put up with my old friend General Greaves, who had been Chief of the Staff to Wolseley for a time in Cyprus. He was now Adjutant-General in India and a great boss in consequence. There was an imposing gathering of the clans at Lahore at the moment, as there was to be a big durbar held there to commemorate the conclusion of the Afghan War. At this many of the regiments which had taken part in the campaign were to be present, and there were numbers of Indian rajahs and chieftains and swells of sorts gathered together and dwelling in sumptuous camps. The Viceroy, Lord Ripon, had of course the most swagger camp of all, but the great man did not turn up till just before the durbar actually took place, and in the meantime Bill Beresford, his Military Secretary, did the honours—and no man could do them better.

"I saw the durbar," I wrote from on board ship in a letter home, "which consists to my confused imagination of a crowd of niggers (bedizened with pearls, diamonds, rubies and other precious stones), elephants, horses and tents, the background composed of tents and of soldiers in a profuse state of perspiration." From Lahore I went on by rail to Umballa, where the 9th Lancers were stationed and where I put up for some days with Captain Mackenzie of the regiment. While there I met an old soldier servant of mine in the days when I was a lancer, and received quite an affectionate greeting from him. The regimental sergeant-major, moreover, had been the sergeant of my troop when in Ireland thirteen years before, so we had great talk over old times; he had many glowing anecdotes to relate of the 9th since those days and of what they had achieved during the Afghan War, but he admitted that he had never had such a time as when we were soldiering together in the County Waterford.

I seized the opportunity of visiting Agra on my way through from Umballa to Allahabad and was delighted with what I saw there. Although one had heard a lot about the Taj at various times I had not been prepared for the grandeur of that wonderful tomb and for the charm of its surroundings. Whether it be visited by day or it be seen

by moonlight, the view of the admirably-proportioned main building, when seen from the great arched gate and looking through a vista of gardens, is certainly incomparably beautiful. From Agra I went through by rail to Bombay, via Allahabad, got a passage on board the P. and O. "Nizam" and had a most uncomfortable voyage in her as far as Suez—three in each cabin and four in some. With reference to the Marri operations I wrote on board ship—in which General MacGregor was a fellow passenger: "The expedition, as you know, fell flat, and it seems to me a good deal of the flatness was caused by his" (MacGregor's) "not going in for a bit of publicity. We had no newspaper correspondents for one thing, and, although that may be an advantage in some ways, there can hardly be any advantage at any rate when fighting almost unknown savages to counterbalance the absence of public interest caused thereby. Consequently nothing was known of the hard work of the expedition except to the Indian Government. It did not interest them, and it may no doub have suited them to keep the information, which of course they received from day to day, quiet." It had also seemed to me rather a pity that the Marris had been let down so easily and had been allowed, after we had put in five weeks of march to force our way into the heart of their country, to get off on exactly the same terms as had been offered them before the expedition ever started. I changed ships at Suez into a vessel proceeding with the mails to Brindisi, and from there went on home overland, arriving in the middle of December. My brother Jimmy had been married to Miss Romer, daughter of Colonel Romer, of Bryncemlyn, Merionethshire, while I was away in India.

On rejoining the 7th, I found myself in command of two troops and a half at Limerick. Soldiering in Ireland was at this time very different from what it had been when I was there with the 9th Lancers in the late "sixties." The country was in a condition of unrest in its southern and western parts, thanks to the Land League, and things were in a rather disturbed state around Limerick. For example, a party of twenty hussars under an officer proceeded on Christmas Eve to Kilmallock station to escort some military

stores and baggage to a place called Kifinane. Finding the accommodation insufficient and the attitude of the inhabitants of Kilfinane threatening, the officer did not billet, as had been intended, but marched back during the night to Limerick and arrived at 3-15 a.m. on Christmas morning after twenty-two hours in the saddle, having covered sixty miles! Regimental headquarters at this time were at Cahir.

But if there was trouble with the Land League and with those who bowed to its behests, we got on well with the local gentry, so much so that we decided to give a ball at Limerick almost immediately after my return to the fold. "We expect about 140," I wrote home a few days before the event. "All the people, and especially the girls, are already quite cracked. Both the infantry regiments are going to give balls, simply not to be cut out. One lady declined on account of domestic affliction, *paper an inch broad of mourning*, but a P.S. informed us that the daughter would with pleasure avail herself of the invitation." "Such divilment, champagne flowing like water, has not been seen since the last rebellion in these parts—so I have been informed," was my report on the proceedings after the dance had been successfully brought off.

One of the subalterns had been particularly keen about the affair, and had taken any amount of trouble in connection with it. On the very day, however, on which the entertainment was coming off a telegram for him happened to come into my hand, announcing the demise of an uncle of his and directing him to be present at the funeral. Now, that funeral evidently would not take place for a day or two, so I suppressed the telegram for the time being for fear that if the subaltern saw it he might not like to show up at the dance, which would have been a pity from every point of view. However, it seemed wise to sound him as to his views in such a connection, and I spun him a yarn with purport than an uncle of mine had been gathered to his fathers and that under these tragic circumstances I could not possibly appear at the gay function that evening. He exclaimed that he had never heard such nonsense in the whole course of his life, of course I could and must be present, what did an uncle more or less matter anyway, it

was just the sort of low-down game that an uncle would play to go snuffing out at the very most inconvenient time that he could have selected for shedding this mortal coil. The others all chimed in to the same tune; and the end of it was that an amount of abuse was lavished upon that supposititious, departed relative of mine that would have been unwarrantable when directed against anybody living, let alone dead, and, after maintaining obstinately for a while that I would ne'er consent, I consented to conquer heartache as a matter of duty and to take the floor. Next morning, when we were all looking and feeling like boiled owls after the night's revelry, I showed the bereaved subaltern the telegram. "You're nice boys," he snorted. "Then it's my own uncle we've been damning all yesterday afternoon!"

A few days after that ball of ours had taken place in Limerick came the account of Colley's repulse when attacking Laing's Neck, and the regiment thereupon volunteered for service in South Africa. This offer was promptly accepted by the high military authorities, as more cavalry was wanted out there, although it was properly the turn for the 11th Hussars to go abroad, and orders came in due course for us to proceed to Dublin by march route. The regiment was to concentrate there prior to its embarking at Kingstown for the Cape, the various outlying detachments marching up independently; and while we were on the way we received news of Colley's second reverse, the affair of the Ingogo. We were assembled all complete and eager to start by the 26th of February, 1881.

CHAPTER XI.

With the 7th Hussars in Natal, 1881–82.

CHAPTER XI.

With the 7th Hussars in Natal, 1881–82.

Our voyage out in the S.S. "Calabria."—News of Majuba.—We find on arrival at Cape Town that an armistice has been arranged.—Sir F. Roberts.—We go on to Natal.—Encamped at Pinetown.—My sister's marriage.—The situation in South Africa at this time.—The Royal Commission.—The Boer triumvirate.—Wood, Buller, T. D. Baker and Drury Lowe.—The Convention signed; doubt whether the Volksraad would ratify.—The camp at Pinetown in the rains.—Reptiles and scorpions.—A fictitious ostrich farm.—The Convention ratified, and troops begin to go home.—Trying time at Pinetown in December and January.—Racing.—Acquisition of a yacht.—Some sailing adventures—We are nearly carried out over the bar.—Orders to proceed home.—An echelon gets off under the Colonel.—Bulk of the regiment under myself kept another two months in Natal.—Our voyage home.—A rough time off Cape Agulhas.—We proceed to Colchester.

THE regiment sailed from Kingstown in two transports, my troop being accommodated with Headquarters in the S.S. "Calabria," the first of the two to start. She was a real terror to roll, and, as we encountered continuous bad weather for the first week or so, we were lucky only to lose one or two horses—the more so seeing that, whatever the 7th might be as soldiers, they were uncommonly bad sailors, officers and men alike. "Such a scene of desolation as the decks presented off Finisterre," I wrote home from St. Vincent; "the horses dead-beat with the rolling, and their ghastly attendants barely able to feed them, and wholly unable to feed themselves. But there were some jovial spirits on board who managed to keep things in trim. . . . . The Colonel tried to 'tell off' a prisoner the other day, but the effort was too much for him. He gazed vacantly at the man for a moment or two, then suddenly collecting himself said most mildly: 'Remanded,' and aside, 'until the weather is calmer'; he and escort and prisoner then rushed off in different directions."

At St. Vincent, where we coaled, we heard the news of the Majuba disaster and the death of Sir G. Colley, and we also heard of the decision arrived at by the Government to send Sir F. Roberts out to the Cape to take up command. Owing to the "Calabria" being a very slow craft, General Roberts and his staff, who had left England by mail-boat some days after our departure, nevertheless reached Cape Town just

before us. There we learnt about an armistice having been concluded with the Boers, and we speedily realized that, in so far as could be judged from the situation at the moment, there was every likelihood of the war proving to be at an end. "Our hopes of seeing service have been rudely dispelled," I wrote to my mother from Cape Town on the 29th of March. "What General Roberts and his staff think of it all I do not know, but one thing I do feel, I am thoroughly humiliated and degraded by being a servant of the English Government, and I wish I had never entered their service. Why have Colley and all his men been sacrificed if there was a foregone conclusion of the Government that there was nothing worth fighting about? . . . . I saw Sir F. Roberts to-day. He goes home to-morrow. He told me he had a letter from you, and he remarked that he was glad he was not mixed up further in this business. The feeling in Natal on the part of the English is very strong against Gladstone at present; it may subside, but, I take it, the result will eventually be a serious matter."

While we were at Cape Town, an order came for us to be sent home at once; but it was then proposed that the 15th Hussars should be sent instead. They had come from India with other troops at the very outset of the trouble and had been horsed in Natal, and they were due home in ordinary relief; but as it turned out, they were kept on where they were for another six months up at Newcastle. We, after a brief delay, proceeded on to Durban in the "Calabria" and disembarked there. The bar protecting the harbour had not been dredged in those days, so that it was a case of slinging horses and baggage into lighters outside, and of the lighters then being towed into the big land-locked sheet of water which forms the harbour. We remained encamped at Durban for a few days so as to let the horses recover from their long period on board ship, and we then marched up to Pinetown, a place on the railway to Pietermaritzburg, about a dozen miles up, and we settled down into camp there. We were destined to remain where we were for some thirteen months—and a dull time of it we had. Still, being so near Durban, one could often run down there, with the club to make use of. It was not a bad place in

reality now that the cold weather was approaching, and there was generally something going on of a sporting or a social nature. A ball took place shortly after our arrival, and I observe that, in a letter of mine written home a day or two after the function, I mentioned having hit off one decidedly larky partner, and that we made ourselves popular by " putting everybody out in the lancers." It was during this April, and very shortly after the date of our arrival in Natal, that my elder step-sister was married in Dublin to George Brooke, of Somerton ; he was fitted out with a baronetcy some years afterwards on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. I thus had missed being present at the weddings of both brother and sister, owing on each occasion to being abroad on active service—or, one should put it perhaps, on what purported to be active service.

The position of affairs in Eastern South Africa at this time was as follows : An agreement had been arrived at between Sir Evelyn Wood (who had succeeded Colley as Governor of Natal and Commander-in-Chief) on behalf of the home Government and the Boer leaders, that a Royal Commission was to assemble which would settle the final terms of peace with such representatives as should be chosen by the Transvaal to conduct negotiations. Sir Hercules Robinson (who was the Governor of South Africa), Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir H. de Villiers (who was Chief Justice in Cape Colony), were selected to constitute the Royal Commission ; but considerable delays occurred in respect to the assembling of that body. These delays were mainly due to the action of one, Cronje, who was to be heard of again in the days of Magersfontein and Paardeberg ; for Cronje had conducted the siege of Potchefstroom, and he had deliberately concealed the fact of an armistice having been arranged from the garrison. The terms of the armistice provided, *inter alia*, for the revictualling of the various townships in the Transvaal that were being beleaguered at the time ; but, owing to Conje's perfidy, the officer commanding at Potchefstroom knew nothing of all this and, his food having given out, he surrendered the place a day or two after the armistice had been signed. Wood very properly insisted upon reparation

for this outrage, and it took some weeks before the matter was adjusted to our General's satisfaction. When the Royal Commission did assemble towards the end of May, the venue was fixed at Newcastle, but as this arrangement was found to be inconvenient the Commission moved on up to Pretoria, and its sittings definitely began at that place on the 14th of June. The Transvaal Boers were represented before the Commission by Messrs. Pretorius, Kruger and Joubert, the latter two of whom were to figure prominently during the early months of the South African War of 1899-1902.

Buller, who had been sent out from home, was second in command to Wood, and during the prolonged absence of the latter at Pretoria he commanded the troops in Natal and was sworn in temporarily as Governor. Brigadier-General Sir T. D. Baker, who had been one of our party in the " Ambriz " going out to Cape Coast Castle with Wolseley seven years before, and who had been one of Roberts' brigadiers in Afghanistan, was General of Communications. Drury Lowe, who had commanded the 17th Lancers in the Zulu War, was in charge of the cavalry, and he would have had a nice force under his orders had hostilities broken out afresh—the 14th Hussars, 15th Hussars, the Inniskilling Dragoons and a corps of Mounted Infantry, besides ourselves. Most of the troops were up at Newcastle, or else at Mount Prospect in front of Laings Neck. I used to go up to Pietermaritzburg to stay with Baker from time to time, and also stayed with Wood at Government House after the Convention had been signed and he had returned from the Transvaal. The signature had taken place on the 3rd of August, and the question then arose as to whether the Boer Volksraad, which was shortly to assemble, would ratify the document. Writing home from Government House on the 15th of August, I mentioned that Sir H. Robinson and St. Leger Herbert (who, as already mentioned in Chapter IX, had been Wolseley's private secretary in Cyprus) had been there for a couple of days on their way through to Cape Town. " I can see that the latter " (Herbert) " thinks very little of the Convention which has been made with the Boers. There is no saying what the outcome of the business will be, but the fact of the troops being kept on—they say that a

force of 6,000 must be kept—shows that the present state of things cannot be considered in the light of a satisfactory settlement."

Although cooler than Durban and high lying, we found our camp at Pinetown pretty hot even during the cold weather. For some weeks there appeared to be a prospect of the conflict breaking out afresh, which cheered us up, as news from the Transvaal was to the effect that the Boers were by no means satisfied with the terms of the Convention and that they strongly objected to "suzerainty"—such as it was. Gladstone put his foot down and insisted on virtually unconditional acceptance; but as one never knew with that eminent statesman whether, after he had put his foot down in the most solemn manner he would not pick it up again, the whole business seemed wrapped in uncertainty. "We have had wet weather continually of late," I wrote from Pinetown on the 3rd of September, after having been away staying at Government House. "The camp is an extraordinary spectacle, every tent built round and trenched. When I was away my servant's hut was burnt, containing all his things and some of mine. No one could go near it, as a lot of cartridges were bursting. To make up for the loss, I found on my arrival a collection of every form of snake and scorpion that infests the camp, in a large gin bottle. It is lucky nobody was bitten over the business. A little time ago one of the men, knowing that I liked these reptiles as curios, informed me that he had 'left a snake in my tent.' I said: 'Where?' 'In a little box,' rejoined he. I found, reposing in a caviare box, a most venomous adder! It is wonderful that nobody has been bitten; since the rains the place is alive with snakes. . . . . It is curious to see how sporting the colonists are. People that live anyhow from hand to mouth, goodness knows how, go in for racing and everything. There is a great difference between the ladies and the men. The reason is that the boys are sent into business or anything to turn the coin as soon as possible, while the girls are really well educated and accomplished, and they have an amount of go which people at home would be astonished at."

It was difficult to hit upon anything to write about in

letters home, and as my sisters expected to hear from me from time to time I was obliged in self-defence to invent an ostrich farm and to send glowing accounts to them of this fictitious acquisition, enlarging freely on its properties and its prospects. There were ostrich farms in the neighbourhood, and this enabled one to give the correct local colour to one's word-pictures and made it possible to describe how such institutions are run, without the effort putting too great a strain upon one's powers of imagination. Only while these Memoirs have been in course of preparation, more than forty years afterwards, has it been borne in on me that my sisters then, and ever after, believed that this wonderful ostrich farm had a real existence, and that they were never able to understand how it was that they were not fitted out with generous consignments of feathers as a share of its produce.

The Convention was ratified by the Boer Volksraad on the 25th of October, which put an end to all prospects of active service, and thereupon the troops of the Indian contingent, which had been hurried out to Natal from Bombay in January, began passing through on their way to Durban to embark for home. Baker had been invalided, and most members of the staff were doing their best to get away. Buller had taken a house in Pietermaritzburg after Wood's return, and I stayed there with him for a few days in November; he left for England shortly afterwards, and one's friends all flitting like this did make one feel rather discontented. La-di-dah, a horse of mine which was first favourite for the big steeplechase at the Durban December meeting, hurt himself a day or two before the race, which was a disappointment; and I was, moreover, too ill to be present at the fixture, so that I had some excuse for feeling disgusted with Pinetown and with South Africa in general. This was the hot season, and the climate, what with the rains and the high temperature, was trying enough; the regiment suffered a good deal from sickness in December and January, and we lost some good men.

There was another race meeting at Durban towards the end of January at which I won the Polo Pony Race on my mare Jessie, and on the occasion of yet another meeting a few days later I pulled off the "Trial Stakes" on a horse

Lieut.-Colonel H. McCALMONT

Natal, 1881

owned by a local sportsman, and also matched Jessie against my brother officer Reid's pony, Rufus. The result of the match was a dead heat; but when we ran it off I just managed to get home by a head amidst great excitement. Harold Paget, one of our captains, and I were now putting up in a cottage about a mile from camp, and we found this a decided improvement on tent life. "To have a place where one can sit and read and write is a great blessing," I wrote on the 1st of February, and went on: "We have been having great fun with a small cutter at Durban. The first day I tried her she capsized. A Mrs. —— was on board, and Lane,* Grenfell,† Boyle and self. Luckily, though deep water was close by, we sunk on a bank in about four foot of water. What amused me was that Mrs. ——, who turned at first as pale as this paper and got a good ducking, appeared as soon as she was put into the boat coming to our assistance to be chiefly concerned about her dress. . . . . Grenfell took her home, and we sportsmen had then to remain about two hours in the sunken yacht up to our necks in water." It should be understood that our cruising ground was inside the harbour, where there was plenty of manœuvring space for small craft; it forms an oval, with the longer axis running east and west and about two miles long, the outlet over the bar being at the eastern end.

"The next day," my letter continued, "we floated the boat off, and in the afternoon Paget and I tried her again. Paget went overboard, and I was left alone in the vessel amid ropes, sails, tiller, etc., just like a man in a balloon. However, it all came right in the end. The following afternoon we had a picnic—three (and one particularly charming) creatures. It came on to blow and we were driven on to a sandbank, well soused all round, but managed to discourse luncheon, which was of a recherché description. The young ladies seemed to think it capital fun and were awfully jolly, I must say, in spite of the weather."

We had another adventure in our yacht a day or two after this, when Paget and I had one of our subalterns, Tom Hone, out with us. There was a strong west wind

* Now Major-General Sir R. Lane. † Now Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell.

blowing right down the harbour, and there was also a strong ebb tide, and the conjunction of the two brought it about that we were carried down towards the bar at the harbour mouth, where there was very little water at low tide and where seas were breaking ominously. Unable to beat up against wind and tide, the only thing to be done was to anchor and to hope for the best; but the anchor would not hold properly, although it did so after a fashion. Seeing our plight, the chairman of the Harbour Board put off in the police boat to come to our rescue; but this would not have helped us much had not a tug, coming in from outside, espied us in difficulties and hurried to our assistance. She took us and the police boat in tow and brought us into safety, but not till we had managed to ship a lot of water. The incident caused considerable excitement amongst people watching us from the breakwater. "Paget and I, if the anchor had not held," I wrote home when describing the affair, "would have had a try at the bar and might have got over. There is a great surf; it is looked upon as a kind of Niagara for small craft. Of course we were very lucky as things turned out, and it was quite pleasant to see the tug." Taking one thing with another, we got a lot of excitement out of that cutter.

Orders for us to proceed home came to hand in March. Drew, our second in command, and also Peel and Hunt, the two senior captains, had gone home on leave, so I was the senior next to the colonel, Burnell. He managed to get off with a couple of troops in the "Kinfauns Castle" on the 29th of March; but for some reason or other there was a delay of nearly two months before I was furnished with a transport to take off the remaining five troops and myself. We remained at Pinetown in the meantime, and as most of our horses had been sold off under orders from home, there was less to do there than ever. Evelyn Wood had gone off to England in January, and the troops left in Natal were now under command of Drury Lowe, who had not managed to get home like the majority of the staff.

We eventually sailed in the S.S. "Anglian" on the 31st of May, after spending the last few days in camp at Durban; we got a real dusting on the way from Natal round to Cape

Town and, although I fancy myself a pretty good sailor under anything like reasonable conditions, the liveliness of our vessel proved too much for me. I was in my bunk and feeling the reverse of happy when, somewhere off Cape Agulhas, a sergeant came to my cabin to say that the orderly officer was prostrate, that some of the horse-fittings had carried away and there was, therefore, a risk of the horses coming to serious grief, and that certain malefactors—court-martial prisoners who were under our charge and who were accommodated at an exposed spot on the upper deck—ran a good chance of being washed overboard. Jumping out of my bunk, I forgot all about being sea-sick. The cure was miraculous. I collected a few troopers who were not in a condition of collapse, and by hard work we succeeded in getting the horse-fittings put to rights again and to get the prisoners removed to safer quarters, so that in the end no great harm was done.

The captain, however, confided to me next day that he had found quite unexpectedly that we were twenty miles nearer to the coast than we were supposed to be according to his reckonings. Still, he evidently went on the principle that a miss is as good as a mile—or, for the matter of that, as good as twenty miles—and very likely that attitude is in accordance with the theories that govern prudent navigation. Be that as it may, we did fetch up in safety at Southampton on the 5th of July, and after disembarking there we proceeded to Colchester to join regimental headquarters at that town.

CHAPTER XII.

The Campaign of Tel-el-Kebir.

CHAPTER XII.

The Campaign of Tel-el-Kebir.

The trouble with Arabi Pasha.—Partial mobilization.—I am placed under orders as a special service officer.—The voyage out from Liverpool.—Alexandria.—The move round to Ismailia.—I am appointed Brigade Major to Baker Russell.—The situation at Ismailia.—A hard night's work.—Join Baker Russell with five troops between El Magfar and Mahsama.—The advance to Mahsama.—A brilliant cavalry success.—We secure Kassassin lock.—Importance of what had been achieved.—The first action of Kassassin.—The charge in the dark.—A pause while troops and stores are brought up to the front.—The second action of Kassassin.—An early morning pow-wow in advance of Kassassin.—The plan of attack on Tel-el-Kebir.—Champagne out of a bucket.—The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir.—Advance to Belbeis.—We move on to Cairo.—Capture of a Bedouin.—At Cairo.—A grand fête given by the Khedive.—Return to England.

WE arrived back in England just at the juncture when the trouble which Arabi Pasha was giving rise to in Egypt had come to a head, and within a week of our settling down at Colchester came tidings of the bombardment of Alexandria by the Mediterranean Fleet. Events out in the Nile delta moved very quickly after that. Some troops were hurriedly landed within a very few days so as to lend their aid to the sailors in the task of maintaining order in Alexandria. Then, on the 25th of July, only three weeks after our having disembarked at Southampton, orders were issued from the War Office for the two first classes of the Army Reserve (men who had left the colours within the previous two years) to be called out, and the composition of the Army Corps which the Government had decided to despatch to Egypt under command of Sir Garnet Wolseley was at the same time announced.

We, naturally enough, were not one of the cavalry regiments chosen, seeing that we had only just come back from foreign parts, and we realized that our martial zeal in having volunteered for service in South Africa eighteen months before had proved a mistake, quite apart from the tedious experiences which we had undergone during the time that we had put in in Natal. The 19th Hussars were included in the Army Corps as Divisional Cavalry, and there can be little doubt that, but for that trip of ours down south, we should have been selected for this Egyptian job in their

place as being the first Hussar regiment on the roster. Had that been so, we should, moreover, have taken part in those various sets of operations in the Sudan in which the 19th were later on to figure so creditably. However, in so far as I personally was concerned, all was well. I had accidentally met Wolseley in the street in London on the day before mobilization was ordered, and he had then remarked that "he did not know" what he could do for me, etc., etc.; but I had felt pretty confident that he would not leave me behind, and I had afterwards gone up to have tea with Lady Wolseley and him. "The finest thing," I wrote home, "is that he and 'George' are now the greatest of friends—the Duke wanted to take Sir G. out for a drive yesterday afternoon!"

A day or two later I learnt that I was selected to form one of a number of special service officers who were being placed under orders, and on the 5th of August I embarked at Liverpool on board a ship called the "Capella," which had been told off to convey the Headquarters staff to Alexandria. Wolseley had been intending to make his way out overland to Brindisi, but owing to his having been ill he had been advised to go round by sea at the last moment, and he had therefore sailed in an earlier vessel on the 2nd. We were in clover in our ship, for she was extremely comfortable and well found, and she, moreover, only carried officers' servants, grooms and horses, besides the officers themselves, so that there was plenty of elbow room. The Duke of Teck formed one of our party of officers who were going out on special service. "Teck would make you laugh," I wrote home to my mother in a letter posted at Malta. "His servant has left all the clothes that he wants behind, and has brought a lot that are comparatively useless. He stopped the 'holystoning' on deck the second morning; it awoke him at 4 o'clock, he declared, and he couldn't get to sleep again till ten! . . . . Such a learned lot as a number of the staff are—prigs of all kinds, but some are very good fellows." We made the passage out in twelve days, and on steaming into the harbour of Alexandria found this absolutely chock-full of men-of-war and of transports. It was a busy scene, seeing that disembarkations were proceeding apace

at the various wharves, although one could not help noticing that in many cases the transports were not unloading. I went ashore to look round and to try and find out what was going on, but could ascertain nothing as to contemplated operations nor as to how I was likely to be employed.

Two days later, on the 19th that is to say, a great armada of warships and transports (of which latter the "Capella" formed one) put to sea towards evening. We understood at the time of getting under weigh that there was to be a big landing at Aboukir Bay with the object of taking the Egyptian troops, who were holding a position at Kafr Dowar which rather blocked the exit for an army from Alexandria, in rear. "It was a stupendous sight," I wrote home, "as the vessels got under weigh. We steamed out, following the 'Temeraire.' We anchored in Aboukir Bay, but at nightfall the signal was made to proceed to Port Said." The senior officer on board had sealed orders, and when these were opened we learnt that there was not to be the landing at Aboukir that had been rather advertised, but that we were all destined instead to go on to Ismailia, half-way through the Suez Canal. In pursuance of this project the whole imposing armada proceeded on during the night to Port Said, and we found ourselves off the mouth of the canal in the morning. There was considerable delay to start with in getting further owing to a block in the canal, but this was disposed of and some transports were able to enter the waterway during that day. The "Capella," which was fairly far forward in the long string of transports, was moving very slowly forward along it all the following day, and we only arrived in Lake Timsah on the morning of the 22nd.

Transports that had preceded us were, we found, hard at work discharging men and horses and stores at Ismailia, a place that was none too well adapted for carrying out such operations on a great scale rapidly. But I managed to get ashore myself that day and met Baker Russell, who told me that he had been placed in command of the Cavalry Brigade from home which formed part of the Expeditionary Force, and who asked me to be his Brigade Major. This offer I accepted with alacrity. In the "order of battle" of the

army, as it had been given out at home, there was only a single brigade of cavalry included, and General Drury Lowe was nominated for command of it. But it now appeared that a brigade of cavalry from India was coming to join us, and that Wolseley had therefore made up his mind to expand the force of mounted troops under Drury Lowe into a Cavalry Division, Baker Russell getting command of the Cavalry Brigade sent out from home. This was to be known as the 1st Cavalry Brigade, while the Indian lot would on arrival become the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, and some Mounted Infantry were added as "Divisional Troops." Ours consisted of a composite regiment of Household Cavalry, which was made up of a squadron drawn from each of the three regiments, together with the 4th Dragoon Guards and the 7th Dragoon Guards. Of these the Household Cavalry—the Heavies—had made the voyage out from England in a couple of transports that had been ahead of the "Capella" in the Canal; they were, therefore, already partly ashore when our vessel dropped anchor off Ismailia, and the whole of them had been landed before evening on the following day (the 23rd). The 7th D.G., on the other hand, only began disembarking that day, while the 4th D.G. did not start getting ashore till the morning of the 24th.

On the morning after I had accepted the post of Brigade Major I came across Drury Lowe, who offered me the appointment of D.A.Q.M.G. in his Cavalry Division; but although that would have meant what represented a higher post in the military hierarchy than did the one which I had accepted, I felt bound to decline the offer. I had been associated already with Baker Russell on active service—in Ashanti and in South Africa; we had also been together in Cyprus; the position of Brigade Major, moreover, appeared to promise greater opportunities of employment calling for enterprise in actual action than did the other billet. Wolseley, it should be explained, had already arrived at Ismailia, and the military situation at the moment was that, as soon as they had been got on shore, some infantry and marines had been thrust forward westwards for a distance of eight miles along the railway and Sweet Water Canal to beyond a place called El Magfar; and on the evening of the

23rd Drury Lowe went on there with the Heavies from Ismailia. The enemy came out in force against these advanced troops on the following day, drawn up as they were to the west of El Magfar, and an engagement took place in which our people were greatly outnumbered although they held their ground. The sound of the guns could be heard distinctly at Ismailia. It was not till well on in the afternoon that Baker Russell was able to move off from the landing place in that direction at the head of three squadrons belonging to the 4th D.G. and the 7th D.G., and he did not arrive on the field until the fighting was over, the enemy drawing off towards evening.

I spent that night at Ismailia hard at work getting the rest of the 4th D.G. and the 7th D.G. disembarked, and was in consequence able to reach the scene of the previous day's fighting with the remaining five squadrons of dragoons shortly after the troops had begun to advance afresh. "Up all night and joined B.R. on the field just as the enemy opened fire," I wrote some ten days later. "It was early morning as I came up, and for an hour or so I could see lines of cavalry moving along. The infantry—Guards, etc.—were left to attack the right; but the cavalry were so well handled and moved so threateningly towards the enemy's line of retreat that the foot soldiers were out of the business, and when the sun got up they were too beat, owing to the heavy sand, to do much. 'I am under musketry fire already,' said a cavalry commander to me when I told him to move forward. 'Nothing to what you will be before we are done with these lads,' said I. The bullets went over our heads, but the shell did some damage although the softness of the sand was a great thing for us. We lost a great number of horses.

"Well, I was riding La-di-dah, and he had his work cut out for him. It was a magnificent scene when the enemy's camp lay in front of us." (This was the camp at Mahsama, about eight miles on from the scene of the previous day's action near El Magfar.) "I was sent to Ewart* to direct the skirmishers outside the camp. The

* Lt.-Colonel (now Major-General Sir H. P.) Ewart, commanding the Household Cavalry.

enemy, all who could get into the train, had cleared out as we concentrated our guns on it; but there were a lot of infantry still left who had now to run for it. This they did, stopping to fire when we came close, but I don't think they hit anyone. One fired at me at about four yards—I stuck my head behind my horse's neck. Well, we killed every man jack of them except one, and I saved *his* life. I saw he was unarmed and shouted not to kill him. He was holding on to my leg like grim death.

"This action at Mahsama was a brilliant success. Among other things we fitted ourselves out with a complete camp equipment, and, as we had not a thing with us, that was a grand business. Besides that, we secured the railway and stores. I have a most comfortable bed, sheets if you please, cushions and all sorts of things, and as I have not had a change of clothing with me it is a capital arrangement. I must tell you that I sent off the following message by B.R.'s order: 'Mahsama, 10 a.m. Enemy completely routed and demoralized, in full retreat. Camp, five Krupp guns, ammunition train, railway provision train, seventy-six wagons in our possession. Enemy losses considerable.' It turned out that we had captured seven guns."

We laid hands upon a sportsman whom we assumed to be a spy, but who turned out to be Fahmi Pasha, Arabi's Chief of Engineers and, therefore, a great catch. He did not have altogether a rosy time in our hands, for Baker Russell told me that he meant to have the fellow shot as a spy, as the stories that he told were a tissue of lies. And the beauty of it was that this was said in the hearing of the guard—it was not the habit of my Brigadier to issue instructions nor to pass remarks in an apologetic *sotto voce*. During the afternoon an unbalanced creature with eyes starting out of his head came rushing up to me with the tidings that the prisoner and another man had been taken off to be shot. In another five minutes Mr. Fahmi and his servant would have been cold meat, and I had to send an orderly at full gallop to stay the proceedings. But, faced with the prospects of a firing party, the worthy Chief of Engineers had in the meantime let out who he actually was, and after that he was sent off to Headquarters and was, it is to be hoped,

decently treated when he got there to make up for our lack of hospitality.

The provision train that we had pounced upon was in reality a most valuable prize. But for its capture the food problem might have proved an extremely uncomfortable one as affecting us of the cavalry and also the small force of infantry following behind us—the foot soldiers reached the vicinity of Mahsama before dark after a trying march through the sand. For the enemy had constructed two extremely solid dams to block the Sweet Water Canal; one of them was at El Magfar and the other was about half-way between that place and Mahsama, and these obstructions, were to interfere most seriously with the use of the waterway for transport purposes until working parties cleared them away in two or three days' time. Then again, the railway had been a good deal damaged by the Gyppies, the permanent-way having been torn up at various points. It had, moreover, proved impracticable to disembark some locomotives and trucks at Ismailia, which had been shipped from home and had been expressly sent on in one of the leading transports when the flotilla entered the Suez Canal. The transport containing them was thereupon pushed on along the Canal to Suez, and the locomotives were landed there; but it took several days to get them disembarked and sent back to Ismailia by rail, and in the meantime no steam traction was available for use on the stretch of railway that we had captured. It will therefore be understood that those supplies that we captured in the enemy train at Mahsama were a real windfall.

A fresh advance took place next morning, but in this our brigade did not in the first instance play a very prominent part. Three regiments of infantry and some guns passed through our camp, and our divisional Mounted Infantry were pushed out ahead of them to help to cover this forward movement. While riding out to watch the proceedings I happened to meet General Sir H. Havelock-Allen, who gave me to understand that the Mounted Infantry were being held up at a spot some way to the front just short of the Kassassin Lock, and that they stood in need of aid. Havelock-Allen held no official position with the force, but

had merely made his way out from home to Ismailia with the intention of seeing what was to be seen of the campaign; he was, however, a well-known and distinguished officer, who had won the V.C. at Lucknow and who had only the year before resigned command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot.* He quite agreed with me that some cavalry ought to be pushed on well ahead without delay, so on my own responsibility I ordered a troop of the 4th D.G. out of camp to get to the front as fast as they could, and they secured the Kassassin Lock. Baker Russell was just a little put out at my having taken this upon myself; but I think that I was right, and there can be no disputing it that getting possession of that lock at the earliest possible moment was a matter of prime importance. The infantry, on coming up, made everything quite secure in this advanced position during the course of the afternoon.

The morrow, the 27th, proved to be a quiet day; so we got through a good deal of burying and of cleaning up near Mahsama, where we remained encamped for about ten days. It may be mentioned that the advanced force—infantry and ourselves—which was now under the command of General Graham was just at first decidedly weak in the matter of guns. The artillery were having a desperate time trying to get their pieces along through the sand, and they could not get their ammunition wagons along at all. Still, we felt fairly secure, and our having taken possession of the railway and the canal to as far as Kassassin Lock within the space of three days can fairly be claimed as a notable feat of arms, a feat of arms which may in reality be said to have settled the whole business. For this place, Kassassin, was only six miles short of Tel-el-Kebir, where, it was known, friend Arabi had constructed formidable lines of defence to bar advance on Cairo from the side of Ismailia, and where Wolseley had from the outset, and even before quitting England, anticipated fighting his decisive battle. Thanks to what had been achieved so promptly, the Chief now found himself placed in a position to accumulate stores and to concentrate troops within tactical striking distance of his

* He was killed in the Khyber Pass during the Tirah Expedition, when out in those parts as a spectator.

KASSASSIN LOCK

objective, and in consequence to be able to deal with the enemy in the most uncompromising fashion as soon as all should be ready.

That Arabi realized the danger to his army and himself of our being at Kassassin was shown on the 28th when strong Egyptian forces advanced from Tel-el-Kebir to deliver an attack upon us. We of the cavalry, back near Mahsama, got a signal about 6 a.m. from General Graham at Kassassin that the enemy were approaching in force. "Well," I wrote in the letter already quoted above, "we mounted, marched out, and spent from 6-30 till 4-30 watching Kassassin in support. It was infernally hot. At 4-30 we thought it was all over, and we returned to our lines. At 5-30 we turned out again and marched as well as we could by moonlight some seven or eight miles till we were quite close to the enemy's left flank. The horses were tired, and on account of the guns we went along slowly over the sand which here forms an undulating plain. As far as we could see we led on the flash of the nearest enemy gun which was firing into Kassassin. The enemy had sixteen guns in action. The evening star was apparently right over the end of our line there, so we moved on it. I never had such a ride. B.R., myself and poor Gribble were in front, except the scouts who occasionally came upon the enemy's horsemen falling back." I may mention here that, talking to Gribble that morning, who was a subaltern in the 3rd D.G. attached to the 7th D.G. and acting as Baker Russell's orderly officer, he had remarked that his horse was a troublesome, excitable brute, very difficult to hold. I had told him that to my mind his was the worst sort of charger to be on in a fight, because if he bolted with you to the rear everybody said you were running away, while if he bolted with you to the front you were either killed or captured. He appears to have been run away with among the enemy during the moonlight charge, and he was killed.

"It was a weird scene," my letter went on. "We were very close—closer than we knew—when the enemy opened on us from the two corner guns, and the infantry also. Being so near, the volleys went over us." Our formation

in the advance was with the 7th D.G. in front, then four guns of N/A. R.H.A., and the Heavies bringing up the rear. To get the guns into action, Baker Russell ordered the 7th D.G. to wheel outwards and let them through, and at the same time the Heavies to come up into line further to the right. "We now unmasked our four guns," my letter continued, "and cleared the front. The Life Guards got the order to advance after four rounds had been fired, and they charged at once. The Egyptians stood in good line till the cavalry were within twenty yards and then broke in disorder." I had been sent with a message to Drury Lowe just at the moment of the charge, and in the confusion and the darkness got completely astray for a time. I could not find Drury Lowe, but, wandering about, met Ashburnham,* Baker Russell's A.D.C., who belonged to the 7th Hussars and who, like me, had been sent off with a message and had got lost. After hunting in vain for our brigade we decided to make our way back to camp, which, as well as the infantry camp at Kassassin, had been in a state almost of panic owing to dire stories told by fugitive camp-followers. Everything was indeed in a condition of upset when the brigade got back about 1 a.m. with horses and men dead-beat. The panic at Mahsama had been increased by the people there seeing two sections of horse artillery, which had been in action at Kassassin, pass through on their way to the rear. The guns were in point of fact only retiring to fill up their limber-boxes at the nearest available depot, having no wagons with them; but the idea got abroad that they were escaping from a scene of disaster.

After this action, in which our brigade had transformed what otherwise would merely have amounted to an effective repulse into an important victory, there was a pause of several days in so far as active operations were concerned. Firmly established at Kassassin, and with the line of communications from there back to Ismailia secure, Wolseley could proceed undisturbed in carrying out the plan which he had contemplated from the first. This was to accumulate ample stores up at the front, while retaining the bulk of his

* Afterwards 6th (and last) Earl of Ashburnham. He died about ten days after McCalmont's death.—C.E.C.

forces back by the Suez Canal where their supply gave rise to no difficulties. The communications with the base at Ismailia were in the meantime being improved from day to day. The railway had been repaired and the permanent-way made shipshape, and the Chief's foresight in having locomotives sent out from home was becoming more than justified. The dams had been removed from the Sweet Water Canal, and a service of boats for transport purposes had been established along it. Tents, moreover, had been brought up; so that the troops at the front were no longer bivouacking in the torrid sunshine as they had been during the first advance to Kassassin—although we of the cavalry, it is true, had pretty well fitted ourselves out with camp equipment at Mahsama. The strength of the force at Kassassin was being gradually increased, and the 2nd Cavalry Brigade from India had joined us, so that Drury Lowe now had a substantial body of mounted troops at his disposal. General Willis, the commander of the First Division, was in charge at the front, Headquarters remaining back at Ismailia. I had been out with the vedettes early on the morning of the 2nd of October and had on that occasion got a fine view of the Tel-el-Kebir position; it was always difficult to see later in the day when the sun was up, on account of the glare and of mirage. Then, on the 9th of October, Arabi, who had been misled by the lying reports of his Bedouin scouts and was labouring under the delusion that these sportsmen had cut our communications, made a fresh attempt to turn us out of our advanced positions.

On the occasion of his first effort his attacking troops had simply moved out from the Tel-el-Kebir lines straight towards ours, but on this occasion he arranged for an advance against us to take place both from the west, from Tel-el-Kebir, and also from the north, from a place called Es Siliyeh, which was in railway connection with the Nile Delta. News came in to us that morning about 6-45 a.m. to the effect that the enemy was advancing in force, and the brigade paraded at once. Some Gyppy vedettes were observed approaching from the north so we moved out in that direction and, by the time that we had formed line on the high ground about five miles to the north of our camp,

we found ourselves opposed to a force of all arms which, as we learnt afterwards, was that advancing from Es Siliyeh. As far as we could make out it consisted of three squadrons, some guns, and three or four battalions of infantry. Our horse artillery battery came into action, and its shells proved sufficient to drive this lot of antagonists off in disarray—so much so that when we advanced on to the ground on which they had been drawn up we captured a gun with team all complete, and also an infantry standard, as well as some ponies and camels. A few killed and wounded were to be seen lying about, victims of our accurate artillery fire.

In the meantime we knew by the sound that fighting was in progress to our left, about Kassassin, so, having satisfactorily disposed of the detached left wing of the hostile attacking forces, we about 10 a.m. moved off in that direction, and presently formed up in echelon on the right front of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. This, we found, was prolonging the general line of our infantry, who had advanced some distance from their position in front of Kassassin towards Tel-el-Kebir. They had, we learnt, experienced little difficulty in driving off their assailants coming from that quarter, and had followed these up on their retirement. Our two brigades of cavalry had in the meantime effectually prevented any co-operation between the enemy's two wings. But it has to be confessed that Arabi's legions had on this occasion shown uncommonly little stomach for combat and that the "Second Battle of Kassassin" had not been a very desperately-contested affair. As far as our brigade was concerned it had not suffered one single casualty.

It was three days after this half-hearted engagement that the whole of the generals, each of them with one staff-officer, assembled before daybreak on an eminence some way in advance of Kassassin to meet the Chief. We were grouped up there for some little time, silently watching for the first streak of dawn to show itself, and when that moment arrived we descried the enemy vedettes emerging from the lines of Tel-el-Kebir. "Note the time!" I heard Wolseley exclaim. It was 5-45 a.m. "Our attack must be delivered before

this hour," said he, "otherwise those vedettes will detect our presence." And then he went on to explain exactly what he intended to do, and how the whole force was to advance in battle formation after dark this very night, so as to get close up to the Egyptian line of fortifications unperceived and to be ready to fall on at daybreak. "Well gentlemen," the Chief finished up; "don't talk about it until the orders are issued. I wish you all good luck." A salute, we mounted our horses, and then Baker Russell and I rode off back to our camp, which had been moved up from Mahsama to nearer Kassassin.

During the day I made my way over to the Headquarters' camp after the orders had been received, and there I interviewed W. F. Butler, who was on the staff. He let me see all the plans of the lines at Tel-el-Kebir, in so far as the Intelligence people under Redvers Buller had been able to obtain details of them from observation and from spies, and he showed me exactly how the different brigades, and so forth, were intended to hit the lines off. The cavalry was to be away, drawn back in echelon on the extreme right, so that when the moment of attack came this large force of mounted troops would be beyond the left extremity of the lines and ready to sweep round them and to come down upon the rear of the enemy. Baker Russell had, as it happened, packed off his A.D.C. (Ashburnham) to Ismailia first thing that morning to see what he could do in the way of securing drinkables, of which we were decidedly short; and, as was only to be expected from a 7th Hussar, Ashburnham did not fail in his quest. For that evening my respected Brigadier presented himself before my tent with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a bucket in the other, and it was then I discovered what an admirable vessel a bucket is to quaff bubbly wine out of—at all events when you have such a thirst as you always do have in the desert.

The brigade paraded at 12-30 a.m. that night, and we moved off at 1 a.m., preceded by the 2nd Brigade and two horse artillery batteries. We marched very slowly across the desert, making frequent halts to ensure that proper touch was kept, until about 3 a.m., and then the whole of the cavalry halted, dismounted, a considerable distance to

the right rear of the long line of infantry. I was lying in the sand by my horse, much too cold to sleep, when, just as day began to dawn, an Egyptian gun loosed off somewhere and gave us the signal to begin. We mounted and advanced at once—our brigade in echelon to the right rear (i.e., outside) of the other. The horse artillery pushed rapidly on and came into action, and then the 2nd Brigade, with us in support, advanced at a gallop. We found ourselves in accordance with the plan well outside of the enemy's left flank and beyond the end of the lines of entrenchments, and by the time that we had swung round so as to bring us in rear of these it was broad daylight and we could see that the battle was already won. The Gyppy infantry were rushing panic-stricken out of their works in swarms, throwing away their arms as they ran—the 2nd Brigade, reinforced by the 4th D.G., got right among them. The rest of our brigade, owing to being in rear, only came upon stragglers; the men cut down some of these terrified fugitives just at first, but after that we avoided bloodshed as far as possible, having hardly come under fire. A completer victory than this combat of Tel-el-Kebir was, from our point of view, impossible to imagine.

As soon as the fight was at an end Wolseley issued orders for the mounted troops to follow up what had been achieved on the battlefield by a bold *coup*. His instructions were to the effect that the cavalry and horse artillery were to move as rapidly as possible on Belbeis, and from thence to press on to Cairo, following in general the edge of the desert where this fringed the cultivated and intersected plain of the Nile Delta. This movement involved, to start with, crossing the lateral depression that stretches from the Delta eastwards to Ismailia, along which the Sweet Water Canal and the railway from Zagazig to Ismailia run; and, in so far as our brigade (except the 4th D.G.) was concerned, we were a good deal hampered at the outset in getting clear of the various brigades and units which had been participating in the fight. For these tended to converge upon the ground in rear of the southern extremity of the captured lines, ground which we, coming from the north, had to traverse. After that we were greatly delayed by the difficulty of

getting the horse artillery guns over some narrow bridges crossing minor canals and irrigation channels, before we could get back on to the desert to the south. The consequence was that although the 2nd Brigade, with the 4th D.G., had seized Belbeis by noon and halted there, we could not make that place, which was fifteen miles from Tel-el-Kebir, before dark, and we bivouacked that night some distance short of it in the desert.

Drury Lowe remained at Belbeis with the Indian cavalry and the 4th D.G. till 4 a.m. next morning (the 14th), and he then marched on and arrived in the vicinity of Cairo in the afternoon. Its garrison and its citadel surrendered that evening. In the meantime we had quitted our bivouac at an early hour, and all that day we were trekking along the edge of the desert, making for Cairo, which was thirty-five miles from Belbeis. The monotony of the proceedings was, however, interrupted by an incident in which I took a leading part. We were doddering along, very hot and thirsty and tired, when I espied an armed Bedouin riding off into the desert and promptly gave chase. This was noticed by the column and somebody sent a sergeant careering after me to lend a hand. But my horse, La-di-dah, had the legs both of the sergeant's mount and that of the Bedouin, and I was overhauling the latter rapidly when the sergeant, determined not to be outdone, opened long range fire with his confounded carbine. Now, seeing that I happened to be between the sergeant and his target, this powder play on his part made it all the more desirable for me to come up with the fugitive before my assistant should get me in the back. So I pushed La-di-dah for all I was worth and soon came up with my quarry, who blazed his bunduk at me when at just short of fisticuff range—and missed like a man. I then had him at my mercy with my revolver. So he surrendered at discretion; whereupon the sergeant and I escorted our prize back in triumph to the column, to be greeted with ringing cheers by the troopers who had enjoyed a capital view of the proceedings. We bivouacked in the desert that night close to Abassiyeh, and marched into Cairo next morning early.

For the first few days we established ourselves in the

Kasr-el-Nil barracks—those close to the great bridge over the Nile; but after that we shifted quarters to the Zaphonoui Palace. As I expressed it in a letter home: "We live in the most magnificent of palaces amidst every variety of stink, and behave as mildly as conquerors can be expected to. . . . . I wish the business had gone on longer. B.R., however, says that it is a good thing well over, as something might have gone wrong with us. We certainly were lucky as sand-boys all through." Everything had indeed moved like clockwork, from the moment that we sailed from Alexandria for Lake Timsah down to the evening when Cairo was secured by bluff on the part of a few squadrons on almost dead-beat horses. Nor had the business worked out otherwise than most satisfactorily from my own personal point of view. For the appointment which I had held during the fighting, if a subordinate one, was nevertheless the one almost in preference to any other to fill when cavalry was in action. We had, moreover, been concerned in three very genuine cavalry engagements before the crowning day of Tel-el-Kebir; and if our brigade had not suffered severely in these encounters in respect to casualties, this was mainly attributable to the fact that the Egyptian shells were almost innocuous when they plunged into sand, for plenty of them had come rattling about our ears. I would observe, however, that the innovation of always forming up in "rank entire" (that is to say in a single rank instead of in two ranks) had not to my mind proved altogether satisfactory during our mounted fights. It had caused the units—regiments, squadrons, troops—to cover so wide a front as to make them difficult to manage by officers not used to such an organization.

Several elaborate functions were brought off at Cairo before the Expeditionary Force broke up and large portions of it proceeded home. I dined with the Duke of Connaught, and with the Khedive, and with Sir Garnet on different nights, these repasts being served respectively at the Shouban, the Ghezireh and the Abdin Palaces. A gorgeous fête was, moreover, given by the Khedive, at the Ghezireh Palace. "Such fireworks and illuminations we shall probably live a long time before we see again," I wrote home, "as also the

supper for 200—cigarettes and cigars by the thousand. He finished up by decorating us the day we left. Stewart got the third class of the Osmanieh and I the third class of the Medjidie. It is really as big as the star of the Bath and infinitely more vulgar looking. The Khedive seems a charming person; unlike his predecessor (who had 300 of them) he has but one wife, and unlike most of his countrymen he is thoroughly well satisfied at the thrashing we have given his army."

I finally got away from Alexandria about the 5th of October in the S.S. "Greece" with the 4th D.G., and as their colonel had gone home sick I was the senior officer on board. This meant commanding the troops, and it secured most comfortable accommodation for me, although the rest of the officers were doubled up in their cabins like figs. In due course I received the medal with clasp for the campaign, and also the khedive's star, besides having been mentioned twice in despatches.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Nile Expedition.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Nile Expedition.

The Regiment moves to Aldershot.—I have the brigade out for some French cavalry officers to see.—Death of my Uncle Robert.—The trouble with the Mahdi.—Gordon sent up to Khartoum.—Question of an expedition to relieve him.—The rival routes.—The Nile route decided upon and Wolseley given command.—Appointed Commander of the Light Camel Regiment, but this altered to second-in-command.—The Hussar detachments assemble at Aldershot.—We sail for Alexandria.—Up the Nile.—Luxor.—Assuan.—March to Wady Halfa.—The march up to Korti—The move across the Bayuda Desert started.—News from Gordon.—I remain behind at Korti in command of the camel corps left behind there.—My row with an interpreter and what the H.Q. staff made of the story.—Herbert Stewart's advance to Abu-Klea and Gubat.—Life at Korti.—Buller sent across the desert owing to Stewart's wound.—I go out to Jakdul and back.—The river column under weigh.—Sent down to Abu Gus to buy camels.—Hear of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death.—Wolseley sends me off across the desert with despatches.—A hazardous ride.—Meet a sick and wounded convoy just at the moment of Stewart's death.—At Abu-Klea.—Buller's orders.—He decides to retire.—Fresh orders from Wolseley.—The retirement from Abu-Klea.—A very hard march back to Jakdul.—Wolseley abandons the idea of advancing to Berber.—We return to Korti.—The climate there.—I assume command of the Light Camel Corps.—The corps moves down to Shabadood.—A funeral in the desert.—Hutting.—The Government decide against further offensive operations in the Sudan.—Life at Shabadood.—A fire in camp.—A Commandant and Ram-a-dan.—Orders for withdrawal down the Nile.—The disgraceful treatment of the inhabitants who had sided with us.—By boat down to railhead.—Knocked up, but find a doctor who knows his job.—By steamer to Assiut and on by rail to Alexandria.—We give Wolseley a send-off.—Arrival at Portsmouth.—Reviewed on the jetty by the Commander-in-Chief and the Prince of Wales.—A farewell order to the Light Camel Corps.

THE regiment was still at Colchester when the Expeditionary Force returned from Egypt and I, in due course, rejoined them there. We moved to Aldershot towards the end of 1883, and shortly after arriving there, Colonel Burnell died and was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Drew, who, owing to my brevet dating back to 1880, was junior to me in the army. The squadron organization had not been adopted at this time—largely, I believe, owing to the strong opposition of the Commander-in-Chief—so that at ordinary times I was merely the commander of a troop. On the other hand, I sometimes, as a result of my army rank, found myself temporarily in command of the Cavalry Brigade at the camp—as is evidenced by a letter of mine written in the following year : " Some French cavalry officers appeared at Aldershot yesterday, so, much to the astonish-

ment of four or five lieutenant-colonels, I ordered out the brigade and horse artillery, and knocked the lot about the Long Valley for a couple of hours, finishing up with a tremendous charge of three regiments across the Long Valley. I had capital fun with them."

My Uncle Robert, who had been in failing health for two or three years, died in 1883, and his wealth passed to my Uncle Hugh, in whom the firm of McCalmont Brothers became absorbed. He made a certain distribution amongst the families of his brothers and of his sister, which was of financial benefit to all of us, and this made me even more ready than I had been before to go into Parliament should a chance offer, the expense involved in a contested election being no longer a matter of so much importance to me.

Already before the close of 1883 one was beginning to hear something of Mohammed Ahmed, the boat-builder of Dongola, who had gone off into the back-of-beyond of the Sudan, had proclaimed himself the Mahdi, and was gathering the tribesmen of that remote region to his standard; and the despatch of General Gordon to Khartoum indicated that H.M. Government was becoming somewhat exercised by the martial activities of this false prophet. They were, early in 1884, giving considerable grounds for concern in connection with Egyptian posts about Suakin, so much so that a British force, under Sir G. Graham, had to proceed to the scene of disturbance and to fight two well contested actions, at El Teb and at Tamai respectively, before the situation could be partially restored. That was in February and March, and it was in the following month that the possible need of despatching an army to Khartoum appears first to have been seriously considered by the Cabinet and by the War Office. Berber fell on the 26th of May, with the result that Gordon and Khartoum were for all practical purposes cut off from Lower Egypt, and yet more than two months were allowed to elapse before any definite steps in a military direction were taken.

It had leaked out—and we know all the details of the prolonged discussion now—that a certain difference of opinion existed amongst the military authorities as to what would be the best route to adopt in the event of an expeditionary

force proceeding to Gordon's aid. Lord Wolseley (he had been given his peerage for his services in the Tel-el-Kebir campaign) had, when consulted in April, plumped for an advance up the Nile by boat from above the second cataract, on the same principle as the Red River Expedition had been conducted. General Sir F. Stephenson, on the other hand, who was in command in Egypt, favoured the Suakin-Berber route. For the unpardonable four months' delay which occurred between April and August before taking decisive action, Mr. Gladstone's Government could at least proffer the excuse—such as it was—that their expert advisers were not in absolute accord. But on the 7th of August a Vote of Credit for £300,000 was asked for, Sir F. Stephenson was ordered to occupy Wady Halfa, next day 400 special boats were ordered and 400 more a few days later, and people like myself who were "not in the know" realized that a serious campaign in an entirely new theatre of war was in sight. Moreover, before the end of the month we learnt that Lord Wolseley was going out to take command, and he arrived in Cairo on the 9th of September.

I was in great hopes of being selected to proceed on special service in some capacity or other, but heard nothing until an official letter from the War Office reached me on the 17th of September telling me to take charge of detachments of light cavalry which were to proceed to Egypt to be formed into camel corps. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot of the 1st Life Guards, who was also at Aldershot, received a similar communication with regard to detachments of heavy cavalry. In the official letter from the War Office to the General at Aldershot, sent off at the same time with reference to our appointments, there occurred the following sentence: "They have each been requested to nominate two non-commissioned officers, one to act as Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant, and the other as temporary Orderly Room Clerk to the detachments under their respective commands. . . . ." In view of what subsequently occurred, I quote this to show that I was definitely given the command at its first constitution of what became the Light Camel Corps. I arranged that Harold Paget, of my regiment, should be my Adjutant.

The cavalry detachments, consisting of two officers and forty rank-and-file from each regiment at home, assembled at Aldershot a few days later, these representing the light cavalry being wholly drawn from Hussar regiments, while those representing the heavy cavalry came from the Household Cavalry, the Dragoon regiments and the Lancer regiments. Just about the same time I was greatly mortified by an official notification to the effect that Colonel Stanley Clarke, who was an Equerry to the Prince of Wales, was to have command of the light cavalry detachments instead of myself ; I was merely to go out with the detachment found by my own regiment, but my army rank automatically made me second-in-command—for what that was worth. Clarke, although a man of charming personality, had no war experience and had been away from military service in any form for six years, and I think I am justified in saying that his appointment was a piece of jobbery, quite apart from the fact that the post had already been given officially to me. However, I had to make the best of it. At the War Office I was shown a private letter from the Duke approving of me to command.

We sailed before the end of the month in the S.S. "Australia," the Heavy Corps also being on board, " the departure from Aldershot as enthusiastic as if we were going to fight the Battle of Waterloo over again," I wrote at sea. Our corps was subdivided into three squadrons, of one of which I took charge. On arrival at Alexandria we were railed to Cairo, and proceeded to the Pyramids to encamp, but were almost immediately sent on by train up as far as Assiut, and went on from there in barges towed by a steamer. This proved a slow mode of progression, the more so as our steamer broke down short of Assuan, with the result that the Heavies got the start of us—a start which they were to keep practically to the end. " We spent a few hours at Luxor," I wrote home, " saw the great temple at Karnak. It is magnificent. You see the traces of avenues of sphinxes, and one of the halls, an enormous place, roofless now, but with its stupendous pillars still perfect, even the paint remaining. Monoliths ninety feet high *ad lib.* The best part of it was built by Rameses II, the Pharaoh preceding

Sethi II in whose reign, I think it was (or the following one), that the Exodus took place. Thebes was the London of those days 3,000 years ago, and perhaps was more civilized and luxurious than the latter, and almost as populous, for Mr. Rameses II turned out an army of which the cavalry alone consisted of 100,000 horses."

When, after our somewhat unfortunate experiences during the river trip, we fetched up at Assuan we found to our disgust that the Heavies and the Guards had between them managed to lay hands on most of the camels and on all the best of the saddles. Nevertheless after a good deal of vexatious delay we got ourselves fitted out after a fashion, and as soon as sufficient animals and gear had been got together I led off with part of the corps, proceeding by march route up to Wady Halfa below the second cataract. The first day or two of this undertaking proved trying to all of us, as it takes time to become used to the motion of a camel. One feels terribly stiff just at first ; but one soon gets over that, and we arrived at Wady Halfa on the 22nd of November effectually hardened to the job. The rest of the Expeditionary Force was by this time already getting well on the move from above the second cataract. The infantry were embarking in their boats at a place called Gemai at the head of the long stretch of more or less broken waters ; the first battalion had started on the 5th of November and the others were following in rapid succession.

I found Buller in charge at Wady Halfa and dined with him there. Wolseley had gone on to Dongola, ahead of all but the most advanced portions of his army, so as to be at hand to deal with the Mudir of the Dongola Province, who had been giving a lot of trouble, leaving Buller, his Chief-of-Staff, to see to things further back. He had already, as far back as the 19th of October, made up his mind that it would be necessary for a part of his force to cross the Bayuda Desert from about Korti, so as to cut off the great bend in the Nile towards Abu Hamed, and it was indeed in view of the possibility of such a necessity arising that he had arranged for the Camel Corps to be organized. These camel troops had now come to be designated officially as the Heavy Camel Corps, the Light Camel Corps, the Guards

Camel Corps and the Mounted Infantry Camel Corps, the other three all having already gone on ahead by march route from Wady Halfa by the time that my leading portion of the Light Camel Corps arrived there. "My face is completely skinned by the sun," I wrote home; "we have had a successful march, but the camels are rather done."

I started on the march southwards from Wady Halfa on the 27th of November, making for Dongola and Korti, and from the time of our approaching Gemai we were constantly passing different infantry battalions as they toiled along in their boats, for we naturally moved much faster than they did. Although generally following the course of the river, I purposely made it a practice to cut off corners, often crossing the desert for several miles at a time. This gave us useful experience in genuine desert work, because we used to bivouac wherever we happened to be about sundown, and if we did not pass the night near the bank of the Nile we found ourselves depending for water upon what we had been able to carry in skins and water-bottles; this taught the men to realize the importance of harbouring the commodity. It was interesting to watch the progress of the boats. Sometimes the foot soldiers were rowing, sometimes they were out on the bank towing; occasionally they were having a good time, sailing along with a nice following wind. As had been the case during our advance from Lake Shebandawan in the days of the Red River business, the men, one could see, had wonderfully quickly settled down to their novel task and had become expert watermen. In so far as my echelon of the Light Camel Corps was concerned, its progress from Wady Halfa to Korti was carried out most successfully, for we lost very few camels on this long march as compared to the numbers of animals that were broken down by the rival corps while covering the same distance—this in spite of our having been fitted out with such indifferent animals and also with such unsatisfactory saddles at Assuan at the outset. Sir Herbert Stewart had arrived at Korti with the Guards and Mounted Infantry Camel Corps and the South Staffordshire Regiment on the 15th of December, Lord Wolseley had arrived on the morrow, and my echelon of the Light Camel Corps got in three or four

THE LIGHT CAMEL CORPS

days later. Buller came up with the rest of the Headquarters staff about the same time.

Dining with Lord Wolseley on Christmas Day I found occasion to refer to my treatment as regards command of the Light Corps; but although he was obviously sympathetic he said that the thing was done and could not be undone. Stanley Clarke arrived with another echelon of the corps a day or two later, and the infantry were beginning to arrive by boat in rapid succession. Some of them pushed on at once to Merowi, about thirty miles above Korti on the river, where the main force that was to stick to the water route was gradually assembling preparatory to an advance on Abu Hamed and Berber and into country that was in the dervish's hands. Then, on the 30th of December, the movement of that part of the Expeditionary Force which was to cross the Bayuda Desert and was to hit off the Nile again somewhere near Metemmeh was initiated. Stewart, who was to command this column, on that day took a troop of the 19th Hussars (who had come up with their horses), the Guards and Mounted Infantry Camel Corps, and a half-battery to act as fighting force, while the Heavy and Light Camel Corps furnished detachments in charge of camels that acted as transport—one man led three camels, each camel carrying about 230 pounds of supplies or stores, and Stanley Clarke was appointed baggage-master in charge of them. I remained behind at Korti in charge of the remainder of the Light Corps and of details left behind by the other camel corps.

It was that day that a very important letter on a small scrap of paper arrived at Merowi from Gordon at Khartoum, dated the 14th of December. It said that all was well up there; but the bearer of the paper also brought a verbal message which indicated that the situation in the beleaguered city was becoming grave owing to the shortage of food; and Gordon sent particular warning to whoever was commanding the relieving force that this ought not to leave Berber untaken in its rear. This warning as to Berber tended to preclude any advance from Metemmeh (when taken by the Desert Column) on Khartoum, without its waiting for the force that was proceeding by river to come up. Still,

Wolseley foresaw the possibility of an isolated advance by a force on camels becoming imperative should Gordon prove to be *in extremis*. One of the difficulties which our Chief had been labouring under, and a difficulty which he continued to labour under for a short time longer, was that the exact condition of affairs at Khartoum was not known.*

The primary object of Stewart's move of the 30th of December was to establish a depot of food at the Jakdul Wells, which were rather more than half-way across the Bayuda Desert and ninety-eight miles from Korti. He got there on the 2nd, deposited the supplies, left the Guards Camel Regiment in charge, and was back at Korti on the 5th. "I have been here in command of the camel corps left behind," I wrote home on that day before Stewart's return, "about 800 men or so and 300 camels. We have had drill morning, noon and night. This morning I had a brigade day—19th Hussars, 200 men and horses, Light and Heavy Camel Regiments, about 300. We have got some splendid camels lately. Wolseley has been very kind, asked me to dine three times this week; and two days when I was seedy came down to see me each day. He is in capital form. Gordon's letter is a curiosity, about the size of a postage stamp. It shows that Khartoum must be very closely invested. There are any amount of crocodiles here; they are very shy of people and there is no danger in bathing from them, tho' the under-current is so strong that a man is not much good in the water. . . . . I expect we shall leave on the 8th or 9th and we shall probably be fighting to relieve Khartoum before you receive this. I believe more infantry are going across than was originally intended."

One reason why I was the recipient of so much hospitality at the hands of the Headquarters mess was that on the way up from Wady Halfa I had had a serious difference of opinion with my interpreter. This creature was an Austrian subject and we had, from the outset, failed to hit

* It was the same in the case of Kut-el-Amara thirty years later. But, whereas Gordon's situation at Khartoum was believed to be somewhat less critical than it actually was, Townshend's situation at Kut was believed to be more critical than it actually was and the efforts to save his force were somewhat precipitated in consequence.—C.E.C.

it off together. At last, at some place miles away from anywhere, I had a final row with him, refused to take him any further, and left him to his own devices, to be knocked on the head by Bedouins, or to starve, or to meet with any other of those inconveniences that a lone individual may find himself exposed to in such a region. When my pals up at Headquarters heard of this, they made up a great story about the interpreter having complained to his Consul and there being the very deuce of a row. After a time they made out that Wolseley had been obliged to pay fifty pounds to the man as compensation, and I actually handed over a cheque for that amount, quite glad to get out of the thing so cheaply. Only months afterwards, in Cairo, did Lord Charles Beresford tell me that they had been "pulling my leg" all the time. My cheque, needless to say, was never presented by Wolseley.

A convoy started for Jakdul on the 7th under Clarke, escorted by one echelon of our corps, while I remained behind at Korti in charge of the rest, and it was on the day following that Stewart started off afresh from Korti, this time with the intention of pushing on through to Metemmeh. He took with him a squadron of the 19th Hussars, the Heavy and Mounted Infantry Camel Corps and a half battery, and he picked up the Guards Camel Corps at Jakdul, which place his force quitted on the 14th and for several days afterwards no news with regard to his further movements came to hand at Korti. On the 17th he fought the battle of Abu-Klea, and after a further severe fight, in the course of which he was severely, and, as it turned out, fatally wounded, part of his column reached the Nile, near Metemmeh, on the 19th. All this time, and for some days afterwards, nothing was known at Korti as to the exciting experiences which the small force that had been thus thrust out into the desert was meeting with.

"I got a severe chill when first I got here," I wrote home on the 11th of January, "but am as fit as possible again. The climate has told a bit on the men; we have fifty-six *hors de combat*—that is, they will do no more work this campaign. . . . . There was great excitement this afternoon as some shots were heard down the river from guns. It

turned out that it was the Mudir of Dongola saluting Sir Evelyn Wood, who has just come up." "There will be some severe fighting next month, I fully expect," I wrote a week later, "but the sun is our real enemy. Marching last November was hot work, and of course it will be the same thing again soon. Just now there is splendid weather here, a more charming night than this there could not be. I have just come in from visiting the outlying pickets, for which one is supplied with a horse, and if you ever want to know the pleasure of being on a horse try 1,000 miles on a camel. I had a shot at a crocodile yesterday on the other side of the river. I took four men with me and we got very close to the brute before we fired; he was fast asleep, but only about two yards from the edge. We ought to have killed him, but the men were too excited and fired too soon. He was an enormous reptile and rolled over completely before he got into the water. Yesterday morning I went for a long ride with His Lordship to meet Clarke's convoy coming back from Jakdul wells. I know now the general idea of what is going to be done and quite expect to be back in England before May. The 18th Royal Irish are to go across the desert on camels, and I fancy the advance from Shendy on Khartoum will come off about 14th of February, but it is rash to prophesy. The camels will return by Suakin. This is a secret. It will be a severe march I think, very hot if deferred beyond March."

Two or three days after this the news came through from Gubat of the fighting that had taken place and the somewhat heavy losses which the desert column had experienced, and it was a great disappointment to us in the Light Camel Corps to have been out of it all. I had lost a number of friends, St. Vincent among them who had gone out to the Marri business with me, and St. Leger Herbert, acting as a newspaper correspondent, who had been on Wolseley's personal staff both in Cyprus and in South Africa. Buller went off across the desert to take command as soon as the news arrived and the Chief heard of Stewart's serious wound, and Evelyn Wood was now acting as Chief of the Staff in Buller's place. In the meantime I had been out to Jakdul in charge of seventy sailors of the Naval Brigade, a field

hospital, sixty Egyptian soldiers, and sixty of our own men with 400 camels.*

"It is a pleasant ride of six days at thirty miles a day," I wrote on the 31st, "and with an enemy supposed to be near enough not to consider oneself quite safe. I came back without guides, as Pigott was coming across the desert with despatches and was not able to find the way at night. Talbot's convoy, consisting principally of the mounted infantry from the front, came in while we were at the wells —until their arrival we had been somewhat anxious out there. On these marches we carry the three days' water supply in skins and leather bottles, the rate is calculated at a gallon a day per man, but, between leakage and unpreventable waste, the men don't get that out of them. At night the skins are arranged under a guard. We have also a reserve supply carried in waterproof sheets. One convoy ran short, so mine was given thirty camel-loads of twenty-four gallons each extra; it was not used and only shows that the water difficulty is a mere bugbear with proper arrangements. I rather want to make a raid on some tribes to the south-east of this, about seventy miles out, who have not come in, but at present the authorities don't seem to see it. His Lordship asked me to dine on the night I came back, and also to breakfast yesterday. I think he must have spent an anxious week of it, as they were without news of Stewart's column for ten days. However, the reaction has set in and he is in the highest spirits, with telegrams of congratulation from the Queen, Hartington, Cambridge, and the Lord Mayor posted up on the trees outside Headquarters. .... The main thing of getting to the Nile and communicating has been a very great success for all concerned. What a pity we were not there to see. I am sure, however, that we have plenty of hard fighting before us, quite enough, as the fellows will say who don't know what it means."

The river column had got under weigh from Merowi about this time; but quite three weeks must elapse before

* "I enclose a letter from the little King to Frances," Lord Wolseley wrote to Lady Wolseley on the 22nd. "He is heartbroken at having missed the fight. However he goes off to-morrow in charge of a convoy across the desert, and I have cheered his drooping spirits by telling him the Mahdi meant to fight it out at Khartoum."—C.E.C.

it could possibly get near Berber, and in the meantime the force at Gubat was in a most isolated position. I had been much struck by the very bad condition into which the camels were getting during the course of my trek to Jakdul and back, and by what I had seen of Talbot's convoy when it arrived there, and I did my best to impress the subject upon the Headquarters people at Korti after my return. They rather took me at my word, for they packed me off in a picket boat down to a place called Abu Gus, about sixty miles below Korti on the Nile, to see what I could do in the buying line. So I spent several days, generally sitting under a palm tree with a great bag full of dollars by my side which might well have tempted some Bedouin or other form of ruffian dwelling in these parts to launch me and my interpreter into eternity and to make off with the swag. I bought and paid for fifty quite useful animals in silver, which proved a tedious operation. Such a pandemonium as the market was where I transacted business stay-at-home people would find it impossible to imagine, and the trotting up and down of the camels for my inspection would have astonished Tattersalls. On my way back to Korti by picket boat I met a similar craft coming down, and from people on board of this I learnt the bad news which had reached Headquarters since my departure of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon.

On fetching up at Korti that evening (the 13th) a message from the Chief came to hand inviting me to go up and dine with him. He had had a great shock from the evil tidings received with regard to the fall of Khartoum, I could see, although he was cheery and determined as ever. It is an interesting fact that he gave up smoking from that time forward and never, I believe, smoked again although he had been a great smoker in the past. News had come in the day before of the very successful action fought by the river column at Kirbekan, and what he now had in his mind was that Buller, from Gubat, should be prepared to co-operate with that force in securing possession of Berber. He told me that he wished me to leave next morning with despatches for Buller at Gubat—I had already learnt that the Light Camel Corps had been sent off across the desert on receipt

of the news about Khartoum, and I gathered that the orders I was taking to Gubat were in reference to the project for the capture of Berber.

"I have had atrocious luck, being out of everything," I wrote home that evening. "However, it can't be helped. I am glad that Buller is in command. I am starting early to-morrow with Wolseley's despatches for Buller. I expect to get to Howeiyat Wells at sunset to-morrow, fifty-five miles, Jakdul next day, forty, Abu-Klea next day, fifty-six, and then into Gubat or Metemmeh. Fancy my luck at having gone down buying camels sixty miles away and then the news coming in next day and the regiment going off! I think this business ought to make it hot for Gladstone and Co. Their treatment of Gordon during the summer months has been awful. Had the preparations for the expedition been made then Khartoum would have been relieved by the 1st December with ease."*

I was off early next morning, accompanied by a sergeant and by my servant, each of us riding one camel and leading another. We got to Howeiyat, as contemplated, that evening, and my spare camel died there that night. We pushed on to Jakdul the next day, and were off early on the third; but the camels were very much done up and we, in consequence, made but slow progress. Next morning, when about half-way to Abu-Klea, we met a large convoy in charge of Talbot that was proceeding from Gubat to Jakdul. It was bringing down a large number of sick and wounded, and as we came abreast of the camels that were carrying the wounded, I was making my way over to enquire after Herbert Stewart when, at that very moment, I noticed an orderly covering over one of the litters, and I was informed that the General had passed away in it as I rode up. We had first served together when on Wolseley's staff in South Africa, and we had afterwards again been together with the cavalry in the 1882 campaign, he with Drury Lowe while I was with Baker Russell; he was a man of most attractive personality and had proved himself a fine soldier during this

* "The little King dined with me last night in the highest spirits at the prospect of getting into the desert to-day with despatches for Sir Redvers Buller," wrote Lord Wolseley to Lady Wolseley on the 14th of February.—C.E.C.

desert work up to the time when he was so unfortunately wounded. From officers with the convoy I learnt the hang of things. Buller was no longer at Gubat, as Wolseley had supposed he would be when I was sent off from Korti, but had retired and would probably be at Abu-Klea by this time. Talbot informed me that, coming on ahead of Buller, he had met with some opposition on the further side of Abu-Klea, where there were considerable numbers of dervishes on the watch. From what one gathered, it seemed pretty certain that I should find Buller with what was left of the desert column at Abu-Klea, and there seemed to be some prospect that I would find him surrounded by swarms of dervishes. It was, moreover, made quite clear to me that the troops which had been thrust across the desert so boldly from Korti to the vicinity of Metemmeh were now virtually immobilized by the condition of their camels, and that the Camel Corps had ceased to exist as mounted troops owing to their mounts all being required for transport purposes.

"Just a line to say that I arrived here yesterday with escort of three," I wrote from Abu-Klea next day. "Did the 150 miles in three days and seven hours, but the camels were completely done. It was a very risky business getting here—at least the last twenty-five miles or so. The place was being attacked by the Mahdi's riflemen as I approached; they drew off, luckily for me, just in time. The day previously I should probably have had to leg it back fifty miles on dead-beat camels. The situation is not altogether pleasant, but we are strongly entrenched now, with Buller in command. I have been all round the positions held by the enemy yesterday. Their riflemen were about 1,100 yards off, and I daresay we shall have a lot of hard fighting before we march. The distances are so great that the situation is not known—at least was not, I think, when I left Korti. The dust here is dreadful. . . . . We have here the 18th and half the Highlanders' Mounted Infantry, 200 Light Camel Regiment, six guns, and sixty men of the Naval Brigade. I met, on my way twenty-five miles from here, the Heavies and Guards Camel Regiments, sick, and 500 camels. They were losing camels at the rate of seventy or

eighty a day. As I heard of the state of affairs en route it was a most anxious business getting here."

The orders that I had brought across the desert for Buller were to the effect that he was to move his force from about Gubat to Berber after a short time. Wolseley had contemplated his co-operating with the river column when this arrived in the vicinity of the latter place so as to effect its capture, which would be a matter of considerable strategical importance owing to the route from Suakin to the Nile coming in at that point. But these instructions of the Chief's had been drawn up under the impression that the desert column would be found at Gubat or Metemmeh and that it still constituted a serviceable mobile force. But as Buller had, in the meantime, unknown to Wolseley, found himself obliged to withdraw from Gubat with his animals broken down, these orders that I had brought from Korti were no longer applicable. One of the greatest difficulties that the Chief had been suffering from during the recent anxious weeks was that it took several days for him to communicate either with Buller in command of the desert column, or with Brackenbury in command of the river column—Brackenbury had succeeded General Earle in the command of the latter force after Earle's death at the combat of Kirbekan.

Buller had, as I learnt on arrival at Abu-Klea, encountered opposition during his move thither from Gubat, in the course of which he had suffered some casualties; among others, Paget had been wounded. We were safe enough at Abu-Klea in so far as attack upon the place by the enemy was concerned, for the camp had been effectually fortified and we had an ample supply of rations and of ammunition; but on the other hand the water was bad and forage was scarce. The insufficiency of *dhurra* for the camels was a serious matter considering how seriously they had fallen off in condition even as it was. A hill from which dervish riflemen had been worrying the bivouacs on the previous day had now been occupied by our people, and everybody was living in the equivalent to dug-outs, funk-holes in which one would be quite comfortable in the event of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies starting to snipe us from afar off. We used to stand

to arms at dawn each morning during the six days that the force remained subesequent to my arrival, so as to be ready to meet attack should one be launched; but most of the enemy had drawn off for the time being—probably owing to the difficulty as to water. Be that as it may, we were left almost in peace.

Fresh orders arrived from Wolseley on the 21st recalling the desert column, with the idea of its returning to near Korti and then following in the tracks of the river column up the Nile—orders which evidently had been drawn up in ignorance of the fact that the desert column had virtually ceased to be a mobile force owing to the breakdown of the animals. Buller, therefore, prepared to fall back towards Jakdul on the 23rd. But on the morning of that day the enemy force which had been watching us from some distance to the east of the camp was strongly reinforced, the number of new hands arriving being estimated at some 8,000 men. This necessarily seriously aggravated the difficulties attending retirement from our position. The hollow in which the Abu-Klea wells are situated, and in which we were encamped, was a nasty place to withdraw from in any case, seeing that the track, for a distance of about six miles, runs along a valley with commanding hills on either hand. But it also was quite possible that the enemy might move forward and hold the ground where we would emerge from the defile on to the open desert; once in the desert we should not have feared an attack by hordes of Fuzzy-Wuzzies. Buller's arrangements, however, were masterly. A convoy carrying the forty wounded and sick, as well as the baggage and the stores, was sent off early in the afternoon under Clarke, whose orders were to get well clear of the awkward ground and then to await the rest of the force out in the desert. The wells were filled in during the afternoon, and then, after dark, the outposts were quietly withdrawn and the force marched out, while fires were left burning and buglers remained behind under escort to sound "Last Post" at the usual hour before following in our wake. The enemy apparently failed to take note of our departure, and after coming up with the convoy out in the open desert towards midnight, we halted till daylight. Then we trudged on till

10 a.m., at which hour we pulled up and prepared to rest during the period of great heat.

We had just settled down, looking forward to a few hours of repose, when we were startled by the sound of what we took to be gun-fire from the direction of Abu-Klea. This rather upset us for the moment and appropriate preparations were hastily made to meet the possibility of an attack; but it turned out that the noise was only caused by a few humorists representing the Mahdi who were diverting themselves by blowing up gunpowder left behind in cases—and if they managed to blow themselves up at the same time, so much the better. We moved on again as had been intended about 4 p.m., and very little was seen of the enemy subsequent to that, all the way to Jakdul. Owing to practically the whole of the camels that could be looked upon as still in working condition being required to act as pack-transport, we were all of us, officers and men, on foot, and we underwent a most trying experience during this retirement of ours across the desert. A couple of depots of water and of *dhurra* had been especially arranged for on the way; but, even so, we all suffered terribly from thirst and from exhaustion. Men, as they plodded along, would collapse quite suddenly and would have to be stacked on camels that had been expressly told off to meet such contingencies; this actually befel me just before getting to one of the depots, although I speedily recovered on getting a mouthful of water. Owing to Stanley Clarke being in charge of the convoy, I was in command of the Light Camel Corps—what there was of it—but, owing to detachments that had gone on ahead and to the men left behind at Korti when the corps had started across the desert, I had only just short of 200 of all ranks under me. I may add that the strength of the force that had been got away so skilfully out of the Abu-Klea basin by Buller, amounted only to 1,676, all told; and its quota of camels only amounted to 1,180, many of which were quite unfit to carry anything and a considerable proportion of which never got to Jakdul at all.

We found Evelyn Wood in charge at Jakdul, and Buller went on at once from there to Korti so as to resume his position of Chief of the Staff. It had not been till the receipt

of his report from Abu-Klea that Wolseley had become aware how completely the transport of the desert column had broken down, and had come to realize that the troops which he had thrust ahead under Stewart some six weeks before had by this time ceased to represent a force capable of undertaking active operations. We were not merely crippled consequent on the state of our animals. We were also virtually crippled owing to the condition of the men's boots; these were almost completely worn out and a good many of the soldiers, if not of the officers, were marching almost barefoot. The consequence of the Chief becoming at length acquainted with this unsatisfactory state of things was far-reaching in so far as his plans for the immediate future were concerned. After he had reviewed the strategical situation as a whole and had allowed for the encouragement which the retreat of the desert column from Gubat and Abu-Klea must inevitably afford to the Mahdi and his Emirs, he definitely decided to suspend all idea of further operations this season, and to recall the river column, which was now near Abu Hamed.

We remained for about a week at Jakdul, some of the troops being gradually sent off to Korti in the meantime, and we eventually marched out under Wood on the 3rd of March. We were all on foot and we did not reach Korti till the 12th of the month, having halted a couple of days at the Megaga wells on the way in view of the exhaustion of men and animals. We did the sixty-eight miles from Megaga wells in four days' marching, generally moving off about 2 a.m. and going on till about 7 a.m., and then putting in another three hours or so on the move between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. We were none of us sorry to find ourselves back on the banks of the Nile again, where there at least was no lack of water for drinking and for ablutionary purposes.

"The shade temperature at the hospital stands at ninety-five during the heat of the day," I wrote home from Korti on the 14th, "but the nights are cool. I am in hopes that the reports of the climate here for the coming six months are exaggerated. No doubt it will be infernally hot, but we shall make mud huts and it will probably be much the same thing in the long run. We have been without tents for

JAKDUL WELLS

months, off and on ; in the desert we were just like savages, in fact the work for the men has been the severest I have ever seen troops undergo, considering the heat of the sun and the bad and scarce water. I take it, the General has had enough of deserts, if he could speak, and if the war continues next September it will be entirely via the Nile. .... There is such a dust-storm to-day that the pen becomes simply a mud shovel every minute. Fancy, the camel losses amount to 4,000 dead out of 7,000 already ; poor beasts, I can't say they had much chance, but more wretched creatures than they are cannot be imagined—the slightest illness and they give up the ghost."

A day or two after this, Clarke proceeded home and I assumed command of the Light Camel Corps, which caused me to look upon the military situation, as a whole, much more favourably than I had been disposed to do before. The decision come to by the Headquarters staff at this time was that the Expeditionary Force was to be distributed along the Nile for the summer between the neighbourhood of Korti and the neighbourhood of Dongola, so as to ensure the different units being made as comfortable as was feasible in such a climate and in so remote a region. It was, of course, of vital importance from the military point of view that the health of the troops should be preserved as far as possible, so that they should be in trim for a resumption of hostilities as soon as the autumn should come round. We were aware that a considerable force under Sir G. Graham was now operating about Suakin, for the purpose of covering the construction of a railway from that port to Berber ; and this certainly looked as if an offensive campaign was contemplated a few months hence. The river column had got back to Korti a few days before we did from Jakdul, and steps were now taken to get us all transferred to our summer quarters as speedily as possible.

" The regiment goes to Shabadood about forty miles south of Dongola in boats some day this week," I wrote home from Korti on the 21st of March ; " 200 of them will spend to-morrow pulling boats up the river from a place about seven miles from here, and then, I take it, we shall go down. Shabadood is a pretty place, with groves of

palm trees. . . . . His Lordship is so persistent in his statements and so outspoken as to his intention of going on to Khartoum in the autumn that the prevailing opinion in the army is that it is all bunkum." We left Korti on the 24th of March in forty-three boats and dropped down to our destination in four days, rowing and sailing. I did Admiral of the Fleet with a picked crew, and a very pretty sight my flotilla made on the way.

Our camp we pitched in a pleasant grove of palm trees on a bank overlooking the river, and we found it very comfortable in the shade although the medical experts were a little disposed to pronounce it unhealthy. The shade seemed to me to be worth everything, seeing that so much of the sickness that the troops were suffering from was admittedly caused by the sun. Nevertheless, about three weeks after getting settled down at Shabadood we lost two officers from fever almost simultaneously. One of them was "Jerry" (Major C. O.) Gould of the 18th Hussars, the other was our doctor, and both very good fellows. Jerry had been sharing my tent with me for a time, I had got to know him very well and was deeply grieved at the loss of a cheery comrade and a gallant soldier; he and the doctor were buried together out in the desert. "It was an impressive sight, the funeral," I wrote home on the 19th of April, "as it wound its way out into the desert. Their graves are about half a mile from the camp, and you look back on the Nile and the palm groves—in all other directions nothing but sand, glowing in the setting sun as we saw it last evening. It's a scene one can't forget. I read the service. The men are fairly healthy here, much better than they are at the other camps so far. We are hut-building as much as we can manage. I am having a hut made by niggers which I shall send a sketch of as soon as I can get it finished. It is entirely Nile mud dried in the sun, with a thickly thatched roof. The only objection to the latter is that it becomes the happy abode of all manner of insects, and the happy hunting ground of rats and mice, of which there are a tremendous lot. The spiders are whoppers; their average size is about as big as an ink-bottle."

It was two days after my writing this letter that the

Government announced in the House of Commons that it was not intended to undertake any further offensive operations in the Sudan, or to advance on Khartoum. Wolseley had left for Cairo early in the month, and Buller remained in command, located at Dongola. We had been somewhat exercised at this time by the news of an acute situation having arisen between our Government and that of Russia in connection with the Penjdeh incident on the borders of Afghanistan, and of a big vote of credit in connection with possible operations in that quarter. But all that Gladstone in reality wanted the vote of credit for was to pay for the expenses of the Nile Expedition, although he cunningly covered his own retreat in connection with the abandonment of the Sudan by, very temporarily, assuming a threatening attitude towards Russia.

"It will be a difficult job getting down," I wrote at the end of April, "and we don't at all fancy the exposure to the sun which it will entail. It has been an unsatisfactory sort of business all through. When Khartoum fell the romance of the expedition went, and if they give up the idea of conquering the Mahdi the sooner we get home the better. All these changes put one out. We were most distinctly told by Wolseley that we should stick it out all the summer and then go to Khartoum. I can't say I believed that, yet it was put so authoritatively one felt bound to. . . . . We had a boat race yesterday, my boat second out of ten sailing. The 10th Hussar boat won."

"The only excitement I have had," I wrote by the following mail, "was a fire here this week, and that was much too exciting to be pleasant. These straw huts are so inflammable that there is danger of the men being burnt; they are made purposely so as to catch all the wind there may be. It originated in the telegraph office, which was burnt, and also the adjoining hut in which there were thirty men. The fire broke out at 8-30 p.m., as we were at our so-called dinner, and the alarm sounded at once. When I got to the scene both huts and trees were ablaze and the cartridges popping off like a roll of musketry. There was no confusion, however, and I at once gave orders to strike all tents and to tear the straw off other huts and to clear

them of arms. Five minutes after I got there I thought the whole place was going to be burnt, but it was saved by clearing the ground to leeward. The men worked splendidly—saved all their arms. . . . . Since writing the above, hear that arrangements are being made for moving army down the Nile."

Dull as this period of inaction was for the troops echelonned along the Nile we were occasionally enlivened by tidings of comical incidents from other stations. As most people who have travelled or lived in the East are aware, the month known as Ram-a-dan is an especially holy one in the world of Islam ; theirs is a lunar calendar, and Ram-a-dan came round about this time. During the four weeks that the festival (if that term is warranted by its observances) lasts, Moslems are forbidden by the Koran to eat between sunrise and sunset, and this somewhat trying provision on the part of the Prophet is obeyed most strictly by his votaries, be they of high or be they of low degree. The consequence is that the whole lot of them are troubled with a sinking feeling by noon, and that they spend the later hours of the day until the sun finally disappears below the horizon in watching the depressingly sedate progress of that heavenly body. The moment that the last of the wretched thing is seen, they fall to with right good will. Now there happened to be a Commandant at one of the stations down the Nile who was most receptive to new ideas and who was, moreover, of an eager, not to say an impulsive, temperament. To this man dressed in authority it occurred that to fire off a gun each evening at sundown during the passage of this lunar month, so as to acquaint all pious Moslems in and about the encampment that they were now justified in breaking their fast, would be to confer a priceless boon upon the hungry. Had the Commandant been lording it over a Mahomedan settlement dumped down, say, in some part of London, where the sun is often obscured for days on end and one almost gets to think that it has gone for good and all, the discharge of a piece of ordnance at the moment when according to the calendar the orb of day is due to reach the horizon might be informative and useful. But out in the Sudan the sun is always visible all day long—a good deal too visible for many months in the year—and the

fasting multitude have only to use their eyes and not their ears to learn when they may attack their victuals. That aspect of the question was, however, ignored by the Commandant. He wired excitedly to Headquarters: "May I fire a gun each evening at sundown during Ram-a-dan?" Back came the answer from Buller: "I don't care a damn-a-damn."

Army Headquarters on the 12th of May received orders from home to carry out the evacuation, and a few days later the troops right up at the front beyond Korti got on the move. It took time, however, to bring them down, and we of the Light Camel Corps did not get off from Shabadood till the beginning of June. "This country is already in a lawless state," I wrote on the 30th of May from that place, "and of the many disgraceful acts of this Government I think their abandonment of these poor people in the valley of the Nile, after their promise of protection, the most revolting to ordinary feelings of justice or even humanity. The Mudir's troops, on account of the move and in order to get transport for themselves, are literally loose on the country, robbing and plundering and committing all sorts of atrocities, and at the same time depriving the inhabitants of their only means of flight. The latter will, in a few days, be left unarmed and defenceless against the Arabs, and later on against the followers of the Mahdi, who have the knowledge, besides, that a deal of our dollars are about consequent on our occupation. I don't know whether it is diplomatic for me at present to talk about this—probably not—but the less we hear about Christian principles, morality, or even humanity, on the part of the British public the better. The British public, Whig and Tory, is a contemptible brute. The only place they have tried to get the poor people out of, who were hostile to the Mahdi, is Dongola. However, I have no more time to write on this loathsome topic." But it was not really the fault of the British public. It was the fault of the politicians, and, when all is said and done, the handing over, on the part of Gladstone and his gang, of the inhabitants of the Nile valley between the second cataract and Merowi to the tender mercy of the dervishes, was not so contemptible as the abandonment of the Irish Loyalists by Lloyd George and his coalition crew a generation later.

We went down by boat from Shabadood, and we reached railhead in the desert above the second cataract on the 24th of June, marching part of the way. I had met a cousin of mine, Captain R. M. Barklie, R.E., at a place called Akasheh, the day before; he was stationed there on the line of communications, and he gave me a tip-top dinner—too tip-top a dinner possibly, because I was quite knocked over by the sun during the long march of twenty miles to railhead next day, and had to be brought along on a camel. However, when we got in I found a doctor who, for a wonder, really knew his job and who ordered me two whiskeys and sodas. By the time that I had taken the second dose I was as well as I have ever been in my life. If members of the medical profession would only always employ these simple and obvious remedies how much better off we should all be! We went on by rail down to Wady Halfa and from thence proceeded by steamer to Assiut. Referring to that move of ours down to railhead above Wady Halfa, I wrote on the 28th of June: "One good day's work was from Koyek. Marched ten miles to Abri, starting at 4 a.m. Then breakfasted. Rowed twenty-eight miles to portage at Sacramento and loaded up camels. Crossed over portage, three miles, and bivouacked 8-30 p.m., reaching Akasheh (ten miles) at 7 a.m. following morning. Nile rising fast. It is clear that if troops can do this sort of work at this time of the year they might just as well have done it en route for Khartoum as for home."

We went on from Assiut by rail to Alexandria, and on reaching that port we were put on board a ship called the "Poonah" to await the arrival of the transport that was to convey us home. As we passed through Cairo the men were entertained at a capital alfresco breakfast, which they greatly enjoyed; they had really done splendidly ever since we had turned our backs on the palm trees of Shabadood, both in marching and in rowing. "Of all the regiments that passed down," a Cairo paper put it, "the Light Camel Regiment took the palm of smartness, and their turn-out was most creditable." Wolseley sailed from Alexandria in the "Iris" on the 7th of July for home, and as she steamed past I got the men out on the forecastle of the "Poonah,"

and we gave him three cheers, which he acknowledged by waving his cap. Next day we were transferred to the "Queen," and the connection of the Light Camel Corps with Egypt and the Sudan came to an end.

We landed at Portsmouth and were reviewed on the jetty by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge; the Princess, the Duke of Edinburgh and Wolseley also being present. The Duke walked along the ranks, and after that we marched past in quarter-column. I then presented the officers to him and to the Prince, and finally the Commander-in-Chief addressed us in one of those appropriate speeches which he always knew so well how to make, winding up with: "Officers, non-commissioned officers and men, you have done your duty, and His Royal Highness and I welcome you home." We gave the Royal Party three cheers, and then entrained for London.

Before the corps was broken up and its component parts were dispersed to their various regiments I published the following farewell order:

> In issuing what may perhaps be the last regimental orders of the Light Camel Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel McCalmont desires to express his appreciation of the admirable conduct and spirit shown by all ranks during the recent operations, which have entailed much hardship and exposure. He assures them that they go back to their regiments having done their duty, more than that, having done it right well.
>
> They have his best wishes wherever they go, and he will always look back with pride on having had the honour of commanding so fine a body of Hussars.

The distribution of honours for the Nile Campaign took place a few weeks later, when I was given the C.B. and was promoted brevet colonel.

This closes these memoirs as appearing in autobiographical form. Sir H. McCalmont had this chapter with him at the time of his death, and some minor additions and alterations that he wished to have made have been incorporated in the text.

CHAPTER XIV.

With the 4th Dragoon Guards.

CHAPTER XIV.

With the 4th Dragoon Guards.

Colonel McCalmont's marriage.—Stands for South Derry at the General Election. —Result.—Offered and accepts second-in-command of the 4th Dragoon Guards. —A parade incident.—Birth of his son and death of his uncle, Hugh McCalmont. —Gets command of the 4th Dragoon Guards.—Acts as cavalry brigadier at the Curragh.—The trouble at Suakin.—Preparations made to deal with Osman Digna.—McCalmont decides to go out.—How he managed it.—The journey and arrival at Suakin.—General Grenfell's attack on the dervishes.—McCalmont's account of the fight.—A reconnaissance afterwards.—McCalmont's views on the situation.—His return home.—Some performances of his between the flags while commanding the 4th Dragoon Guards.—At Aldershot under General Baker Russell.—Placed on half pay.

THE 7th Hussars were still quartered at Aldershot when Colonel McCalmont arrived home from the Sudan, as mentioned at the end of last chapter ; he, however, proceeded at once on leave of absence after settling up with regard to his late command, and the regiment had changed stations to Hounslow before he rejoined them late in the year. He had, in the meantime, on the 29th of September, been married to the Hon. Rose Bingham, sister of the 5th Lord Clanmorris, the wedding taking place at Eyre Court Church, near Ballinasloe in County Galway. Captain Harold Paget, of the 7th, had acted as best man.

As has already been referred to in earlier chapters, McCalmont had for a long time past felt a hankering for entering Parliament, and an opportunity for doing so was offered very shortly after his marriage by the General Election of November 1885. He had at one time contemplated standing for the County Antrim whenever there should be a chance of doing so, but it had recently been arranged that his brother, who was very well known and popular in this part of the world, should be the Conservative candidate. He, therefore, turned his attention to the adjoining constituency of South Derry and was in due course accepted to stand for that division in the Conservative interest. The General Election of 1885, it must be remembered, took place before Mr. Gladstone's acrobatic *volte-face* on the burning question of Home Rule for Ireland, and there was, therefore, on this occasion a three-cornered fight in South

Derry. When the figures came to be announced, the following was found to be the result :

Mr. T. M. Healy (Nat.)	3,723
Colonel H. McCalmont, C.B. (Con.)	2,342
Mr. W. Findlater (Lib.)	1,816

The victor on this occasion, Mr. Healy, is now Governor-General of the Free State. It ought to be mentioned that since Mr. Gladstone threw in his lot with the Nationalists so as to secure their votes in the House of Commons, South Derry invariably returned a Unionist to Parliament.

After this failure of his to become a member of the Legislature, McCalmont and his bride resided for some months at a house that they took near the barracks at Hounslow. In the summer of 1886 he was, however, offered the post of second-in-command of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, then quartered in Dublin, with whom he had been associated during the few weeks when he had been brigade major of the 1st Cavalry Brigade on the occasion of the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir. His prospects of getting command of the 7th Hussars within a reasonable time were somewhat remote. He was, moreover, still only a troop-leader in his corps, although he was a full colonel in the army and was, in consequence, a long way senior to his own commanding officer ; the regiment, furthermore, was due to proceed to India in relief during the coming trooping season and his recent marriage had made him averse to undertaking a tour of foreign service. So, while most reluctant to sever his connection with a corps in which he had passed more than fifteen years except when away on special duties, he felt bound to accept the appointment, and he joined the 4th D.G. in Dublin in July. As it happened, his brevet-colonelcy made him senior in the army to Colonel P. E. Pope, who was in command of the regiment, with the result that, during the operations by mixed forces that used to take place about Dublin from time to time, he often found himself in the position of brigadier. But it was generally arranged on such occasions that the 4th D.G. should be allotted to the opposing force.

Shortly after joining his new regiment, and when he

happened to be temporarily in command of it, he was one morning holding a "review order" parade; but owing to inadvertence on the part of his servant, or of himself, or of both of them, he rode on to the ground without a plume in his helmet. The adjutant approached and, after making the usual report to the effect that everything was ready and in order, added with becoming deference: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are incorrectly dressed; we wear plumes in review order." Like a flash came the reply from the quick-witted C.O.: "You may be right; I cannot possibly be wrong. The regiment will dismount and remove their plumes." He thereby effectually turned the tables on the adjutant and left himself master of the situation.

His son, Dermot, was born in the spring of 1887 in Paris, and his Uncle Hugh died shortly afterwards. As has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, Mr. Hugh McCalmont had become the sole proprietor of the firm of McCalmont Brothers on the demise of his brother Robert in 1883, and the bulk of his vast fortune was bequeathed on his death to his great-nephew, Harry McCalmont. The family place, Abbeylands near Belfast, was, however, left to Colonel Hugh, who succeeded to the command of the 4th D.G. in March 1888, on the expiration of Colonel Pope's tenure. The regiment was still quartered at the time in Dublin; but a few weeks later it moved to the Curragh for the drill season, and on the conclusion of this they came to be quartered at Newbridge. Both in this year, 1888, and again in 1889, McCalmont was appointed to act as cavalry brigadier at the Curragh, having under him in the latter year the 4th Hussars and the 15th Hussars, besides his own regiment, as well as for drill purposes a couple of horse artillery batteries. But before this he had contrived to enjoy another taste of that active service for which he was always so keenly on the look-out. It was to prove his last experience of participating in operations in the field in face of the enemy, and the opportunity arose on this wise:

The chieftain, Osman Digna, with whom the British army had already made acquaintance on the Red Sea Littoral in 1884 and in 1885, and who had been creating trouble on more than one occasion since that time in this region, had

appeared with a considerable body of dervishes in the vicinity of Suakin in the late autumn of 1888, and before long this tumultuary array of his had started an active blockade of the place on its land side. This kind of thing could not be tolerated, and as it became necessary to take resolute military action against the disturbers of the peace, Sir F. Grenfell, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, proceeded thither from Egypt proper with a number of units of the forces under his command to put a stop to the nuisance and to give Osman Digna and his followers a lesson. The dervishes had dug themselves in within 800 yards of a line of entrenchment, which connected a couple of water forts that were pushed out about a mile in advance of the enceinte of Suakin, and they showed no disposition to withdraw from the ground which they had occupied although they must have been aware that considerable bodies of Egyptian and Sudanese troops were arriving on the scene. Grenfell, moreover, determined to make a good job of the business and to run no risks, and he therefore asked for some British troops to be sent to his aid from the Nile Delta. In obedience to this request of the Sirdar's a squadron of the 20th Hussars, the British Mounted Infantry that were maintained at Cairo, a battalion of the K.O.S.B. and a detachment of the Welsh Regiment were detailed by the general-officer in command of the Army of Occupation to proceed by sea to the threatened port.

Osman Digna's activities and the steps that were being taken to check them had not failed to attract attention in military circles at home, and when news arrived of the determination arrived at on the part of the powers that be to drive him and his legions out of that, it occurred to McCalmont, who was an old friend of Grenfell's in peace and war, that he might well make his way to the scene of action and see what was to be seen of the fray. But he felt some doubts in his mind as to whether he would be granted leave by the military authorities in Ireland, and he moreover foresaw that, should it come to be known that he was off to Suakin "on his own," others would want to be doing the same thing. The result would be that a whole party of volunteers would turn up in Egypt and that the

military authorities on the spot would then take good care that the members of the party got no further. To an experienced soldier in McCalmont's position, who had been watching the situation with the help of the information as to movements of troops which appeared from day to day in the newspapers, it was plain that no time was to be lost in getting to Suakin or he would be late for the fair. The enemy was planted down within an hour's walk of where the troops that were to act were being rapidly concentrated, and it was practically certain that, as soon as the last of the reinforcements should reach the Sirdar, that experienced commander would strike at once. Arriving in time seemed to hinge upon catching the next overland mail for Brindisi, which was leaving in a couple of days' time. McCalmont therefore adopted unconventional, but highly appropriate, measures for getting promptly on the move and for at the same time covering up his tracks.

It was given out at his residence at Newbridge that he was confined to the house and could see nobody, while he in the meantime slipped off to the railway station—and he slipped off in such a hurry that he forgot to take any money with him, and had to deposit his watch and chain in guarantee so as to secure from the official in charge a ticket to take him to London. When he arrived in town he repaired to the War Office and called on Lord Wolseley, who was Adjutant-General and all powerful in connection with such matters as leave and discipline, and succeeded in squaring him and in gaining his sanction for a departure from the United Kingdom, without leave either from the general in command of the Dublin district or from Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, who commanded the forces in the Emerald Isle. He had arranged with Mrs. McCalmont that nobody but herself was to know that he had quitted Newbridge until three days from the date of his leaving should have elapsed; and for the short time that he spent in London he lay low. He caught the overland mail as intended, and was well on his way to Brindisi before his regiment became aware that their Colonel was not a prisoner in his room suffering from some distemper, or it was borne in on the military authorities in Dublin that the Commandant

of the 4th D.G. was no longer engaged on regimental duties in County Kildare.

But even after he had left London behind him there were difficulties to be encountered and to be overcome, for on getting to Calais he found that there was no room in the sleeping-car going through to Brindisi. But there McCalmont met Colonel (now General Sir Arthur) Paget, who was heading for the same destination and under similar conditions, and who intimated that he had suborned the conductor with a fiver to allow him into the car, where he proposed to sleep in the corridor. McCalmont followed suit with another fiver, and they prepared for a very unluxurious trip across the Continent; but fortunately for them the sleeping-car broke down before long and a relief carriage was put on, in which the guard, with two fivers in his pocket, provided them with two berths in the only *salon-lit* that there was. So in the end they got through to the Adriatic port quite comfortably. On arriving in Egypt they took care to give Cairo a wide berth for fear that Sir J. Dormer, the general in command of the Army of Occupation, would veto their proceeding on their way to Suakin, and they went straight on to Suez, prepared to win through to the scene of action by dhow, failing something better. But at Suez they found the Great Eastern Telegraph Company's ship in port, and Paget wired home to his father (who was a director of the company) for permission to charter the vessel as far as Suakin. The answer came back that the Government had chartered her and were sending military details by her to join General Grenfell, but that the two volunteers for the front might proceed in her; and they reached their destination on the 16th of December, to find everything there in train for trying conclusions with the dervishes on a very early date.

"I duly arrived here on the 16th," McCalmont wrote home to his mother. "It was lucky I did not try going to Cairo, as Dormer would have tried stopping me. Of course, I am only a looker-on, but it is intensely interesting. Grenfell puts me up in Government House, and I have the best of everything. The climate is delightful; of course, hot in the day, but fresh and cool at night. I do not think that the enemy's trenches are occupied in anything like the

number they were at first, but in this country there is no saying what may happen. . . . . I went out on Sunday with reconnaissance. We got behind the trenches within about 800 yards of the end of one big one; they fired at us, but their rifles were not very well aimed. They were shooting under some difficulties, as there was a heavy fire kept on them from our two forts whenever the Arabs put their heads above the parapet. . . . . Altogether it is very pleasant out here, being with one's old pals, and a delightful change. This country *must* eventually be opened up and Berber occupied. The tribes should be bought over and Mahdism would die out in time. Many of the tribes, notably the notorious Hadendowas, our former enemies, are heartily sick of the whole thing and friendly to us if they could only rely upon our policy. Unfortunately, owing to our cursed party government, the English are considered unreliable."

The Sirdar carried out his attack upon the dervish host in their trenches on the morning of the 20th, and he gained a complete victory—as was indeed only to be expected in view of the strong force which he had gathered together for the purpose. The order of battle was :

British Troops—K.O.S.B., detachment Welsh Regiment, squadron 20th Hussars and Mounted Infantry, the mounted troops under Colonel Barrow of the 19th Hussars.

1st Brigade (Black)—9th, 10th and 12th Sudanese, under Colonel H. Kitchener.

2nd Brigade—3rd and 4th Egyptian Battalions and 11th Sudanese, under Colonel Holled Smith.

The Sudanese Brigade practically did the whole business, although the mounted troops were also engaged, and although the British infantry afforded appreciable assistance, by occupying the trench running along between the water forts and from there firing effective volleys while the Sudanese attacked the dervish trenches on the enemy's left flank and rolled the hostile forces up. The 20th Hussars charged some Mahdist horsemen, and in the mêlée that took place four troopers were killed, but the total losses sustained by the Anglo-Egyptian force was only six killed and thirty-seven

wounded; the dervishes on the other hand suffered very severely, hundreds of dead being counted after the combat was over.

"The fight came off as anticipated on the 20th, and a very rough affair it was for the savages," McCalmont wrote home two days afterwards. "The situation was unlike anything that I have ever seen. The enemy's main trench merely consisted of a long narrow ditch, burrowed out in places for more protection, and extending for more than three-quarters of a mile along the front about 800 yards from the outer forts and defences of Suakin; one of these forts is called Gemaizeh, and it was from this that the General directed the operations. There were several other trenches occupied by the Arabs. How they remained there till driven out is simply marvellous. They were daily—and especially during the last ten days—subjected to an unceasing fire from the guns and rifles: a man could scarcely venture to show his nose without 50 to 500 shots being fired at him. The forts and embankment connecting them were occupied by forty cannon, I don't know how many machine-guns, gatlings, etc., and riflemen of the English regiments, on the day of the action; so that for the men in the trenches to do execution on the brigade of black troops directed to turn the position was simply impossible. Yet they did succeed in wounding about forty men. . . . .

"At 5-30 a.m. a gun from H.M.S. 'Racer' close to us began shelling the bush behind the trenches, and at 6-30 the brigade which had paraded to the right of the town was ready to move; I accompanied this brigade as a spectator; we moved round very steadily, and it seemed to me a long time before we came within 800 yards, when we would be just visible on rising ground. They advanced and soon began pouring in a perfect storm of bullets on the devoted Arabs—such a *feu d'enfer*, with all the guns going from the forts on our left, never was heard. The firing was very wild. Many bullets came over us and a few were wounded; a shell of our own came much too close to be pleasant, so, seeing nothing but smoke, I moved to the right to the Mounted Infantry, who were firing into the Arabs as these now began leaving their trenches and sullenly retreating across our front;

the Mounted Infantry were dismounted and fired volleys. At the same moment the cavalry on our right were attacked by the dervishes and a combat ensued in which they lost four men and the dervishes six.

"The Arabs were now getting off as best they could, though many remained in the trenches fighting to the best of their ability to the last and were killed to a man. It became a wild scene of excitement, the black troops in their fantastic uniforms danced along, yelling like fiends, killing everyone they came across with their usual ferocity. I mingled through the throng and it was a scene one would not readily forget. Then I went out to the cavalry to see what was going on, but the pursuit was simply nothing. I got a good dervish spear out of the little camp and could have taken a horse or two, but they were too much trouble to lead. Our troops entrenched themselves rapidly on the ground gained, buried the dead in their trenches by hundreds, and about 12-30 some breakfast in the shape of champagne and the best of everything that could be produced came out to us on camels and was eagerly devoured under a burning sun. . . . . So ended the Battle of Gemaizeh."

In the course of another letter written the same day McCalmont mentioned that "there was an idea that another force of Arabs was coming from Handub, ten miles away on our right, which made the General cautious. But I believe the fact is that Osman Digna started from Handub much too late, that he met some of the fugitives, and that his followers would not come on under the circumstances. . . . . Yesterday I was with the reconnaissance under Barrow; he burnt a small camp about four miles off, but as he went no further he might as well have remained at home as far as finding out anything. However, we have news from spies that the wounded are the cause of much distress at Tokar and other places. The chief of the Handendowas, who we thought was going to be friendly, has gone to Khartoum. It is a pity we cannot follow up this business and have another fight inland: as things will be left, although Grenfell is going to build three strong forts outside, the chances are that these indomitable Arabs or some other tribes will come down next year, if not sooner. There is, and will be,

continued distress because the people of the town and neighbourhood cannot graze their cattle. So much for these devils of dervishes."

McCalmont waited a few days longer at Suakin, but as General Grenfell had been restricted to clearing the enemy away from the immediate vicinity of the port no further operations of interest took place. The British troops were sent back to the Nile Delta as soon as was possible, and they in reality only spent a few days on the Red Sea Littoral. "The business seemed to be over from the spectacular point of view," McCalmont wrote home from on board a P. and O. in the Suez Canal on New Year's Day, 1889, "so I took a passage which Grenfell offered me in the hospital ship as far as Suez—not by any means a nice way of putting in four days, as I was right under the bad cases of enteric fever, two of whom died." He was back again in Ireland within a very few weeks of his clandestine disappearance from Newbridge, and some time afterwards he received the "Gemaizeh" clasp from the Sirdar.

The 4th D.G.'s regimental meeting took place over the Cornets Court Course at Newbridge in April, 1889, and, although his horse, Meadow Sweet, was beaten in a match, he won the Regimental Challenge Cup on his horse, Wolf; he also piloted that horse to victory in the military race at the opening of a new course at Dundalk that spring. In the following year his horses won two races at the regimental meeting with subalterns up, and he won a third on his horse, Reveille. The regiment moved from Newbridge to Dublin in 1890. In the year following, the regimental meeting took place at Baldoyle, and on this occasion McCalmont won the Regimental Challenge Cup on Wolf amidst great cheering. Wolf, moreover, won the Downshire Plate at Punchestown that year; but his owner was unable to ride him owing to his having had a very bad fall when riding his horse, Quickstep, in the Irish Military Hunters' Steeplechase, the previous race. Very shortly afterwards McCalmont was one of the candidates for nomination by the executive committee of the Conservative Association for the representation of the East Division of Belfast; but he was not selected by that body, and the 4th

D.G. a few weeks later proceeded from Ireland to Aldershot.

McCalmont was delighted to spend the closing months of his time in command of a regiment at the hub of things military, and at the great camp in Hampshire he, moreover, found himself among old campaigning friends ; for Sir Evelyn Wood was at Government House, Baker Russell was the Cavalry Brigadier, and Harold Paget of the 7th Hussars was Cavalry Brigade Major. Baker Russell was a chief after his own heart, quick of eye, ready of tongue, buoyant of spirit, and the very last man to tolerate anything bordering on torpor in the proceedings of the cohorts of horse which were wont to manœuvre under his orders on the Fox Hills or in the Long Valley. The Brigadier's methods were apt to be somewhat unconventional when he was in the mood ; " Billy " (over his shoulder to his A.D.C.), " tell Baby he's in second line," was his way of sending an order to McCalmont on one occasion. McCalmont used, owing to his seniority in the army, to command the brigade when Baker Russell happened to be away ; it was a responsibility which he accepted with relish, and he made the very most of his opportunities in this connection during the two or three months that remained, before the approach of winter virtually put an end to work in the field. Then, on the 7th of March, 1892, his tenure of command of the 4th D.G. came to an end and he was placed on half-pay.

CHAPTER XV.

1892 to 1898. In Parliament.

CHAPTER XV.

1892 to 1898. In Parliament.

On half-pay.—Efforts to get into Parliament.—Elected member for North Antrim.—The session of 1896.—Work in connection with the Irish Land Act.—A letter of thanks.—The question of cavalry versus mounted infantry in South Africa.—McCalmont sees the French cavalry manœuvres in 1896.—Promoted Major-General.—Speech on the Army Estimates, 1897.—Effort to get on service in the Sudan.—Selected for the Cork Command.

TO a man of McCalmont's active habits and bent for constant occupation, a prolonged period on half-pay was particularly trying; but from the time of his laying down command of the 4th D.G. early in 1892 he set seriously to work to obtain a seat in Parliament, and before long he was chosen as the candidate to fight East Norfolk whenever an election should occur. He in the meantime made Abbeylands, in a measure, his home, although owing to there being no hunting to be had it did not prove a satisfactory residence during the winter months. He moved about a good deal during the years 1892, 1893 and 1894, and he was often in East Norfolk working the constituency up in preparation for eventualities.

A vacancy, however, occurred unexpectedly early in the year 1895 in North Antrim, and on his putting himself forward to the local Conservative Association he was duly chosen and was elected unopposed, thus gaining the ambition he had long entertained of securing a seat in the House of Commons. He took his parliamentary duties seriously from the outset, and, although he seldom spoke in debates, he made it a practice to ask questions in connection with subjects on which he was an authority or with regard to minor matters that were of interest to his constituents. Very soon after taking his seat, moreover, he raised the matter of the withdrawal of the military consuls and vice-consuls from Armenia some years before, and early in the session of 1896 he spoke strongly on this subject in the course of a debate, pointing out the great difficulties under which the Turks laboured in governing such a country and showing a close acquaintance with the question under discussion. He, moreover, greatly interested himself with

reference to the Irish Land Act that was passed in this session, and he succeeded in getting one particular clause, Number 4, inserted into the Act in committee. That his exertions on their behalf in this connection were appreciated by at least some of his constituents, is shown by the following letter which he received shortly afterwards from the secretary of the Ballycastle Tenants' Deputation :

Ballycastle,
Co. Antrim,
29th July, 1896.

Sir,

The tenants of and around Ballycastle desire me to convey to you their *most sincere thanks* for your great efforts on their behalf. The courage that you displayed in taking an independent course in this matter, the ability with which you handled the subject, and your persistence in following it up, have extracted from political foes and friends great admiration. I may tell you it will be many generations before the name of General McCalmont is forgotten by the Ballycastle people. Again thanking you.

Yours, etc.,
William J. Boyd,
Secretary.

General McCalmont, C.B., M.P.

(He had been promoted major-general just previously, on the 24th of June.)

He kept an eye on military questions that cropped up, and especially on any point that particularly affected the cavalry arm, such as horse-breeding. One query of his with regard to the insufficiency of cavalry in South Africa brought him into conflict with Mr. George Wyndham, who was Under-Secretary at the War Office. McCalmont's view was that cavalry was better suited for such work as might have to be performed in that part of the world than was mounted infantry, and he quoted what had happened in 1881 at the time of Laing's Neck in support of his contention. At the moment there was trouble with the Matabele, and Wyndham pointed out that the conditions when fighting Boers differed materially from those when fighting savages of that character.

McCalmont, however, got in a final shot in the form of a "supplementary question"; he desired to know whether it was not due to the absence of cavalry at Laing's Neck "that we lost the Transvaal." This provoked cries of "Order" and no reply was vouchsafed, but most soldiers who were serving in Natal at the time (as the writer was) would agree with him that the absence of cavalry did at least lose us the battle at Laing's Neck, whatever political effect a British victory on that occasion might have had.

That autumn the recently promoted general went over to France to see what he could of the French cavalry manœuvres then in progress. Owing to a mistake as to dates, he only witnessed the last day of the exercises at Etampes which he had especially crossed the Channel to be present at; but he found that another set of exercises was to take place near Troyes, commencing when those at Etampes concluded. In his report, sent in in due course to the War Office, he wrote as regards the one day's work that he saw at Etampes: "Seventy-two squadrons in open column afford a spectacle which is not easily forgotten," and he remarked that "a noticeable feature was the absence of gallopers. There was no insane meddling by generals; as a matter of fact, generals and brigadiers had no gallopers to send." Going on from Etampes to Troyes, he found two cavalry divisions, each composed of six regiments and two horse artillery batteries, pitted against each other, and he watched their exercises closely for several days. He was, upon the whole, very favourably impressed by the performance of the troops and by their handling on the part of the senior officers. On returning to England he sent in a detailed report to the War Office on what he had seen, and he received an official intimation that the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Wolseley) considered it "an admirable and interesting report, from an able, clever, well read man, who is also a very good cavalry officer."

On the occasion of the usual debate over the Army Estimates, when it came on in the session of 1897, McCalmont spoke cogently on the subject of the weakness of the cavalry in respect to horses, and also on one or two other points; in the course of his remarks, he quoted what General

Skobeleff had said to him at Constantinople, in 1878, on the subject of our army. Skobeleff had, on that occasion, expressed his admiration for the sound regimental system that existed with us, and the dictum of the famous Russian soldier was heard very sympathetically by the House. A commencement of the operations for the recovery of the Sudan had been made in the previous year, and forces under Sir H. Kitchener had re-occupied the Dongola Province; McCalmont had at the time volunteered officially for service. This year, 1897, the work was carried further; Abu Hamed was occupied by a sudden advance, that success was followed up by the occupation of Berber, and it was understood that Kitchener hoped in the following year to make his great effort against the dervishes which was to bring about the recovery of Khartoum; McCalmont, therefore, spent several weeks in Egypt early in 1898 in the hopes of finding some opportunity of taking part in the operations up the Nile. Sir F. Grenfell was now in command of the Army of Occupation; but he was leaving the task of overcoming the forces of the Khalifa to his subordinate, Kitchener, and although he, no doubt, would gladly have helped McCalmont had it been at all feasible, there was, in reality, no place up at the front for a major-general who was actually senior to Kitchener and to Kitchener's principal assistants, Major-Generals Hunter and Rundle.

McCalmont was beginning to be somewhat anxious as to his military prospects as time went on during 1898, and he was, therefore, much relieved on receiving an intimation during the month of August that he had been selected for the Cork command which would fall vacant on the 1st of October. This return to military duty necessitated his resigning his seat in the House, although he did not actually apply for the Chiltern Hundreds until the beginning of 1899.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Cork Command.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Cork Command.

Conditions in the Cork Command.—McCalmont's work.—The Irish manœuvres of 1899; McCalmont in command of the Southern Force.—Success of the exercises.—Outbreak of the South African War.—The despatch of divisions to the Cape.—McCalmont's disappointment at not getting out.—His duties during the war.—Awarded the K.C.B. and a Reward for Distinguished and Meritorious Service.—His prospects of further advancement in the army suffer owing to the war.—The Duke of Connaught in command of the troops in Ireland.—Sir Hugh acts as commander-in-chief in Ireland during the absence of H.R.H.—Return of the troops from South Africa.—Sir Hugh given the C.V.O.—He hands over charge of the Cork Command.

THE Cork Command, it may be observed, suffered under a certain disadvantage from the military point of view in that the troops quartered within its confines were a good deal scattered about, and that they were for the most part planted down in comparatively small stations. The general officer in charge of it had not, moreover, a force of all arms assembled under his eye at his headquarters, such as was the case at Aldershot for instance, and at the Curragh and in Dublin, and such as is now the case on Salisbury Plain. But the appointment which McCalmont took over on the 1st of October, 1898, on the other hand, possessed certain undoubted merits. For one thing, there was no superior general on the spot or residing within the district. Some excellent training grounds were available. Not only had he troops under his orders such as are normally employed in the field, but he was also responsible for a couple of coast fortresses, Cork Harbour and Berehaven. The Province of Munster, with which the military district practically coincided, lends itself naturally to sport of all kinds for officers and men. The official residence placed at his disposal was, moreover, an attractive house, pleasantly situated on the slopes of the hill facing south which overlooks the city of Cork.

Lord Roberts was at this time Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and McCalmont was succeeding another cavalry general, Major-General J. Fryer, at Cork. The fact of the regular units under his charge, as also of the depots and of the headquarters of his militia corps, being so much dispersed,

obliged him to spend a good deal of his time during the favourable season of the year in travelling about a portion of the United Kingdom where the railway amenities were not of the highest order. From the outset, he interested himself keenly in all questions of training, and during the first year of his command he was fortunate in that he was called upon to take a prominent part in manœuvres which were carried out on somewhat more advanced lines than had hitherto been the practice when such exercises took place in the home country. These were conducted under the direction-in-chief of Lord Roberts, and McCalmont commanded one side.

The operations lasted for a week, from the 9th to the 15th of August, and they were highly successful. The Curragh force (red) was under command of Major-General Boyce Combe and was composed of the troops from that camp, organized as a cavalry brigade, two infantry brigades and three field batteries. The Southern force (blue) under McCalmont, who had Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. C. B.) Haking for his Chief-of-Staff, was composed of troops from his district, organized as a cavalry brigade, one infantry brigade of five battalions, and three batteries. The Red force was concentrated at the Curragh, and the Blue force assembled at Thurles in County Tipperary, the belligerents thus being fifty miles apart at the start. During the first three days only the opposing cavalry screens were in collision, and the commanders of the two opposing sides were left a perfectly free hand with regard to their dispositions for carrying out the tasks laid down for them in the "general idea" that had been drawn up by Lord Roberts. The result, however, was that at the end of the third day, McCalmont had accomplished the object laid down for him, but that, had the conditions set out in the "general idea" remained unaltered, he would have marched right away from Combe's force and there would, in consequence, have been no tactical contact between the opposing infantries. Lord Roberts, therefore, issued fresh instructions which ensured a clash between the two forces, and three interesting days of work at close quarters followed.

The operations were throughout carried out under what were virtually active service conditions except as regards

supply, the farmers cordially welcomed the troops on their land and took a keen and intelligent interest in the proceedings, and the weather was favourable. Although framed on a relatively modest scale, the exercises were admitted on all hands by those taking part in them who were qualified to judge to have constituted the most realistic and instructive undertaking of the kind that had yet been attempted in the United Kingdom. They served, indeed, to some extent as a model for the principles on which manœuvres were to be conducted in England subsequently to the South African War. McCalmont had every reason to feel content with the part which he personally had played during this week of advanced troop-training in the field, which, as it happened, took place at a juncture when all the signs of the times were pointing to the likelihood that British soldiers would be engaged in real warfare in a far off land before many weeks should have passed by.

For matters were very rapidly coming to a head between H.M. Government and that of the Transvaal, and in less than two months from the date of the military exercises of 1899 in Queen's County being brought to a close, more than one of the units which McCalmont had then had under his orders was already on its way out to the Cape, as forming part of the army corps of three divisions which was despatched from the United Kingdom at the outset to do battle with the Boers. It soon became apparent, however, that the campaign in South Africa was going to prove a tougher business than had been anticipated at the outbreak of hostilities, and that a considerably larger army would be required to accomplish the purpose required of it than the expeditionary force originally mobilized and sent out in support of the troops that had been hurried to Natal from India. A Fifth Division was organized at home and sent out, then a Sixth Division was got together and followed the Fifth, finally, after news arrived of Magersfontein, a Seventh Division was mobilized, and by the time that it embarked in its transports the British Isles had been almost drained of regular troops.

McCalmont had earnestly hoped that he might have been chosen to command one of the divisions, and his name had,

indeed, been freely mentioned in unofficial quarters in connection with the Seventh Division. Within a day or two of the orders for its mobilization being issued came the news of Colenso, and this was followed by the prompt decision on the part of the Government to send Lord Roberts out to the theatre of war as commander-in-chief. Lord Roberts, shortly after reaching Cape Town and taking stock of the situation, asked that yet another division should be sent to him from home, and this, the Eighth, was at once organized; but McCalmont, to his great disappointment, was not selected to take charge of it, and from that time forward any chance that he may ever have had of being detailed for active service in South Africa may be said to have disappeared. One or two more divisions were, it is true, constituted out in the theatre of war; but officers who had shown aptitude in command of brigades during the opening months of the campaign were placed at the head of these. His rôle, therefore, became in the main that of training new formations, formations organized under the very exceptional circumstance which had arisen, and of seeing these formations depart for the scene of the conflict as soon as they could be considered reasonably fit to take the field. Lasting as it did for some two years and a half, it was a trying experience for a soldier, who, a few years before had been in the habit of taking part in almost every one of the numerous minor campaigns on which British troops were engaged about that time, and who was so exceptionally keen to enjoy further opportunities of active service.

Although he had to some extent lost his old-time love of the sport, he used to hunt from Cork with the Duhallows, and he was always well mounted. In the year 1900 his horse Typo, won the Grand Military at Punchestown, ridden by Mr. H. S. Persse. On the occasion of the Queen's birthday distribution of honours in that same year, he was given the K.C.B., and shortly before this he had received official notification to the effect that he had been selected for an annual grant of £100 for Distinguished and Meritorious Service, dating back to the 1st of October, 1899. But as the South African contest drifted on from month to month,

and as certain general officers who were serving in the field singled themselves out by their ability in dealing with an elusive and resolute enemy, it began to be borne in on Sir Hugh that his prospects of any further rise in the army were gradually disappearing. Several of these general officers were promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general over his head. But even under these depressing circumstances his zeal never abated, and he laboured hard on the training of the somewhat nondescript units which formed his command during 1901 and the first half of 1902. The Duke of Connaught had taken over command of the troops in Ireland on the departure of Lord Roberts for the Cape, and used to pay annual visits of inspection to most of the stations included in the Cork district. Placed in the same situation himself, His Royal Highness was able, on these occasions, to sympathize with the disappointment felt by his old brother officer in the 7th Hussars at being left behind in the United Kingdom while stirring work was in progress in South Africa.

Troops were rapidly brought home after the Peace of Vereeniging, and the Cork Command then gradually reverted to the conditions that had existed when Sir Hugh had taken over charge four years before. The Duke of Connaught was absent in India during the winter of 1902-03 in connection with the Delhi Durbar of the 1st of January, 1903, and during that period Sir Hugh acted as commander-in-chief in Ireland, although he remained usually at Cork, only going up to the Royal Hospital when some question of special importance had to be dealt with. On the occasion of the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Ireland in the summer of 1903, he was given the C.V.O.; but his days of active work in the army were then drawing to a close. On the 1st of October in that year, he handed over charge of the Cork district to his successor, Sir. R. Pole-Carew, having completed his five years in command, and he was placed on half-pay. This for all practical purposes brought his military career, at the age of fifty-eight, to a close.

CHAPTER XVII.

Later Years.

CHAPTER XVII.

Later Years.

Sir Hugh's son succeeds to the McCalmont fortune.—Acquisition of Mount Juliet.—Sir Hugh placed on retired pay and becomes Colonel of the 7th Hussars. —Some of his predecessors.—The 7th proceed to India.—Sir Hugh and Lady McCalmont's visit to that country.—An incident in the hunting field.—The World War.—Sir Hugh's health begins to fail.—His last years.—Conclusion.

COLONEL HARRY McCALMONT had died in December, 1902, while still, comparatively speaking, a young man, and under the terms of the deceased's will Sir Hugh's son, Dermot, became heir to the bulk of a great fortune; Sir Hugh also benefited financially and he was appointed one of the executors. As his son, now at Eton, would remain a minor for some six years, the trusteeship was no sinecure and demanded close attention during that period. Before quitting Cork he had taken the estate of Mount Juliet in County Kilkenny for a term of years, and Lady McCalmont and he made this Irish seat, which afforded fine sporting facilities, to a great extent their home up to the time of their son's marriage in 1918.

Sir Hugh was placed on retired pay on the 1st of October, 1906, owing to having been unemployed for three years; all appointments for general-officers that fell vacant at that time were being given to men who had made their mark in the South African War. He was, however, in the following May appointed to the colonelcy of his old regiment, the 7th Hussars, on the death of Major-General R. Hale, his old commanding officer of the latter "seventies," and he resumed relations with it, as it happened, within a week of his son being gazetted to it from Sandhurst. Amongst his predecessors at the head of the old 7th Queen's Own Light Dragoons were to be reckoned several well-known military names. Sir John Cope, for instance ("Hey, Johnnie Cope! Are ye waukin' yet"), whose ill-success at Prestonpans was his misfortune rather than his fault,* held the position of colonel from 1741 to 1760. Sir Henry Clinton, who played

* The Council of Officers appointed to enquire into that regrettable affair declared that "the misfortune on the day of action was owing to the shameful behaviour of the private men."

so prominent a part in the American War of Independence, was at the head of the regiment from 1779 to 1795, and he was succeeded by Sir David Dundas, indomitable compiler of drill-books, participant in numberless campaigns, and for two years commander-in-chief. Dundas in his turn was followed by the illustrious leader of horse, Lord William Henry Paget, the hero of Sahagun and Wellington's cavalry chief at Waterloo, afterwards Lord Anglesey, who held the appointment from 1801 to 1842. Sir H. McCalmont, the new colonel, was to identify himself very thoroughly with his regiment during the course of the next seventeen years, to wear its uniform for choice on state occasions, and to keep in close touch with it as long as his health permitted of his doing so.

The regiment proceeded on foreign service, to be quartered at Bangalore, in the autumn of 1911, and it was during the immediately following cold weather season that Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary made their historic progress through India. The occasion was seized by numbers of visitors from home to make their way out to the East, and among these pilgrims were to be reckoned Sir Hugh and Lady McCalmont. For the memorable durbar held by the King at Delhi they were the guests of Sir O'Moore Creagh, the Commander-in-Chief, in his camp, and they afterwards stayed on for several months in India, visiting Kashmir and a number of other places of interest before returning to England.

Sir Hugh used to hunt with the East Kilkenny Hounds for several seasons after taking Mount Juliet, but he did so almost more as a matter of duty than as a pleasure. Ireland had been getting into an unsettled state ever since the accession of the Liberal Party to power in 1906, and one result of this deterioration was that in more than one county hunting was from time to time stopped. One day while Sir Hugh was out with the hounds a farmer accosted him and complained of damage which was alleged to have been done by the hunt. After some altercation—Sir Hugh was wont to be a little quick-tempered under such circumstances—the man threatened that he would have the General prevented from riding across country in future. "You're the very

"Sir HUGH" by "SPY"

fellow that I have been looking for for years," exclaimed Sir Hugh; "for were it not for my wife and my son I would never leave the road." He always liked telling the story.

Some years before, he had carried out considerable alterations at Abbeylands, enlarging the house and making various improvements, but in the month of March 1914 the mansion was burnt down by suffragettes; it was, fortunately, empty at the time and it was never rebuilt. The property was sold at a later date, being of value for building purposes owing to the extension of Belfast down the shores of the Lough almost to its gates.

Shortly after this there came the prolonged interruption to normal conditions that was caused by the outbreak of the Great War, with the troubles and anxieties which this brought in its train. The 7th Hussars were not in the field during the earlier stages of the contest, but they were eventually despatched from India to Mesopotamia. Sir Hugh would much have liked to make his way out to the banks of the Tigris to visit his regiment and to see his son. But the Secretary of State for War, although expressing himself sympathetically, felt bound to place his veto on a project which might have set up a somewhat inconvenient precedent, seeing how many regiments there are and that a good many of their full colonels would have jumped at the opportunity of visiting the theatre of war in which their corps happened to be serving.

On the marriage of his son in 1918, Mount Juliet ceased to be Sir Hugh's usual home, although he was to spend much time there in the future. He was endowed with a natural talent for landscape work which only stood in need of cultivation, and he had latterly taken up this pursuit with zest and used to go sketching, with Mr. Claud Hayes to advise him. In the winter of 1919–20 he betook himself on an expedition to Bermuda with the idea of spending some time out there sketching amid picturesque surroundings and in an agreeable climate. But the trip did not prove a success; he fell ill while on the island, and from that time forward he may be said never to have enjoyed really good health or to have been capable of much exertion. He gradually lost his bodily activity, although he retained to the full his

interest in politics—especially in those connected with Ireland, on which he always had held very strong views—in military questions, and in racing. He had rented a flat in London for thirteen years, and he now purchased a house, 5, Carlos Place; but he was restless by nature and he found it hard to remain quietly residing in town. He was often away from home for months on end, staying at Mount Juliet or at Moorefield House (a place in Kildare which Lady McCalmont had taken as a hunting centre), or else engaged in sketching somewhere in England in company with his stepsister, Miss Rose Barton. In the meantime he kept one or two horses in training; he was often to be seen at Newmarket and at other race meetings, and his Tetrameter won the Stewards Cup at Goodwood in 1922.

He made a yachting trip to Norway in the summer of 1923 and he afterwards spent some weeks at Dinard, in Normandy. Then in December he went over to Ireland and spent Christmas with his son and daughter-in-law at Mount Juliet, a place that he was very fond of; but he was taken seriously ill while there and he returned to Carlos Place in very feeble health. It was then that the idea of his having these Memoirs compiled was suggested to him. His memory proved almost unimpaired, in spite of his advanced years, and he took a lively interest in the work from that time forward down to the date of his death, which befel on the 2nd of May, 1924.

Little remains to be added as epilogue to this memorial of Sir Hugh McCalmont's career. The story may, indeed, be said to speak for itself. But this distinguished soldier and accomplished sportsman was possessed of certain gifts, of which only brief mention is made in the narrative but a word with regard to which would not seem to be out of place in bringing the volume to a conclusion.

His record in the army, his record at all events during the earlier years of his service, does undoubtedly suggest the fighter, the leader of men, rather than the military thinker. And yet the fact remains that the official reports which he submitted from the front in Armenia—they exist in print—were not only drawn up with judgment and a due sense of

proportion besides being expressed with a refreshing lucidity, but they also prove him to have been, even in those early days, a far-seeing and highly competent critic of operations in the field. Then again, that report of his on portions of the Province of Chi-li, to which he makes reference in Chapter V, a model document of its kind, can, without partiality, be pronounced a masterly piece of work to have been produced by a young soldier who had received no professional education worth mentioning at the time when he paid his visit to the Far East. Many men, who have gone through the mill at Woolwich or Sandhurst, and who have subsequently put in their two years at the Staff College, would not have performed the task one half so well.

In various passages scattered through the foregoing pages there appear references to his aptitude with brush and pencil. Until late in life he remained wholly untaught; but there can be little doubt that, had he studied art seriously as a young man, he would in the years to come have proved himself an effective exponent of its higher branches. He was no mean judge of pictures, and it was a rare pleasure to him during the last years of his life to visit art galleries and expositions. Only a very few weeks before his death he was taking a warm interest in arrangements that were being made for despatching a number of water-colour sketches of his own to an exhibition about to be held in Dublin.

Then, lastly, some reference remains to be made to Sir Hugh in his capacity of musician. Having undergone no training except in very early years, he never, perhaps, became quite a first-class performer on either the piano or the organ; but his playing was always delightful to listen to in its felicity of expression and its unfailing command of harmony. Seldom did he miss an opportunity, when one offered, of hearing good music, either vocal or instrumental. Nor was he wholly lacking in claims for recognition as a composer; for it was the stirring strains of his own march that brought the Memorial Service, held in his honour at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 5th of May, 1924, to a fitting close on a note of triumph.

THE END.

INDEX

Page

Abassiyeh 221
Abbeylands .. 13, 14, 257, 269, 285
Abdin Palace 222
Abdur Rahman 181
Aboukir Bay 209
Abri 250
Abu Gus 238
Abu Hamed .. 231, 233, 244, 272
Abu-Klea 182, 235, 239, 240, 244
Abbyssinian Expedition, The .. 69
Afghan War, The .. 148, 152, 181, 186, 189
Agra 189, 190
Agulhas, Cape 203
Akasheh 250
Aladja Dagh .. 127, 128, 130, 132
Aldershot .. 64, 65, 83, 214, 227, 229, 230, 255, 264, 275
Alexandra, H.M. Queen 251, 279
Alexandria .. 207, 208, 209, 222, 223, 230, 250
Alexandropol 99
Allahabad 189, 190,
" Ambriz," S.S. 69, 70, 71, 77, 91, 151, 198
Anglesey, Field-Marshal Marquess of 284
" Anglian," S.S. .. 202, 203
Antrim, East 13
Antrim, North 269
Arabi Pasha 207, 212, 214, 215, 217, 218
Ararat Mount .. 99, 112, 119, 122
Araxes River ..98, 103, 104, 130, 131
Ardagh, Lieut.-General Sir J. 142, 149
Ardahan 99
Armenia 96-138, 269, 286
Ashanti War, The .. 69-77, 210
Ashantis 68, 73, 74
Ashburnham, Earl of .. 216, 219
Assiut 230, 250
Assuan 230, 231, 232
Athlone 28
Ayoub Khan 182

Baghdad 91
Baiburt 98, 118, 134, 136
" Bairam " Festival, The 126, 149
Baker, Sir Samuel .. 150, 153
Baker, Lieut.-General Sir T. D. 70, 185, 198, 200
Baldoyle 30, 34, 264
Ballinasloe 255
Balliol College 27

Page

Ballycastle 270
Baluchistan 186
Bangalore 284
Barford, Trooper .. 161, 174
Barklie, Captain R. M. .. 250
Barrow, Colonel P. H. S. 261, 263
Barton, Mr. A. .. 15, 16, 23, 46, 83
Barton, Lieut.-Colonel C. .. 21, 34
Barton, Miss Rose 175 (note), 286
Barton, Mrs. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 46, 83
Basset, Mr. 15
Bathurst 71
Batôche 58
Bayazid .. 99, 100, 103, 111–114, 118–120, 124, 127, 128
Bayuda Desert 231, 233, 234
Beacon Hill 66
Beaconsfield, Earl of .. 142, 146, 147, 176, 178
Becher's Brook 67
Beesley, Mr. T. 67
Belbeis 220, 221
Belfast 13, 14, 257
Belfast, East 264
Berber 228, 233, 238, 239, 241, 245, 261
Berehaven 275
Beresford, Admiral Lord .. 235
Beresford, Lord Marcus .. 68
Beresford, Colonel Lord William 33, 34, 189
Berkeley, Mr. 71
Bermuda 285
Biliotti, Mr. 97, 136
Blood River 161
Bolan Pass 183, 185
Bombay 182, 190
Bosphorus, The 142
Brackenbury, General Sir H. 69, 75, 84, 146, 158, 159, 177, 241
Brassey, Lord 148
Brennan, Mr. 87, 88
Brindisi .. 154, 190, 208, 259, 260
Brooke, Sir George 197
Bulair Lines 91, 142
Buller, General Sir Redvers 50, 52, 70, 151, 158, 161, 167, 198, 200, 219, 231, 233, 236, 238–243, 247, 249
Burnell, Colonel H. D. P. 195, 202, 227
Bushman, Major-General Sir H. A. 159, 169, 172, 173
Butler, General Sir W. F. 50, 53, 219
Byng, Captain Hon. A. J. G. .. 81

Page

Cahir 33, 34, 191
Cairns, Earl 90, 91, 152
Cairo .. 214, 220–222, 229, 230, 235, 247, 250, 258, 260
" Calabria," S.S. .. 195, 196
Calais 260
Cambridge, H.R.H. Duke of 66, 89, 208, 230, 237, 251
Candy, Major H. .. 29, 30, 31–35
Cape Coast Castle .. 70, 71, 72, 74, 76–78, 91, 141, 165
Cape Palmas 71
Cape Town 159, 165, 178, 195, 196, 198, 202, 203, 278
" Capella," S.S. .. 208, 209, 210
Cardwell, Viscount 35, 66
Carlisle Pier 67
Carlos Place 286
Carrington, Major-General Sir F. 170, 173
Cavagnari, Sir L. 166
Chapar Rift, The 185
Chardeh Valley 177
Charteris, Lieut. Hon. A. .. 70, 78
Chefoo 85
Chelmsford, General Lord 157, 158, 159, 161
Chicago 89
Chi-li 86, 287
Chilianwallah 45
China 84–89
China War 46, 69
Christ Church College 27
Clanmorris, 4th Lord 28
Clanmorris, 5th Lord 255
Clarke, Lieut.-Colonel M. J. .. 175
Clarke, General Sir Mansfield .. 162
Clarke, Colonel Sir Stanley 230, 233, 235, 236, 242, 243, 245
Cleland, Colonel R. S. .. 30, 149, 177
Clinton, General Sir H. 283, 284
Clonmel 34
Colchester 203, 227
Colenso 278
Colley, Major-General Sir G. P. 152, 158, 160, 166, 177, 192, 195, 196, 197
Collingwood 47
Combe, Major-General B. A. .. 276
Connaught, H.R.H. Duke of 34, 81, 82, 185, 222, 279
Constantinople 90–92, 95, 118, 136, 138, 141–145, 178, 272
Conyngham Cup, The 65
Cope, Lieut.-General Sir J. .. 283
Cork .. 272, 275, 278, 279, 283
Cox & Co. 36
Creagh, General Sir O'Moore .. 284
Crealock, Lieut.-General H. H. 160

Page

Creg Clare 28
Cronje, General Piet 197
Curragh, The 29, 65, 257, 275, 276
Cyprus 146–154, 158, 178, 198, 210, 237

" Daily Telegraph," The 94, 124, 177
Dardanelles, The 141
Dartmouth 158, 159
Darwaza 184
Delhi 46, 279, 284
Delibaba .. 103, 104, 129, 130
Derby, Earl of .. .. 97 (note)
Derby, The 35
Derry, South 255, 256
Deve Boyun 98, 132, 133
de Villiers, Sir H. 197
Dickson, General Sir Collingwood 95, 97, 142, 144, 145
Dinard 286
Dongola 228, 231, 232, 236, 245, 249, 272
Dormer, Lieut.-General Sir J. 260
Dougall, Lieut. .. 98, 108, 133, 134
Drew, Lieut.-Colonel F. M. 202, 227
Drigri 188
" Druid," H.M.S. 71
Dublin 14–18, 27, 30, 31, 35, 63, 77, 83, 158, 192, 197, 256, 258, 259, 264, 275, 287
Dublin-Kingstown Railway, The 16
Dundalk 28, 29, 264
Dundas, General Sir D. .. 284
Dunn, John 162
Dunquah 75
Durban .. 159, 160, 178, 196, 199–202

Earle, Major-General W. .. 241
Edinburgh 89
" Edinburgh Castle," S.S. 158, 170
Edinburgh, H.R.H. Duke of .. 251
Edward VII, H.M. King 66, 131, 230 251, 279
Edward of Saxe-Weimar, General Prince 259
El Magfar 210, 211, 213
El Teb 228
Elmina 71, 76
Elvey, Dr. 17, 18
Erivan 119, 124
Erzerum 96–99, 106, 107, 114, 118, 121, 122, 127, 131–134, 136
Es Siliyeh 217, 218
Essaman 76
Etampes 271
Eton College .. 15–18, 24, 47, 283
Eugenie, The Empress 178
Euphrates, River 98
Ewart, Major-General Sir H. P. 211

Page

Fahmi Pasha 212
Faik Pasha .. 112, 113, 114, 118
Faizy Pasha .. 102, 107, 110, 132
Fantis 68, 72, 76
Fereira, Commandant .. 170, 173, 174, 175
Festing, Colonel Sir F. W. .. 71, 74
Fielden, Colonel R. J. 50
Fiennes, Colonel Hon. I. de V. 38
Fife, Captain C. H. 95
Findlater, Mr. W. 256
Finisterre 195
Foochow 84
Forbes, Mr. Archibald 160
Forsyth, Sir Douglas 86
Fort Alexander 53
Fort Francis 51, 52
Fort Garry .. 44, 48, 53–57, 59
Fort Weber 167, 168, 170
Fraser, Major-General Sir T. .. 142
Frere, Sir Bartle 159
Fryer, Major-General J. .. 275
Funchal 70

Gallipoli Peninsula 91, 142
Galway 13
Gambia, River 71
Gemai 231, 232
Gemaizeh 262, 263
George, H.M. King 284
Ghezireh Palace 222
Gibraltar, Bishop of 150
Gifford, Major Lord 70, 163
Gill, Captain W. J. .. 182, 184, 185
Gladstone, Mr. .. 178, 196, 199, 229, 239, 247, 249, 255
Gold Coast, The .. 68, 74, 77, 78
Goodwood 286
Gordon, Major-General C. G. 228, 233, 234, 238, 239
Gough, Field-Marshal Viscount 145
Gough, Judge 65
Gould, Major C. O. 246
Graham, Lieut.-General Sir Gerald 214, 215, 228, 245
Grand National, The 67, 68
Grant, General Sir J. Hope 45, 46, 47, 65
Greaves, General Sir G. 146, 189
Greville, Captain The Hon. R. 68
Grenfell, Field-Marshal Lord 201, 258, 260–264
Gribble, Lieutenant H. C. .. 215
Grisell, Captain F. D. 34
Gubat 238–241, 244
Gujerat 45

Hadendowas, The .. 261, 263
Haikimian, Interpreter ..97, 133

Page

Haking, Lieut.-General Sir R. C. B. 276
Hale, Major-General R. 63, 89, 95, 283
Hamilton 89
Hamsikeui 136
Handub 263
Harnai 185
Havelock-Allen, Major-General Sir H. 213, 214
Hausas 74
Hayes, Mr. Claude 285
Healy, Mr. T. M. 256
" Height of Land " Portage .. 51
Heimann, General .. 107, 133
Helmund, River 181
Herat 181
Herbert, Mr. St. Leger 152, 158, 163, 164, 168, 198, 236
Hicks-Beach, Sir M. .. 158, 178
Highfield 14, 20
Hobart-Pasha 91
Holyhead 36, 38
Home, Colonel R. E. ..70, 71, 91, 142
Hone, Capt. T. 201
Hong Kong 84
Hope-Johnstone, Captain W. .. 68
Hounslow ..38, 45, 46, 66, 81, 256
Howeiyat 239
Hozier, Mr. J. *see* Newlands, Lord
Hudson Bay Company, The 43, 44, 51, 52, 53, 55
Hunt, Lieut.-Colonel J. L. .. 202
Hunter, General Sir A. J. .. 272
Hussein Bey, Colonel 109
Huyshe, Captain G. L... 69, 70, 72, 78

Igdir 120, 121, 127
Ignatieff, Count.. 90
" Illustrated London News," The 77, 119
Inglis, Mr. 14
Ingogo, River 192
Ipswich 83
Irvine, Deputy-Controller M. B. 70
Isandlwhana 152, 157, 161
Islandbridge Barracks .. 30, 31, 37
Ismail Pasha 107, 113, 118–122, 124, 126–128, 130–132, 135
Ismailia .. 209–211, 214, 216, 220

Jakdul .. 234–236, 239, 242–244
James, Mr. C. C. 20, 21
Jardine, Matheson & Co. .. 85, 86
Joubert, General 198

Kabul .. 149, 166, 181, 182, 185
Kach 185
Kafr Dowar 209
Kahan 186, 187, 188
Kambula 158
Kaministiquia River .. 47, 48, 50

Page

Kandahar 181, 182
Kara Kilissa 128, 129
Karabulak Pass 119
Karachi 183
Karnak 230
Kars .. 98, 99, 102, 108–111, 114, 121, 126, 127, 136
Kashgar 86
Kashmir 284
Kasr-el-Nil Barracks 222
Kassassin 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219
Kemball, General Sir Arnold 90–92, 96, 98, 100, 103, 105, 107, 108, 113, 114, 127, 129, 132–134, 136–138, 142
Ketchwayo, King .. 158, 160, 162–165, 175
Khalias .. 104, 105, 108, 111, 130
Kharakdara 110
Khartoum 228, 233, 234, 236, 238, 239, 246, 247, 263, 272
Khedive, The 222
Khorasan .. 98, 100, 103, 129
Kilfinane 191
Killiecrankie, Pass of 122
Kilmallock 190
King-Harman, Hon. E. .. 29
Kingsbridge 36, 46
Kingstown 32, 35, 38, 46, 77, 192, 195
Kirbekan 238, 241
Kish Lightship 32
Kitchener, Field-Marshal Earl, 261, 272
Kiupri Keui .. 98, 99, 103, 104, 128, 130–132
Kizil Tepe .. 121 (note), 127
Koffee, King 73, 74, 77
Kortl 231–235, 238, 240, 242, 243–245, 246
Koyek 250
Kruger, Mr. Paul 197
Kyrenia 147, 148

Lac des Milles Lacs 51
"La-di-dah" 200, 211, 221
Ladysmith 166
Lahore 189
Laing's Neck .. 192, 198, 270, 271
Lake of the Woods 52
Lake Superior .. 44, 45, 47, 48, 50, 51
Lane, Major General Sir R. .. 201
Lanyon, Colonel Sir Owen .. 165
Larnaka 146
Layard, Sir A. H. .. 90, 95, 124, 134, 143, 146
Levinge, Mr. Edward 24
Li Hung Chang 85, 86
Liao-tung, Gulf of 87
Liberia 71
Limasol 148

Page

Limerick 190, 191, 192
Limpopo, River 168
Lindsay, Lieut.-General the Hon. J. 60
Little, Mr. 85
Liverpool 69, 208
Lloyd George, Mr. .. 91, 249
Long Valley, The .. 228, 263
Lowe, Lieut.-General Sir Drury 198, 202, 210, 211, 216, 239
Lucknow 214
Luxor 230
Lydenburg 169
Lysons, General Sir D. 89
Lytton, Earl of 152, 166, 177

McCalmont, Colonel Barklie .. 14
McCalmont, Major Dermot 24, 257, 283
McCalmont, Mr. H. B. Blundell 14
McCalmont, Mr. Frederick .. 14, 20
McCalmont, Colonel Harry L. B. 14, 257, 283
McCalmont, Mr. Hugh (1) .. 13, 14
McCalmont, Mr. Hugh (2) 14, 228, 287
McCalmont, Mr. James .. 13, 14
McCalmont, Colonel James M. 13, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22, 67, 68, 149, 190
McCalmont, Mr. Robert 14, 90, 228, 257
McCalmont, Rev. Thomas .. 14, 20
McCalmont, Mrs. Hugh .. 14
McCalmont, Mrs. James, *see* Barton, Mrs.
McCalmont, Hon. Lady 28, 255, 259, 283, 284, 285
McDonogh, Mr. A. 65
MacGregor, Major-General Sir C. M. 184, 185–188, 190
Machell, Captain 67
Mackenzie, Colonel J. A. Stewart 189
McNeill, Major-General Sir J. 49, 69–71, 76, 78, 146
McNeill's Landing .. 49–51, 52, 53
Macpherson, Lieut.-General Sir H. 185
Madeira 70, 159, 177
Magersfontein 197, 277
Mahdi, The 228
Mahomed Pasha 103
Mahsama 211–217
Maidstone 81, 82, 184
Malwand 181
Majuba Hill 195
Malta 146, 208
Manchester 82, 89
Manitoba 43
Marri Expedition .. 185–188
Marris, The 185, 187
Marseilles 92, 95, 146
Marter, Colonel R. J. C. .. 164
Martin, Mr. James 14
Mary, H.M. Queen 284

Page

Matabele, The 270
Matawan River 48, 50
Maurice, Major-General Sir J. F. 70, 75, 146, 158
"Medjidie," The .. 118, 131, 223
Medway River 82
Megaga Wells 244
Mehrulla Khan 187
Melikoff, General Loris 100, 104, 107, 109, 110, 127
Merowi 233, 237, 249
Merrion Square 83
Mesopotamia 285
Metemmeh .. 233, 235, 239, 241
Michael, Grand Duke 127
Michell, General Sir J. .. 66
Middleton, Captain "Bay" .. 68
Midhat Pasha 92
Min River 84
Mines, Trooper 30, 31
Monrovia 71
Montreal 47, 59
Morris, Captain W. B. 68
Mount Juliet 283, 285, 286
Mount Prospect 198
Mukhlis Pasha Fort .. 109, 110
Mukhtar Pasha 98–108, 110–113, 117, 118, 121, 127, 130–134, 136, 145
Mullingar 29
Mutiny, The 45, 69

Natal 152, 158, 165, 178, 196–202, 207, 277
New York 89
"New York Herald," The .. 58
Newbridge .. 34, 37, 68, 259, 264
Newcastle 198
Newlands, Lord 22, 91
Nicosia 146, 147, 148, 154
Nile, The .. 222, 229, 231, 233, 245, 246, 249
Norfolk, East 269
Norman, Mr. 98
North Wall, The 36
Norwich 83

Olliphant, Mr. 84
Olti 99, 100, 101
Olympus, Mount 148
Osman Digna 257, 258
Osman Pasha 108, 141
Othro, Interpreter 164

Paardeberg 197
Paget, General Sir Arthur .. 260
Paget, Colonel Harold 201, 202, 229, 241, 255, 265
Palmer, Professor 182
Parkes, Sir Harry 88
Paskievitch, General 102

Page

Peel, Colonel A. 202
Pei-ho, River 85, 86
Pekin 86
Pembina 59
Penenden Heath 81
Pera 141
Persse, Mr. H. S. 278
Phipps, Major T. H. 82
Phipps-Hornby, Admiral Sir G. 141
Pietermaritzburg .. 160, 165, 178, 196, 198, 200
Pinetown 196–202
Plevna 108, 141, 143
Pole-Carew, Lieut.-General Sir R. 279
Pope, Colonel P. E. .. 256, 257
Port Arthur 45, 47, 49
Port Dumford 160, 161
Port Said 210
Portsmouth 251
Potchefstroom 197
Prah, River 74, 78
Preston, Hon. E. 30
Prestonpans 283
Pretoria .. 165, 166, 176–178, 198
Pretorius, Mr. 197
Prince Imperial, The .. 159, 178 (note
Prince's Island 141
Punchestown 29, 34, 65, 68, 264, 278

Queen's County 275
Quetta 184, 185

"Racer," H.M.S. 262
Rainy Lake 51, 53
Rainy River 52
Ram-a-dan Festival, The 248, 249
Rameses II 230
Rat Portage 52
Red River, The .. 43, 44, 50, 53, 54
Red River Expedition, The 39, 43–60, 69, 229, 232
Red River Settlement 45, 53
Regent's Park Barracks .. 38
Reid, Colonel H. A. 201
Regiments, etc.
Royal Horse Guards 38, 39
Household Cavalry (Heavies) 210, 216
King's Dragoon Guards .. 162
4th Dragoon Guards .. 210, 211, 213, 220, 256, 264, 265
7th Dragoon Guards .. 210, 211, 216
Scots Greys 30
4th Hussars 257
Inniskilling Dragoons .. 198
7th Hussars 34, 57, 63, 81, 177, 190, 192, 207, 227, 255, 279, 283, 284
8th Hussars 29
9th Lancers .. 27, 28, 30, 33, 38, 39, 45, 148, 177, 190

Page

Regiments, etc.
11th Hussars 192
15th Hussars 196, 198, 257
17th Lancers 198
19th Hussars 208, 233–235
20th Hussars 258, 261, 263
Heavy Camel Corps 231, 233–235, 240
Light Camel Corps .. 231–234, 236, 240, 245, 249, 250, 251
Guards' Camel Corps 231–233, 235, 240
Mounted Infantry Camel Corps 232, 233, 235
N/A R.H.A. 216
18th Royal Irish .. 236, 240
21st Foot 170, 174
K.O.S.B. 258, 261
Welsh 258, 261
1/60th Rifles .. 45, 49, 50, 52, 53, 56
2/60th Rifles 186
80th Foot 168, 170, 172
94th Foot 170, 172, 175
2nd West India Regiment .. 72, 74
3rd Punjab Cavalry 186
2nd Sikhs 186
3rd Sikhs 186
25th Punjab Infantry 185, 186
4th Ghurkas 186
5th Ghurkas 186
Ontario Rifles 45
Quebec Rifles 45
Reshid Pasha 101
"Richard the First" 65, 67
Riel, Louis .. 44, 53, 55, 56, 58
Rifaat Pasha 149
Ripon, Marquis of 189
Ritzel, Herr 22–24
Roberts, Field-Marshal Earl .. 182, 185, 195, 196, 276, 278, 279
Robinson, Sir Hercules . 197, 198
Rochestown 15, 21
Rockingham 29
Rockview 22
Romer, Colonel R. W. 190
Rorke's Drift 160, 161
Ross 14
Rowlands, Lieut.-General H. .. 167
Royal Down Races 67, 83
Royal St. George Yacht Club 32, 33, 67
Rundle, General Sir H. M. L... 272
Russell, General Sir Baker 70, 72, 146, 148, 158, 170–173, 209–212, 214–216, 219, 239, 265
Russell, Dr. W. H. .. 170, 177

Sacramento 250
St. George's, Hanover Square .. 287
St. Paul 57
St. Paul's 161
St. Vincent 195
St. Vincent, Captain Viscount 182, 184, 185, 236
Salisbury, Marquis of 90–92
Salisbury Plain 66
Salthill 16, 77
Salthill School 18
San Francisco 89
San Stefano 142
Sarikamish 108
Scott, Mr. 44
Sekukuni 166, 167, 170, 175, 176, 178
Sekukuni's Stronghold . 170, 172
Shabadood 245, 246, 249
"Shah," H.M.S. 160
Shanghai 85
Shan-hai-kwan 88
Shebandawan Lake .. 48, 49, 50
Shepstone, Sir T. 165
Shipka Pass 145
Shouban Palace 222
Sibi 182, 185, 186
Sierra Leone 71
"Simoom," Troopship 76, 77
Skobeleff, General 143–145, 271, 272
Slough 16, 18
Smith, Colonel Sir C. Holled .. 261
Smyrna 146
Sobraon 45
Soghanli Dagh 99, 108
Southampton 203
Spencer, Earl 34
"Spot" 36–38
Stambul 141
Staveley, General Sir C. .. 66
Stephenson, General Sir F. .. 229
Stewart, Major-General Sir Herbert 177, 223, 232–235, 239
Stone Fort 54
Suakin 228, 236, 241, 245, 258–260, 262, 264
Suez 190, 213, 260, 264
Suez Canal, The . .. 210, 213, 217
"Surprise," H.M.S. 154
Swazies, The .. 170, 171, 172, 175
Sweet Water Canal, The 211, 213, 217, 220
Syra 146

Taghir 103, 104, 107
Taj, The 189
Taku Forts 86
Talbot, Major-General Sir R. 229, 237
Tamai 228
Teck, Duke of 208
Tel-el-Kebir 214, 217, 218, 219, 256
"Temeraire," H.M.S. 209

Page

Tergukasoff, General 103, 104, 107, 113
" Tetrameter " 286
Tientsin 86
" Times," The 24, 49, 56
Timsah, Lake 209, 222
Thunder Bay .. 45, 47, 48, 51, 54
Thurles 276
Tokio 89
Transvaal, The 165–181, 196
Trebizond 96, 97, 134, 136, 137, 138
Trevelyan, Colonel H. A. .. 63
Trotter, Lieut.-Col. H. 86, 94–96, 98, 100, 101, 103, 105, 108–110, 120, 121, 124, 131–133, 149
Troyes 271
Tugela, River 159, 161

Ulundi .. 158, 160, 161, 162, 165
Umballa 189
Uxbridge 38

Van 112, 136, 137
Victoria, H.M. Queen .. 197, 237
Volksraad, The 198, 200

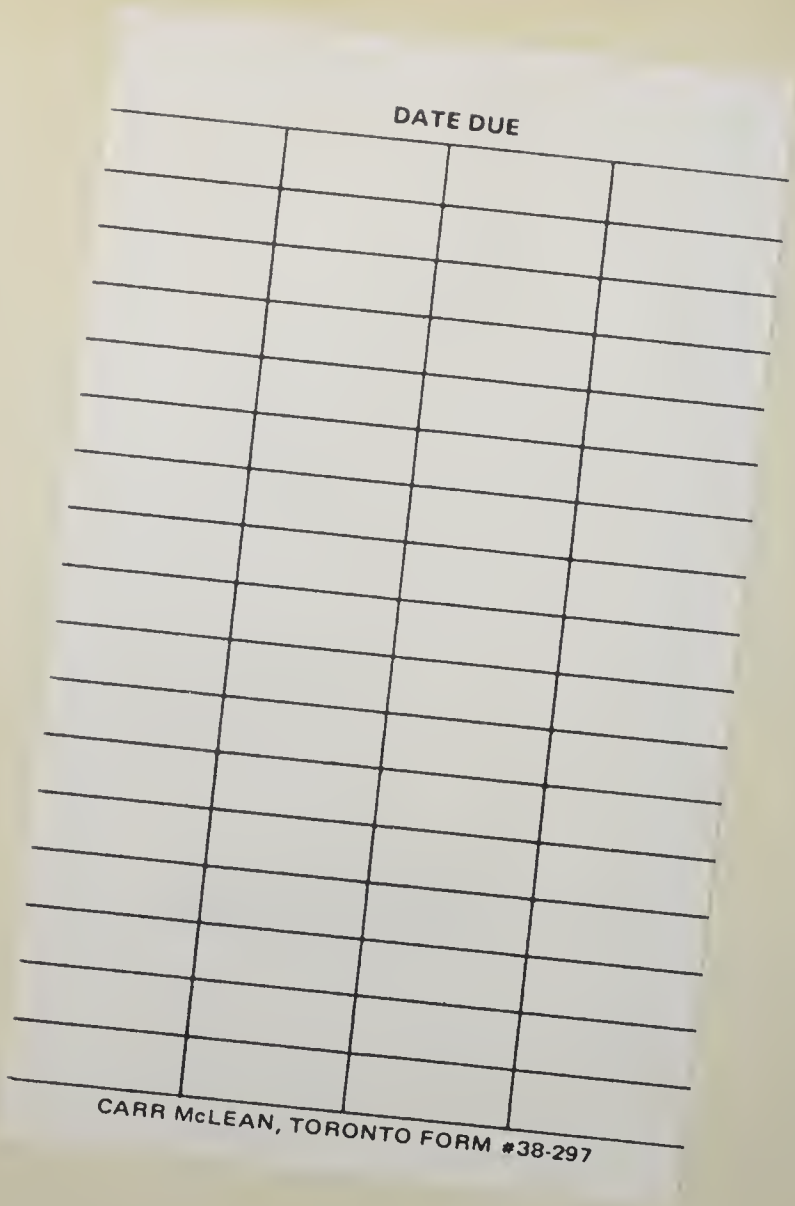
Wade, Sir T. 86, 87
Wady Halfa 231, 234, 250
Wallace, Captain N. W. 50, 51, 54
Walsh, Groom .. 148, 150, 152, 154, 161, 162, 164, 168
War Office .. 35, 46, 71, 73, 84, 89, 95, 207, 230, 271
Waterloo.. .. .. ..82, 184
Wellington, Duke of 82, 184
West Drayton 38
Wiesbaden 22–24
Williams, General Sir Fenwick 98, 102

Page

Willis, General Sir G. 217
Winnipeg 54–56, 57
Winnipeg Lake 50, 52–54
Winnipeg River.. .. .. 52, 53
Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount 44, 45, 47–49, 53, 55, 57, 60, 66, 69, 70–77 (note), 83, 84, 86, 95, 111, 124, 146, 147, 149, 150–154, 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 165–167, 169, 171, 174–178, 181, 198, 207, 208, 210, 214, 216, 218–220, 222, 229, 231–239, 241, 242, 244, 246, 247, 250, 251, 259, 271
Wolseley, Viscountess (1) 47, 73, 77 (note), 150, 151, 152, 153, 154
Wolseley, Viscountess (2) .. 150
Wood, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn 70, 71, 76, 151, 158, 160, 161, 197, 198, 200, 202, 236, 243, 265
Woodgate, Major-General E. R. P. 70
Wusung 85
Wye Races 81
Wyndham, Mr. George . .. 270

Yakoub Beg 86
Yarkand 86
Yokohama 88, 89
York 63, 64

Zagazig 220
Zaphonoui Palace 222
Zewin .. 100–102, 106–108, 113, 118
Zigana Pass 97, 135, 137
Zlobane Mountain 158
Zohrab, Vice-Consul 98
Zululand 158, 159–165
Zulus .. 151, 157, 160, 161, 162, 165


DATE DUE
CARR McLEAN, TORONTO FORM #38-297

DATE DUE

CARR McLEAN, TORONTO FORM #38-297

DA 68.32 .M13 A4 1924
McCalmont, Hugh, Sir, 184
The memoirs of Major-General S
010101 000
0 1163 0000973 9
TRENT UNIVERSITY

DA68.32 .M13A4 1924
McCalmont, Hugh, Sir, 1845-1924
The memoirs of Major-General
Sir Hugh McCalmont

397588

DATE | ISSUED TO

397588